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the fact that the α and β components of the \mathbf{E} field are not independent, but are related by the condition $\mathbf{E} \cdot \mathbf{B} = 0$. This condition is satisfied by the \mathbf{E} field in the \mathbf{B} field of a plane wave. The \mathbf{E} field in the \mathbf{B} field of a plane wave is given by $\mathbf{E} = \mathbf{E}_0 \cos(\mathbf{k} \cdot \mathbf{r} - \omega t)$, where \mathbf{k} is the wave vector, \mathbf{r} is the position vector, ω is the angular frequency, and \mathbf{E}_0 is the amplitude of the electric field. The \mathbf{B} field in the \mathbf{E} field of a plane wave is given by $\mathbf{B} = \mathbf{B}_0 \cos(\mathbf{k} \cdot \mathbf{r} - \omega t)$, where \mathbf{B}_0 is the amplitude of the magnetic field. The \mathbf{E} and \mathbf{B} fields are perpendicular to each other and to the direction of propagation of the wave.

The \mathbf{E} and \mathbf{B} fields are also perpendicular to the direction of propagation of the wave. This is because the \mathbf{E} and \mathbf{B} fields are perpendicular to each other, and the direction of propagation of the wave is perpendicular to the plane formed by the \mathbf{E} and \mathbf{B} fields. The direction of propagation of the wave is given by the wave vector \mathbf{k} .

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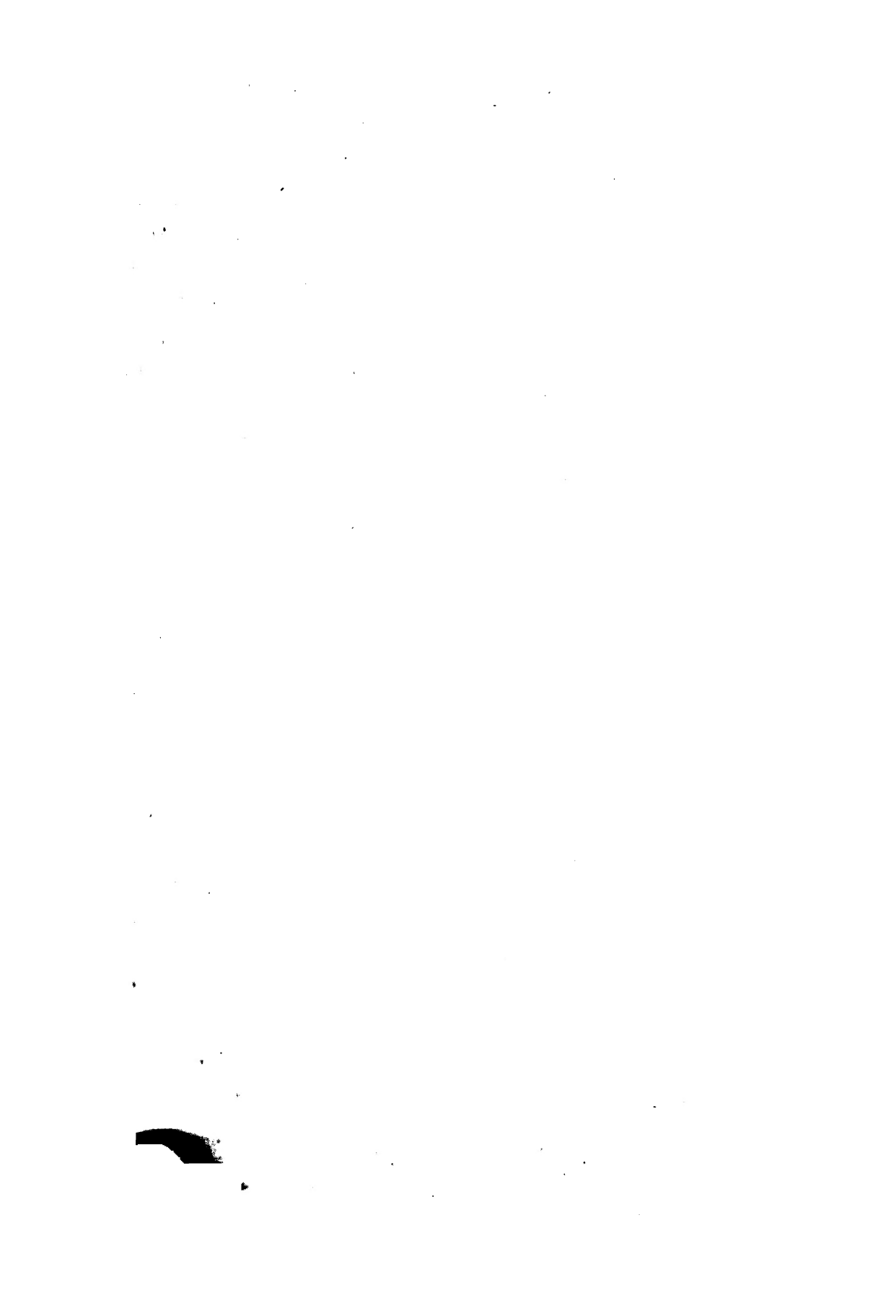
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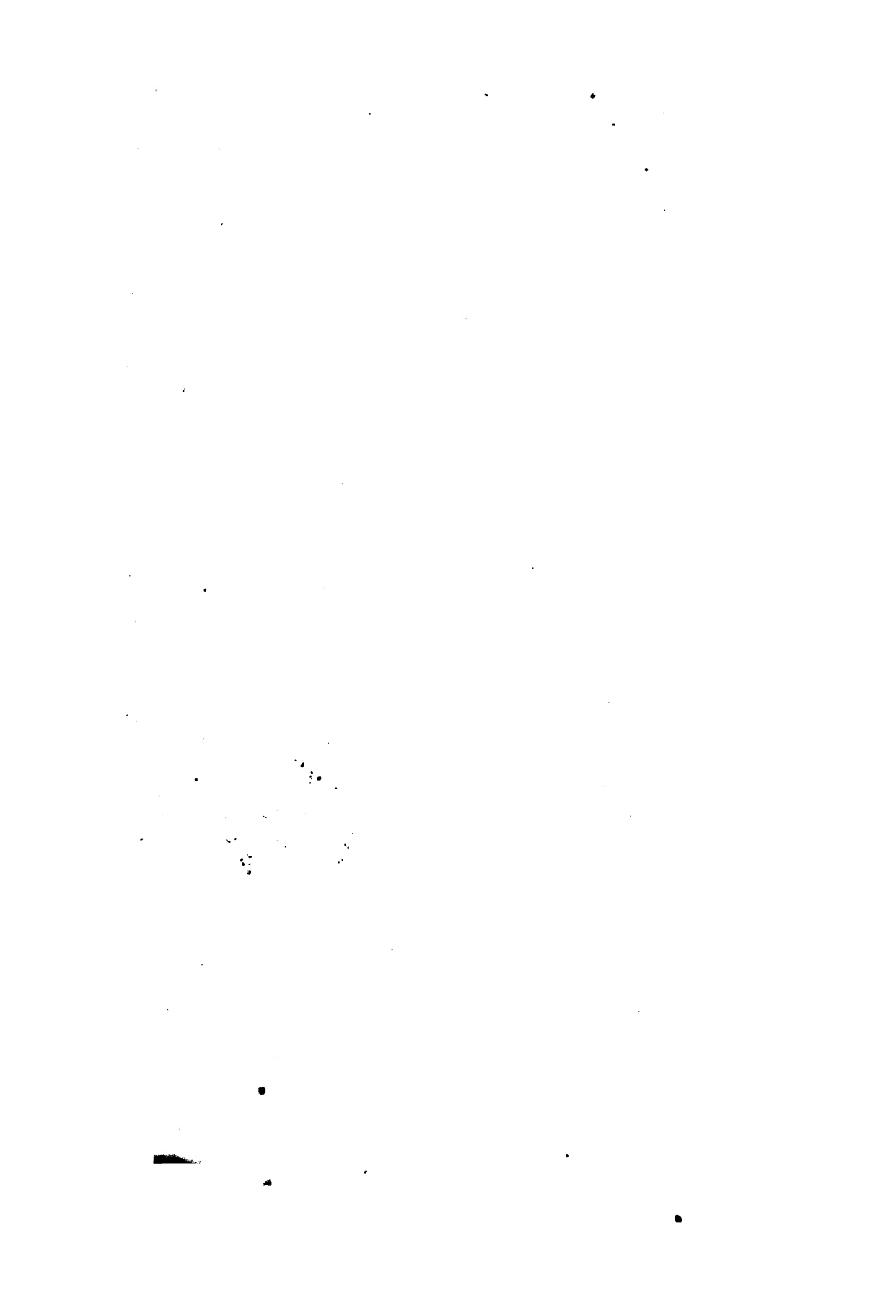
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91

THE

NEW MONTHLY

MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

VOL. 101.



LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1854.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE FLITCH OF BACON; OR, THE CUSTOM OF DUNMOW. A TALE OF ENGLISH HOME. PART VI.—THE PROCESSION OF THE FLITCH. BY THE EDITOR . . .	1
THE CRUISE OF THE MIRANDA IN THE BALTIC	39
OUR ANNUAL PEEP INTO THE ROYAL ACADEMY	43
LITERARY LEAFLETS. BY SIR NATHANIEL. No. XIX.—JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART	56
THE ALLIANCE OF BRITAIN AND FRANCE. BY NICHOLAS MICHELL	64
A PEEP INTO ARTISTS' STUDIOS IN ROME. BY C. P.	66
ON THE TURKISH QUESTION	74
SCHAMYL: THE WARRIOR PROPHET OF THE CAUCASUS	83
TRAVELS IN RUSSIA AND SIBERIA	95
AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP. BY SIR NATHANIEL. No. XII.—THEODORE PARKER	105
THE GULF OF FINLAND	112
DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854. BY FLORENTIA. 120, 232, 309, 403	
THE BLACK SEA PROVINCES	127
THE REAL STATE OF THE CASE, SET FORTH BY MRS. MAC TURTLE	140
HAXTHAUSEN'S TRANSCAUCASIA	144
THE TURKISH CAMPAIGN OF 1829	152
LITERARY LEAFLETS. BY SIR NATHANIEL. No. XX.—PROFESSOR WILSON	162
THE REVEILLIE. BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL	179
A DAY AT MALVERN. THE SEQUEL TO "A VISIT TO WORCESTER." BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH"	181
TALES OF MY DRAGOMAN. BY BASIL MAY. No. VII.—BEETROOT VERSUS COFFEE-POT	197
HOW DO BRITISH SEAMEN FIGHT? BY NICHOLAS MICHELL	207
A DRIVE TO THE DERBY	209
AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP. BY SIR NATHANIEL. No. XIII.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL	222
THE LION-KILLER OF ALGERIA	253
A SOLDIER'S CAREER. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH"	268
LITERARY LEAFLETS. BY SIR NATHANIEL. No. XXI.—DR. CROLY	284
A GERMAN VIEW OF THE EASTERN QUESTION	291
HITHER AND THITHER	301

	PAGE
QUINTIN BAGSHAW'S DUEL WITH MAXWELL. BY DUDLEY COSTELLO . . .	315
SHALL THE RUSSIAN REACH THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS? BY NICHOLAS MICHELL	326
REVELATIONS OF THE FRENCH OPERA	328
DE QUINCEY'S "MISCELLANIES"	338
STRAY LETTERS FROM THE EAST	344
VIGNETTES FROM A POET'S PORTFOLIO	355
THE ANCIENT BRIDE'S LAMENT. BY MRS. BUSHBY	367
A RIGHI DAY	369
THE TEN COURTS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE	378
THE LAST DAYS OF CHARLES THE FIFTH	379
A TRIP TO BOULOGNE. BY DUDLEY COSTELLO	395
RUSKIN'S EDINBURGH LECTURES	413
THE TOUR OF DAVID DUNDYKE, ESQUIRE. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UN- HOLY WISH"	419
A ROYAL FAMILY IN DISTRESS	434
CONSTANTINOPLE. BY NICHOLAS MICHELL	440
TALES OF MY DRAGOMAN. BY BASIL MAY. NO. VIII.—THE WORSE AND THE BETTER HALF	442
ANECDOTES OF EARTHQUAKES. BY AN OLD TRAVELLER	453
LITERARY LEAFLETS. BY SIR NATHANIEL. NO. XXII.—TALFOURD'S LAST POETRY AND PROSE	464
THE CHARACTER OF OUR FOE	472
A BRUSSELS BULL-FIGHT. A VIGNETTE FROM A POET'S PORTFOLIO. BY T. WESTWOOD	487
PROMOTION IN THE ARMY	489
MORE EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF A LATE DECEASED AUTHOR . . .	496
RECENT NOVELS	499

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. CL.]

MAY, 1854.

[NO. CCCCI.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE FLITCH OF BACON: OR, THE CUSTOM OF DUNMOW. A TALE OF ENGLISH HOME. PART VI.—THE PROCESSION OF THE FLITCH. BY THE EDITOR	1
THE CRUISE OF THE MIRANDA IN THE BALTIC	39
OUR ANNUAL PEEP INTO THE ROYAL ACADEMY	45
LITERARY LEAFLETS. BY SIR NATHANIEL. NO. XIX.—JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART	56
THE ALLIANCE OF BRITAIN AND FRANCE. BY NICHOLAS MICHELL	64
A PEEP INTO ARTISTS' STUDIOS IN ROME. BY C. P.	66
ON THE TURKISH QUESTION	74
SCHAMYL: THE WARRIOR PROPHET OF THE CAUCASUS	88
TRAVELS IN RUSSIA AND SIBERIA	95
AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP. BY SIR NATHANIEL. NO. XII.— THEODORE PARKER	105
THE GULF OF FINLAND	112
DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854. BY FLORENTIA	120

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

To whom all Communications for the Editor are to be addressed.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE FLITCH OF BACON:

OR,

THE CUSTOM OF DUNMOW.

A TALE OF ENGLISH HOME.*

BY THE EDITOR.

PART THE SIXTH.

The Procession of the Flitch.

I.


THE LAST NIGHT IN THE HAUNTED ROOM.

SIR WALTER, we have said, took no part in the festivities at Monkbury Place.

His spirits were not equal to so great a demand upon them as participation in such rejoicings would have occasioned; and feeling he should only check the general hilarity by his presence, he announced his intention, early in the day, of returning to Dunmow. The Squire would fain have detained him, but he was not to be turned from his purpose. He had made up his mind, he said, to re-visit the old Priory Church, and to pass another night in the Haunted Room.

Finding opposition useless, the Squire was obliged to yield. "Well, if you must go, you must," he said. "But I rely on your coming back to-morrow. I shall then have a communication of importance to make to you—unless I am forestalled in the interim, as may possibly be the case. I am not at liberty to mention the matter now. I need not tell you to consider this house as your own. Use it as you please. Rooms shall be prepared for you, where you will be perfectly undisturbed—quite left to yourself, if you prefer solitude. Bring any one you choose with you—I mean, supposing you should unexpectedly meet with a friend."

"Little likelihood of that," Sir Walter replied, with a faint smile.

*  NOTICE.—The Author of this Work reserves the right of translating it.
May—VOL. CI. NO. CCCCI.

"My friends were never very numerous, and I am well-nigh forgotten by the few who remain."

"But it may so happen," the Squire remarked. "We frequently meet with people we least expect—sometimes, with those we fancy wholly lost to us."

This was said with a certain significance, which did not escape Fitzwalter at the time, though he afterwards more fully comprehended his friend's meaning.

Equally deaf was the old baronet to the entreaties of Alured and Rose to stay with them, and while he was bidding them farewell, a hasty conversation respecting his movements took place in private between the Squire and Roper; the result of which was the immediate departure of the indefatigable steward on some errand of importance.

Mounted on one of the best hunters in the stables, Roper was soon out of the park, and on the way to Dunmow, where he arrived before Sir Walter had quitted Monkbury Place. Owing to the delay of the postilion, who was making merry in the servants' hall, and did not like to leave his comfortable quarters—and it may be, also, owing to a hint from the Squire to Mosserop, the old baronet's post-chaise was not brought round for an hour or more. So the steward got a good start, if he wished to be beforehand with him.

At last, Sir Walter drove off, and pursuing the same road as Roper, in due time reached Little Dunmow. Alighting at the sexton's dwelling, he obtained from him the keys of the Priory Church, and proceeded thither alone.

Once more he stood among the tombs of his ancestors.

His emotions were deep and solemn, but less painful than those he had experienced on a former occasion. Remorse had ceased to goad him. Calmness had succeeded agitation. He could meditate with composure upon death, and life hereafter. His earthly pilgrimage he thought drew towards an end, and he might hope, ere long, to meet again his departed wife.

Some time was passed in such contemplations, and he then entered the arched recess, and knelt before the saintly relics enshrined in the cist within it.

As he concluded a prayer, and bowed his head upon his breast, he heard a slight sound behind him. A footstep! Yet how could that be? He had taken the same precaution as on his former visit to the sacred edifice, and locked the door. No one ought to be within the church. A chill came over him, and he hesitated to look round.

Why should he fear? The church was not illumined by ghostly moonbeams now, but full of garish light; and the sun shone upon the marble tombs and upon the gravestones on the floor.

Were those gravestones yawning to give up their dead? Did his eyes deceive him, or was yon ponderous slab closing slowly like a trap-door? Delusion!—mere delusion!

One thing was palpable enough—a letter. It was lying on the ground, close to the monument of the founder of his line. Not many minutes ago he stood on that precise spot. It must have been placed there since. But how?—by whom?

Hastening to pick it up, he glanced at the superscription. It was

addressed to himself. He could not be mistaken as to those well-known characters. The handwriting was his wife's! The ink fresh as if just used. Merciful Heaven! if such a thing could be!

His limbs almost failed him, and his senses seemed fleeing from excess of emotion. He had not strength to open the letter on which his hopes rested.

At last the effort was made, and doubt gave way to wildest exultation. These were the words he read:

"Be of good cheer, Sir Walter. The worst is past. Return to the Old Inn. Seek the Haunted Room. At midnight all shall be revealed."

"She lives! she lives!" he cried. "The tale I heard of her death was an invention. I shall behold her again—shall clasp her to my heart once more. Kind Heaven support me!—or this flood of delight will overwhelm me, and I shall die before the appointed hour."

He leaned against the tomb, and strove to control his tumultuous feelings.

At first, some misgivings would intrude upon his joy, but, by-and-by, they wholly disappeared, and his confidence in a speedy meeting with his lost wife became firm.

He had entered that little church a sad man, with his thoughts upon the grave, anxious only to rejoin one gone thither before him. He quitted it, hopeful, joyful, clinging to the world, which he found she still tenanted.

On arriving at the Old Inn at Dunmow, he was received by pretty Peggy, the chambermaid, who told him her master and mistress were gone to Monkbury Place, in consequence of what they had heard from Mr. Roper of the great rejoicings occurring there; but she would do her best to make him comfortable in their absence. Sir Walter was surprised to find that Roper, whom he fancied he had left at the Hall, should have been at the Flitch, and he could not help connecting the steward's hurried visit with the mysterious circumstance which had just taken place at the Priory Church. No matter. If Roper gave him back his wife, he should be for ever indebted to him.

The old baronet at once proceeded to the Haunted Room, where some refreshments were set before him by Peggy, who cared little for ghosts in the daytime, and could dispense with Carrotty Dick's company. However, she was punished for her temerity. Something she saw, on quitting the room, at the end of the dark corridor, made her set up a shriek, and caused the destruction of a plate she held in her hand.

Sir Walter came forth to see what was the matter, and found that the chambermaid's terror had been occasioned by a woman in tattered apparel, and of haggard looks, who was now slowly advancing towards them. Sir Walter recognised her at once. It was Alice Aggs—the mischief-maker—the cause of such dire calamity to himself, and to his wife. He motioned the woman to keep aloof, but she would not be forbidden, and creeping on, threw herself at his feet, imploring his forgiveness. Peggy pretended to hurry away—though her curiosity prompted her to remain within earshot.

"I do forgive you, woman, for the injuries you have done me," Sir Walter said, "and may Heaven forgive you likewise!"

"Then you know my lady was innocent," Alice Aggs replied. "I

came to make a clear breast of it, and tell you so. I have been a sinful woman, Sir Walter, and Heaven has requited me for my wickedness. Since the time when all those dreadful things occurred—and especially since my poor injured lady's death—I have not known a day's happiness. Nothing has prospered with me. I should have prayed to be released—but I feared to die. Your forgiveness has made me feel somewhat easier. Oh ! if I could obtain hers !”

“Do not despair of that,” Sir Walter rejoined, touched by her piteous accents. “Her heart was ever open to compassion.”

“I know it,” Alice groaned—but that heart is cold now. Not even your words can move it. Hear me, Sir Walter. A curse has been laid upon my head by dying lips—and it clings to me, and will cling to the last. Poverty and distress have come upon me, and shame. But for a scanty pittance allowed me by Mr. Roper, I should have died of want long ago. All those I have known have cast me off—all others shun me. I have no refuge—not even the grave. I am ever brooding upon the past—ever lamenting it—and when you entered my miserable abode last night, I was trying to persuade myself that all would yet come right, and that my dear mistress, whom I have often seen in my dreams, not with a countenance of frowns, but with a benignant smile like an angel, would forgive me.”

“And so she will,” Sir Walter said. “Get up, Alice, get up. You shall know the truth. Your mistress yet lives.”

“Lives !” Alice cried—“lives ! You would not deceive me, sir, I am sure. Yet my heart almost refuses to credit such glad tidings. Shall I see her again ?”

“You shall. And let that assurance content you for the present,” Sir Walter rejoined. “Go below, and remain within the house till you are summoned. It may be past midnight before I send for you.”

“I will await your pleasure, sir—if it be till dawn,” Alice replied, departing ; while Sir Walter re-entered the room.

“What a wicked woman !” Peggy mentally ejaculated, preceding her—“and what a very strange old gentleman. Not summon her till past midnight, indeed ! I wonder why. It's quite clear I shan't get much rest to-night—but it don't matter. Master and missis won't be home till late, I dare say, from Monkbury Place, and Carrotty Dick will sit up and keep me company.”

Time passed slowly with Sir Walter, whose impatience was so great that he thought midnight would never arrive. He tried to read, but could not fix his attention upon the book he opened. A hundred times and more did he refer to his wife's letter to assure himself of its reality.

It grew dark, and Peggy, escorted as far as the door by Carrotty Dick, brought in candles. As she threw fresh wood upon the fire, inquiring if the old gentleman wanted anything more, and receiving an answer in the negative, the inquisitive chambermaid stole a glance round the room, but she saw nothing to reward her curiosity. She could not hear even the rustle of a petticoat.

“She's not come yet, Dick,” Peggy remarked to her red-poll'd lover on her return ; “I wonder whether he expects the ghost to come to life, or what ? It's something very extraordinary. I can get nothing out of

old Alice. We must wait till midnight—and then, if he calls her, I'll follow her up-stairs. You'll come with me."

Dick gave a very reluctant assent, and they moved off.

The wished-for hour arrived. The clock struck TWELVE!

Scarcely had the last vibrations ceased, than Sir Walter heard a slight noise in the mysterious closet. The tapestry hanging before it was drawn aside, and a female figure stood before him.

It was Lady Fitzwalter.

Pale—very pale—almost a shadow—robed in white—and looking so unearthly, that her husband for a moment doubted if she could be living.

Another instant and his doubts were dispelled. She lived—she breathed. He had knelt to her—had heard her voice murmuring forgiveness—had clasped her hand, bathing it with his tears—had strained her to his heart.

Heaven grant he should not go mad with delight! Extreme joy was harder to bear than extreme wo. He thought he had nerved himself for this moment, but all gave way before the torrent, and he wept like a child.

He grew calmer. He examined her features through his blinded gaze. Still the same to him, though so fearfully attenuated. Still the same to him, though the raven locks were blanched, and the dark eyes deeply sunken in their sockets. Enough for him she lived. His beloved—his deplored—his injured Juga lived. He held her in his arms. The troubled dream was over, and he had awakened to indescribable happiness. He seemed to have become younger by twenty years than he had been a few moments ago.

The first delirious transports of the meeting over, he was able to ask for some explanation, and amidst frequent interruptions on his own part—tendernesses, self-reproaches, and new entreaties for forgiveness—received from her the following particulars.

An antidote to the fatal draught she had swallowed had been promptly procured by Roper, and other restorative measures being adopted, she was brought back to an existence, which at that time was hateful to her. At first, she was incensed against her preserver, but after a time her heart being softened by the religious counsels of worthy Mr. Leslie, she became reconciled to life. But she desired it to be given out that she was no more—and so earnest were her entreaties in this respect, that her wishes were complied with, and due precautions being taken, all believed in her decease. She lived in the greatest obscurity, and was visited by no one except Roper and the curate. Her little cottage adjoined the garden of the old Hall, and communicated with it at the back. Hence, she could easily visit her former abode at night, and constantly did so. As long as the house remained untenanted, these nocturnal visits were little observed, though, even then, reports arose that a white figure had been seen gliding along the corridor; but when the place was converted into an inn, and she was more than once encountered in her walks, it could not be doubted that an apparition had been seen. Wishing to encourage the notion, she aided her spectral appearance by shroud-like attire, and managed to render her movements almost noiseless. She had recourse to other contrivances to give effect to the character she assumed. In this way she succeeded in scaring all the guests from one wing of the house, and

could weep and pray as of old, and pass the long hours of the night in the room which had once been her own. Thus years flew by. She saw nothing of her son who had been taken from her when a child—or of her husband. Both believed her dead. How indeed she continued to live on was a marvel. But at the bottom of all her grief there was Hope. Roper had always assured her that, some day, her innocence would be established, and a reconciliation take place between her and Sir Walter. That day was long in coming—but it had come at last.

Her nocturnal visits were not entirely confined to the old house. Sometimes, she repaired to the little Priory Church to pray. She had access to the vaults, from which there was a secret entrance to the interior of the sacred fabric, by means of a movable gravestone. She was there when Sir Walter entered the sacred structure on the previous night. She had heard his self-accusations and bitter regrets—and had with difficulty refrained from declaring herself. But she had not then consulted with Roper, and waited for his advice. Not seeing the steward that night, she paid her customary visit to her old room—and it was needless to repeat what had then occurred. When she was hastily apprised by Roper, on the morrow, of her husband's movements, she again sought the old Priory Church—found Sir Walter there—and placed the letter in his way.

Then came Sir Walter's turn. He acquainted her with all that had recently happened to him. He told her of his reconciliation with their son. He expressed his perfect satisfaction at Alured's marriage—and spoke in rapturous terms of their daughter-in-law. He detailed the strange discoveries that had been made at Monkbury Place—which, strange as they were, were not equal to the last and greatest discovery reserved for him—that of his lost wife. And then he recollected, from the hint thrown out by him, that the Squire must be aware that Lady Fitzwalter was still alive—having no doubt been made acquainted with the secret by Roper.

One circumstance only required explanation. Sir Walter approached it with a vague sense of dread—but all must now be made clear.

"On your disappearance last night," he said, "when I followed you to the verge of that closet, another phantom—as I then deemed it—rose before me. Was it of your contrivance?"

"No," she replied, looking hard at him.

"Then, indeed, it was a spirit I beheld," Fitzwalter pursued. "It stood there—there where I point—ha!"

And he became suddenly fixed in an attitude of terror.

"What do you behold?" Lady Fitzwalter demanded, looking in the same direction, but perceiving nothing.

"It is he—my friend," he rejoined. "His aspect is wholly changed. It wears a heavenly smile. I am pardoned—pardoned. He accepts my atonement."

And he dropped upon his knees, stretching out his hands.

"Is it gone?" Lady Fitzwalter asked, observing a change in his countenance.

"Even so," he replied. "Pray with me, Jaga,—pray with me."

She complied, and they joined together in fervent supplication.

When they arose with lightened hearts, Alice Aggs was summoned

to receive her lady's forgiveness. It seemed as if the wretched woman was but spared for this, for next day she went to her account. But she died in peace.

II.

AMURATH, THE TURK.

NEARLY six months had elapsed, and June had arrived in all its warmth and beauty.

A delightful evening. Beneath one of the great elm-trees in front of the Old Inn a large and merry party were assembled. They were enjoying the refreshing coolness of the twilight hour—and a bowl of capital punch at the same time.

A bench encircled the enormous trunk of the old tree—from one of the arms of which the famous sign of the Flitch was suspended—and this accommodated Jonas and his wife; but the rest of the party were gathered round the table, on which pipes, glasses, and a mighty punch-bowl were set. The company consisted for the most part of the Jury of Bachelors and Maidens; but besides these there were the Bailiff of Dunmow and two of the burgesses, Parson Bush, the Squire's chaplain, and Will Crane, the Squire's head huntsman. All were guests of the hospitable landlord, who had invited them to a little merry-making, preparatory to a very important event, in connexion with himself, which was to come off on the morrow.

At a smaller table, beneath the sister elm-tree, the Dunmow minstrels were placed—two fiddles, a flute, and a bassoon—ready for song or dance as the company might require.

The evening, we repeat, was delightful—cool, calm, and bright. Laden with sweet scents from new-mown meadows on the banks of the Chelmer came the soft western breeze. Swifts and swallows were skimming past, twittering, or catching flies on the placid stream. Among the still-busy fields might be seen well-filled hay-carts wending their way towards lofty stacks. Pleasant sounds reached the ear—the warbling of the blackbird and thrush—the merry laughter of the jocund bands of haymakers—the mower whetting his scythe—the cawing of rooks—the hum of the dor-fly—and the distant jingling of tiny bells, announcing the approach of the Chelmsford waggon.

Viewed in that rosy twilight, how picturesque and beautiful looked the Old Inn! And how well the merry party beneath the great elm-tree harmonised with it! It was the very hour on which to arrive there. And so thought a traveller who was slowly approaching it in the Chelmsford waggon, before mentioned.

But before this traveller reaches his destination, let us see what our worthy host was about. Full of confidence in the speedy realisation of his long-cherished wishes, the little fellow was in a state of positive beatitude. Next day, the Flitch would be his own. At noon, to-morrow, his claim was to be made at the Court Baron of Little Dunmow, and the decision was certain to be in his favour. Quite certain. Could he not answer—most satisfactorily—every question likely to be put to him? Could not Nelly do the same? Had they not plenty of witnesses to corroborate their assertions?—highly-respectable witnesses—

the Bailiff of Dunmow, and the two burgesses—to say nothing of Peggy, Carrot Dick, and the rest of their household—all of whom were prepared to depose on oath to the excellent understanding (as far as they knew) between the landlord and his spouse, and to their perfect conjugal felicity. It was true that Alured Fitzwalter and his wife were candidates for the prize. But what of that? Jonas Nettlebed and Nelly stood first on the Register, and if they were successful (as they were sure to be), Alured and Rose must wait for another twelvemonth—the gift having been discovered, on careful examination of the Charter by Mr. Roper, to be limited to one couple during the year.

One person only had Jonas dreaded. Luckily, that detested individual was away, and not at all likely to appear against him as a witness. Nothing had been seen of the impudent rascal since the great rejoicings at Monkbury Place, on the day after which he had disappeared—various reasons being assigned for his sudden departure, but none particularly to his credit. No, no, Captain Juddock was not likely to trouble him. He was quite easy on that score.

Taking this cheerful view of things, Jonas surrendered himself to full enjoyment of the moment; and was laughing, jesting, and filling the glasses of his friends, when the Chelmsford waggon came up.

Nelly had just remarked that she always associated the jingling of its bells with the arrival of Dr. Plot—Sir Walter she meant—and she wondered whether anybody, as singular as that eccentric old gentleman, was coming now. Scarcely were the words out of her mouth, when Ben the Waggoner announced that he had a guest for the Flitch.

“And a rum un he be,” Ben said, grinning from ear to ear. “Fro’ foreign parts I reckon. He ben’t dressed like a Christian.”

A stranger from foreign parts! Nelly’s curiosity was instantly excited. So was Jonas’s—but a feeling of uneasiness (he knew not exactly wherefore) stole over him. He disliked strangers—especially from foreign parts—though their visits to the Flitch were few and far between. However, Carrot Dick and Peggy were called forth; and presently from the back of the waggon emerged a most extraordinary personage, whose like had never before been seen at Dunmow. His appearance fully justified Ben’s description.

Everybody rose from their seats to gaze at him. Nelly was struck with admiration; and Jonas looked quite dumb-founded.

A Turk of gigantic proportions—yes, a Turk. How he came to be in the Chelmsford waggon Nelly could not conceive—but there was no doubt as to the fact. A Turk he was, if ever there was one, as was shown by his loose white trousers, his embroidered sandals, the sash round his waist in which a silver-sheathed ataghan was stuck, the short crimson jacket edged with gold, the curled scimeter at his side, and the enormous, many-folded turban on his head, with the crescent in front of it. A Turk beyond all question, and a prodigiously handsome Turk too, Nelly thought, with his long, shining black beard, and his flashing black eyes, full of Oriental roguery.

Carrot Dick ventured to inquire for the Turkish gentleman’s luggage. A large, shabby-looking portmanteau was brought out, together with a long cherry-stick pipe, and a pouch filled with tobacco. The portmanteau was carried off by Dick, but the pipe and the pouch were

delivered by Peggy to the Turk, who received them from her hands with something so like a wink, that it called a blush to the cheeks of the ingenuous chambermaid.

"Does the Turkish gentleman speak English?" Jonas inquired of the waggoner.

"Ay, ay, sir," Ben replied, still grinning. "He can make hisself pratty well understood."

"Then I'll address him," Jonas said. And making a very low bow to the stranger, he respectfully begged to know his pleasure.

"Salam aleikoum!" the Turk said, returning the salutation in truly Eastern style. "Aleikoum salam! My pleasure, worthy host, is to rest for the night within your caravanserai. Let the man who hath brought me hither be paid."

"The waggoner," Nelly interposed, courtseying—"oh yes, sir. How much, sir?"

"Give the dog a sequin," the Turk said. "Ah! by Allah! I forget. The fair Frank knows not the coin. Give him a piece of silver. Thy father shall be repaid."

"My father!" Nelly exclaimed. "If you mean Jonas, sir,—he's my husband."

"Bismillah!—can it be?" the Turk cried. "The aged infidel is unworthy of such a treasure. You deserve a place in the Sultan's seraglio—by the beard of the Prophet, you ought to be a Sultana!"

"By the marry-maskins! I must put a stop to this," Jonas thought; "I cannot permit him to call me an aged infidel, or to tell my wife she ought to be a Sultana." The landlord's misgivings were almost confirmed, his perceptions being quickened by jealousy.

"Allow me to ask your name, and title, sir?" he added.

"You may call me Amurath," the Turk replied. "I am Ex-Aga of the Janissaries, and recently of the Court of his Sublime Majesty the Sultan Mahomet the Fifth."

"Oh, gracious! did you hear that, Jonas? Amurath, Ex-Aga of the Janny—Janny—what-d'-ye-call-ums. What a grand title!"

"Too grand by half. I'm not to be taken in by it," Jonas replied. "I've found him out. Why, you silly thing, don't you perceive it's Captain Juddock?"

"Well, I declare you're right, now I look at him again," Nelly said. "But the Turkish dress and the beard deceived me."

"I'm not to be so easily taken in," Jonas rejoined. "What the devil can have brought him back, I wonder?" he added to himself.

"Ho! ho! ho!—so you recognise me, eh? my worthy host," the giant roared. "I didn't mean to discover myself to you, or your pretty wife, till I had enjoyed a hearty laugh at your joint expense. But by Allah! I swear I have told you the fact. I am no longer Juddock—but Amurath. I am a Mussulman—one of the faithful."

"Then you really are a Turk?" Nelly exclaimed.

"Really and truly, my dear Mrs. N.," the giant replied. "I had some slight scruples at first; but they were overcome, because considerable advantages were to be derived from a change of creed. Amongst these was the privilege of marrying six wives."

"Six wives!" Nelly ejaculated. "How shocking! But surely, you never availed yourself of that wicked privilege?"

"Didn't I, though. I left six lawful spouses behind me, together with a dozen Georgian, Nubian, and Circassian slaves, composing my harem in my hasty flight from Constantinople."

"Oh! the base renegade!" Jonas muttered. "Would that his wife had followed him! They might have kept him quiet."

"But do tell us what took you there?" Nelly said.

"Do me the favour to fill my pipe, my dear Mrs. N., and then I will, the giant replied, handing her the tobacco-pouch, and squeezing her fingers at the same time. "Come and sit beside me," he added, taking up a position on the circular bench, with his legs crossed under him, and inhaling a few whiffs from the pipe. "Sit nearest to me, I pray of you. A Turk is always respectful. To begin. After that agreeable and eventful night at Monkbury Place, when I had the pleasure of seeing you, I repaired next day to Harwich, and finding my friend Captain Culverin of the *Hurlothrumbo* about to sail for Constantinople, I embarked with him, and duly arrived at the Turkish capital. War, as you know, had just broken out between the Sultan and Elizabeth Petrovna, Empress of Russia. Detesting the latter aggressive and barbarous power, and sympathising with the respectable Ottoman, I entered the service of Mahomet the Fifth, and fought under the banner of the Crescent against the Russians. Need I say I served with distinction? The Czarina, in her thinned hordes, has reason to remember me. Returning to Constantinople, after a brief but brilliant campaign, I was received with great distinction by the Sultan, and speedily rose to high dignities. From a Bey I became a Pasha, and his Sublime Highness offered to make me Aga of the Janissaries. But to this end, it was needful I should embrace the Mahometan faith. I had objections,—but they were overcome, and I was appointed leader of the Sultan's body-guard. A beautiful villa was bestowed upon me on the banks of the Bosphorus, where I enjoyed the society of my six wives and my numerous lovely slaves—and there I might be still—but for a unlooked-for and unfortunate event."

"What was it?" Nelly inquired.

"I must take a few whiffs before I can proceed," Amurath replied. "I must cut this part of my story as short as I can. It affects me too deeply. In an evil hour, the Sultan's chief favourite, Budoor, cast eyes of affection upon me. Her charms proving irresistible, a meeting took place between us. Had it ended there, all had been well. But no—we met again—and by treachery were surprised. Little mercy was shown us—or rather little mercy was shown poor Budoor. She sleeps beneath the waves of the Bosphorus—I escaped the bowstring by flight."

"If I had been the Sultan, you shouldn't have escaped me," Jonas said. "I'd have given you the sack, as well as Budoor. Poor thing I pity her. And so you came back with your friend, Captain Culverin I suppose?"

"You've hit it exactly. I did," the giant answered. "I got on board the *Hurlothrumbo* just as the captain was weighing anchor, and after quick passage to England was put ashore last night at Southend, where I found my way to Chelmsford—and here I am."

Whatever credit the party round the table might attach to the giant story, it served to amuse them very much, and on its conclusion, Paro

Ben proposed the health of the Ex-Age of the Janissaries, which was drunk with cheers and laughter.

Amurath now called for a bottle of cider, and, while the order was being complied with by Tom Tapster, he volunteered a song in return for the compliment paid him—addressing himself chiefly to Jonas.

Cider of Devonshire.

I.

Cider good of Devonshire—
That just now is my desire.
Let the blockheads laugh, who will,
Quick, mine host, the flagon fill
With the admirable juice,
Which the apple-vats produce.
Better 'tis, I will maintain,
Than the stuff you call champagne.
Thirst I feel—and my desire
Is the drink of Devonshire.

II.

Cider fine! thou hast the merit,
With thy lightness and thy spirit,
Not to mystify the brain!
You may fill, and fill again.
Quaff as much as you require
Of the drink of Devonshire.

III.

'Tis the property of cider—
Ne'er to make a breach the wider.
With your friend you would not quarrel
Were you to consume a barrel.
Idle bickering and fooling
Dwell not in this liquor cooling.
Generous thoughts alone inspire
Draughts of dulcet Devonshire.

IV.

Cider sparkling, cider placid,
False it is to call it acid.
To the light you hold the cup,
How the atoms bright leap up!
How the liquid foams and bubbles,
Ready to dispel your troubles!
How its fragrancy invites!
How its flavour fine delights,
As the lip and throat it bites!
Pour it down! you'll never tire
Of delicious Devonshire!

Just as the song was concluded, Tom Tapster appeared, and the cider being poured out, the foaming pot was emptied by the giant at a draught.

Meanwhile, Tom Tapster took the opportunity of saying to his master:

"Ben the Waggoner would like to have a word with you, sir, before he goes—about the Turkish gentleman, I believe, sir."

"Oh indeed!" Jonas exclaimed. "I'll come to him directly. Give him a jug of ale, Tom, and bid him sit down for a few minutes, and make himself comfortable. I wonder what he has got to tell me," he mused, as the drawer departed.

Though delivered in an under tone, this communication did not escape the ears of Parson Bush, between whom and the Ex-Aga some sort of understanding seemed to subsist, to judge from the glances they now and then exchanged.

"And now, my worthy host, that I have acquainted you with my adventures, it is but fair you should let me know what has befallen you during my absence," Amurath said. "I presume I may congratulate you upon having obtained the object of your desires. The Flitch has long since been won—and eaten—not a rasher left—eh?"

"Not exactly won, captain," Jonas stammered out.

"Not won!—Then your claim was refused by the Court Baron—ha! ha!—By Allah! I thought it would be so."

"Not so fast, captain. No Court Baron has been held since you were here. The Court sits to-morrow, and then my claim will be allowed. Is not that your opinion, my good friends?" Jonas said, appealing to his guests. "Don't you think the decision will be in my favour?"

"No doubt of it," several voices cried. "You're sure of the prize."

"Yes, I flatter myself I am," Jonas remarked. "But the captain looks incredulous."

"Captain not me," the Ex-Aga cried. "I'm a captain of captains. Bismillah! I rank with the Commander-General of the Forces. Now listen to me, Jonas. You're confident of winning. Good. I'll take ten to one you don't."

"I won't bet," Jonas replied. "Nor can I advise any one else to bet with you, because I question your capability of payment. All your money is in the Turkish loan, and that doesn't stand well in the market just now—ha! ha! Besides, there's an old standing bet between us—10,000*l.* to fifty—that must be settled first."

"By the beard of the Prophet! so there is," the Ex-Aga cried. "I now recollect the wager perfectly. Other matters had put it out of my head. You were to pay me a guinea a week till the claim was made. Let me see,—that's twenty-five weeks. I'll trouble you for twenty-five guineas, Mr. Jonas."

"We'll talk about that to-morrow," the landlord replied, rather uneasily, "on my return from the Court Baron. Fill your glasses, gentlemen—bumpers I beg of you. Ladies, permit me to assist you. Don't stint it. More punch can be brewed when this is done. Lend me your ears, and I'll give you a song which I composed, when Nelly and I had completed the term of probation required by our Custom of Dunmow."

A Year and a Day.

I.

A Year and a Day is the period named,
When, according to Custom, the FLITCH may be claimed;—
Provided the parties can swear, and can prove,
They have lived the whole time in true conjugal love.

II.

'Tis a very old Custom of ours at Dunmow,—
Fitzwalter established it ages ago.
It's antiquity, sure, can be doubted by no man,
Since 'tis mentioned by Chaucer, and trusty Piers Plowman.

III.

That it is a good Custom, as well as an old,—
Our Custom of Dunmow—you needn't be told—
A prize matrimonial—claim it we may—
Nell and I have been married a Year and a Day.

IV.

With all the conditions we've duly complied—
And our love and fidelity well have been tried :
Kneeling down at the Church-door, we dare to confess
That not, e'en in thought, did we ever transgress.

V.

No woman, save Nell, has attractions for me ;
And as I feel, I needn't assure you, feels she :
No man in the world, be he ever so big,
Can say Nelly cares for his nonsense a fig.

VI.

I'm a pattern to husbands, as she is to wives—
We teach all transgressors to alter their lives.
We show how much better it is to be true,
Than each other neglect, as some married folks do.

VII.

In short, we're as happy as couple can be,—
No long curtain lectures sweet Nell reads to me ;
By no silly squabbles we're ever put out,
Nor do I ever scold, nor does she ever pout.

VIII.

As to wishing that we were unmarried again,—
A notion so stupid ne'er enter'd our brain :—
Far rather,—we give you our honour,—we would
Be married twice over again, if we could !

IX.

Three times did I marry the FLITCH to obtain—
Three times unsuccessful—the fourth time I gain :
Blest with Nelly, sweet Nelly, they can't say me nay,—
We've not had a wrong word for a Year and a Day !

"Well sung, Jonas—excellent well!" the Ex-Aga cried, approvingly. "I caught your playful allusion to me, you rogue—'The man be he ever so big'—ha! ha! Very fair—very fair! You'll hear what the big man has to say, if he should be called as a witness to-morrow."

"He never must be called," Jonas muttered in a sombre tone. "Would he were at the bottom of the Black Sea!"

"My pipe's out," the Ex-Aga cried. "My dear Mrs. N., you shall have the office of my favourite Circassian slave—fill, and light for me."

"By the marry-maskins! she shall do nothing of the kind," Jonas cried.

"Of course not without your permission, ducky," Nelly said. "But you wouldn't like me to appear ungracious."

"Of course he wouldn't," the Ex-Aga said.

"Oh very well—very well—just as you please, my dear," the landlord said, swallowing his displeasure.

So the pipe was re-filled by Nelly, and the match applied to it by her.

"Now place the amber mouthpiece to your lips," the Ex-Aga said to Nelly, "and draw a few whiffs. My fair Circassian always did so."

Nelly was about to comply, but Jonas snatched the pipe from her.

"Whatever your fair Circassian may have done, sir," he cried to Amurath, "and I dare say she did a great many things she ought not to have done, my Nelly shall never follow her pernicious example. She shall never smoke. I'm sure you'll say I'm right, ducky?"

"Quite right—as you always are, ducky," she replied, not looking over-pleased, though.

"I knew you'd say so. You see, my friends, what a treasure I've got. She yields in an instant. No exertion of authority is required. The simple expression of a wish on my part is sufficient for her."

"Landlord, I'll try a glass of your punch," Amurath said—"and at the same time I'll thank you to return my pipe."

"I thought you preferred cider," Jonas remarked, as he complied with the Ex-Aga's request.

"By the beard of the Prophet! I like all liquors," the other returned, smacking his lips over the punch. "In Turkey I used to drink Sherbet, Boza, and arrack—and in Russia, Bostandschi Oglu, and Kisalschtxhy."

"Dear me! what a nice drink that must be!" Nelly exclaimed. "Kissylipsy—did you call it?"

"Kissylschtxhy," the Ex-Aga repeated. "It is delicious, especially when drunk with a pretty Muscovite maiden. Shall I warble you the tender strain which I sang to the beautiful but hapless Budoor, as she accompanied me on her kitar?"

Nelly seemed disposed to say "yes;" but glancing at Jonas, and reading a decided negative in his looks, she was obliged to decline the offer.

"Give us a Bacchanalian ditty," Jonas cried. "That's more in your way than a love-song."

"Well—anything to oblige you," Amurath replied. "I'll give you a snatch, written by way of epitaph, upon old Temperance Closefist, the miser and water-drinker. His fate will never be yours I'm sure, Mr. Jonas—nor mine. Make ready, musicians."

The old Water-Drinker's Grave.

I.

A stingy curmudgeon lies under this stone,
Who ne'er had the heart to get mellow ;—
A base water-drinker !—I'm glad he is gone,
We're well rid of the frowsy old fellow.

II.

You see how the nettles environ his grave !
Weeds only could spring from his body.
While his heirs spend the money he fasted to save,
In wine and in women—the noddy!

Politeness detained Jonas during this song, but at its close he would have made off to Ben the Waggoner, if the Ex-Aga had not laid his heavy hand upon him, and compelled him to sit down.

"I want to hear something about my friends," the giant said. "How are the Fitzwalters?—the young couple—Frank Woodbine and Rose, as we used to call them. How are they going on, eh?"

"Remarkably well, I believe," Jonas replied.

"They are living with the Squire at Monkbury Place for the present," Nelly added, "and will remain there till Clavering Castle is finished. Sir Walter has bought it for them, and is fitting it up magnificently."

"Is Sir Walter at Monkbury Place?" Amurath inquired, glancing at Parson Bush.

"He has been there for the last five months," the reverend gentleman answered—"and Lady Fitzwalter too—so much improved you'd scarcely know him—and the old lady has got back some of her good looks. A fine woman still, in spite of all she has gone through. Old Mrs. Leslie has likewise come to live with the Squire—and is as happy as need be with her grandchildren. Her daughter, you may remember, was privately married to the Squire. As to Sir Walter and Lady Fitzwalter, they quite dote upon the young couple,—Mr. Alured and his wife, I mean,—and are always with them. Of course, they're to live at Clavering Castle when the place is ready for them; but meanwhile they seem quite content at Monkbury."

"No wonder," Amurath replied. "Quarters no one would object to. I thought young Fitzwalter and his wife were candidates for the Flitch?"

"So they are," Parson Bush replied. "But Jonas and Nelly stand first on the list, and the prize can only be bestowed once in the year. Mr. Roper has carefully examined the Charter, and finds this is an express condition."

"So you see they'll have to wait till to-morrow twelvemonth, Mr. Amurath," Jonas observed.

"You think so?" the giant replied.

"Pray, is there any such Custom as ours of Dunmow in the East?" Nelly asked. "Do Turks ever claim the Flitch?"

"We good Mussulmans abominate the unclean animal," Amurath said; "and consequently bacon is interdicted. As to a prize for constancy, that would be scarcely possible where polygamy prevails."

16 *The Flitch of Bacon : or, the Custom of Dunmow.*

"All Turks, I suppose, wear beards like yours?" Nelly said, innocently.

"All—without exception," the Ex-Aga replied. "I should be glad to introduce the fashion in England. A beard would be a great improvement to Jonas."

"Perhaps it would," she said. "But he looks very nice as he is."

"Mark that, Mr. Amurath?" the little landlord cried, delighted.

"Never mind her flummery, Jonas, but make a movement in favour of the beard. Attend to me." And the giant once more broke into song.

The Ballad of the Beard.

I.

In masculine beauty, or else I am wrong,
Perfection consists in a beard that is long;
By man it is cherished, by woman revered,—
Hence every good fellow is known by his beard.

II.

Barbarossa, and Blackbeard, and Bluebeard we know,
Let the hair on their chins most abundantly grow;
So did Francis the First, and our Harry the bluff,
And the great Bajazet had beard more than enough.

III.

Now the faces of these bearded worthies compare
With the faces of others divested of hair;
And you'll very soon see—if you've got any eyes—
On which side the superiority lies.

IV.

Then take to the BEARD, and have done with the razor!
Don't disfigure yourself any longer, I pray, sir!
Wear a Beard. You will find it becoming and pleasant,
And your wife will admire you much more than at present.

V.

Of cuts we've the Spanish, Italian, and Dutch,
The old and the new, and the common o'ermuch;
You may have your beard trimm'd any way that you please,
Curled, twisted, or stuck out like chevaux-de-frise.

VI.

You may wear, if you choose, a beard pick-a-devant,
A beard like a hammer, or jagg'd like a saw,—
A beard call'd "cathedral," and shaped like a tile,
Which the widow in Hudibras served to beguile.

VII.

A beard like a dagger—nay, don't be afraid,—
A beard like a bodkin, a beard like a spade;
A beard like a sugar-loaf, beard like a fork,
A beard like a Hebrew, a beard like a Turk.

VIII.

Any one of these beards may be yours if you list—
According to fancy you trim it or twist.
As to colour, that matters, I ween, not a pin—
But a bushy black beard is the surest to win.

IX.

So takes to the BEARD, and abandon the razor!
Have done with all soaping and shaving, I say, sir!
By a scrub of a barber be never more sheared, sir;
But adorn cheek and chin with a handsome long beard, sir!

Everybody laughed very heartily at this song, and Jonas among the rest. But his glee was checked, as he bethought him of Ben the Waggoner, who appeared to be on the move. He started up to fly to him, but was again forced down by the giant.

"Sit still, landlord, sit still, till you have answered one other question. How goes on my friend Sir G. de M.?"

"If you mean Sir Gilbert de Montfichet by those initials, Mr. Amurath, I beg to say he is going on extremely well. Quite a reformed character—no longer drinks—no longer games—no longer rakes—but keeps good company—and has entirely abandoned his worthless associates."

"Ho! ho! ho!" Amurath laughed. "Is he married?"

"No, sir, he is not married, but the probability is that he very speedily will be so. The consummation of his wishes depends upon the realisation of mine."

"Landlord, you speak in riddles."

"My husband means, that Miss Monkbury, to whom Sir Gilbert has been paying his addresses, and with whom he is understood to be passionately in love," Nelly said, "has declared she will never marry any man till the Fitch has been won. So to-morrow the young baronet may possibly gain her consent, if we are successful."

"She has three other suitors who are likewise awaiting the issue of the claim," Parson Bush remarked with a laugh.

"Grub, Chip, and Clot—I remember them," Amurath replied. "Another glass of punch, and another song, landlord."

"Bless us! the bowl's empty—I didn't observe it. More shall be brewed directly," Jonas cried, breaking from the giant's grasp, and hastening to the waggoner, who was just about to start.

"Well, Ben, what have you to tell me about him?" he asked.

"Look at this, mester," Ben replied, putting a playbill, adorned with a large woodcut, into his hands.

"Yes—yes—I see,—but what has this got to do with him?"

"A vast deal," Ben replied. "You see the picter a-top—the Turkish giant. Read the bill—read it aloud."

"I will—I will," Jonas replied. "SHEEPHANKS AND SWINEY'S BOOTH—NEAR THE BRIDGE, CHELMSFORD. EXTRAORDINARY AND UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION—THE FALL OF BAJAZET. THE PART OF BAJAZET BY AMURATH, THE CELEBRATED TURKISH GIANT. That's he! that's he!"

"Ay, that be he, sure enough," Ben said. "I seed he were a-gammonin'

of you—so I thought I'd let you know the truth. But he be absent without leave."

"What do you mean, Ben?"

"I means what I says. He ought to act to-night at Chelmsford, according to that there playbill. He's under an engagement to Sheepshanks and Swiney, and has forfeited fifty pounds by taking hissel off in this way. Swiney told me so, hissel. Swiney said he'd arrest him at once if he could find him—but he were stowed away in the waggon, and Swiney never thought of looking for him there."

"Why didn't you give him up?" Jonas cried.

"I didn't like," the waggoner replied. (The rogue didn't say anything about the guinea he had received for aiding the giant's escape.) "But if you want to get rid of him, only let Swiney know, and he'll take him off your hands pretty quickly."

"I'll do it—I'll do it," Jonas cried. "I'll send a man and horse over to Chelmsford. I'll give Isaacson and Latcham a hint. He shall be nabbed, Ben—nabbed before he knows what he's about. I don't think he will appear as a witness against me at the Court Baron—ha! ha! There'll be a feast here on the day after to-morrow, Ben, and I shall be glad of your company to eat a rasher from the Flitch—the Dunmow Flitch, Ben—d'ye understand?"

"Thankee, mester, I'll be one of the party wi' pleasure," the waggoner replied, cracking his whip, and making a start.

While this was passing, Parson Bush got up and took a place on the circular bench by the side of the Ex-Aga.

"Sir Gilbert depends upon your appearance at the Court Baron at noon to-morrow?" he said in a low tone.

"You're sure I may do so with safety?" the other rejoined. "Nothing to apprehend from Sir Walter—eh?"

"Nothing whatever. Sir Gilbert will bear you harmless from all consequences. But take care Jonas doesn't manage to entrap you. The sly little fellow is talking, as you see, with Ben the Waggoner, and will learn from him how you are circumstanced. Sheepshanks and Swiney may receive information of your retreat, and pounce upon you. Once within the Court House, you are safe."

"Never fear. Leave J. J.—Amurath, I mean,—to take care of himself. Count upon seeing me."

Satisfied with this assurance, Parson Bush returned to the table, and Jonas having given some private instructions to Carrotty Dick, came back rubbing his hands, and looking quite happy and unconcerned. Smiling upon his apparently unsuspecting victim, he proffered him a glass of punch from a fresh bowl brought by Tom Tapster, which the other graciously accepted.

Another song was now called for, but as no one responded, Jonas thought a dance might be agreeable to the Bachelors and Maidens; and as they were quite of his opinion, word was given to the musicians, who instantly struck up a rigadon, and very soon all the younger part of the company were footing it merrily on the sward. For a while Amurath preserved his grave deportment, and continued to puff away solemnly at his pipe; it being unbecoming the dignity of a Turk to take part in such a boisterous pastime. But at length the fun and frolic rose to

such a pitch, that, unable to resist the attraction, he sprang to his feet, and offering his hand to Nelly, before Jonas could interpose, whisked her off into the mazy ring. Wonderful was it to see the giant capering about in his flowing Turkish attire—wonderful was the agility he displayed—and at the end of the rigadon, he had to take off his enormous turban and mop his close-shaven pate.

After the dance, more punch was consumed, and then the company dispersed,—the bailiff, the two burgesses, and Simon Appleyard shaking hands with Jonas, and congratulating him beforehand on the anticipated event of the morrow. A word at parting was likewise exchanged between Parson Bush and the Ex-Aga—and then the latter withdrew to the house, and was shown by Peggy to the apartment wherein he was to pass the night. Arrived there, his first business was to throw open the window, as he said he could not sleep without plenty of air.

Jonas tarried for a brief space outside, after the departure of his guests, and during that time a mounted messenger was despatched with secret instructions to Chelmsford—and information was given to Isaacson and Latcham to hold themselves in readiness for a summons. This done, the landlord retired to rest, and slept soundly till towards morning, when he had a strange dream, in which he fancied his three departed wives appeared to him, and told him he would never win the Flitch.

In his efforts to reply to them, he awoke, and found Nelly awake too, and laughing at him. She said he must have had a dreadful attack of nightmare, as he had roared out most lustily.

Jonas was rather troubled by his dream, and feared it boded him no good. However, he said nothing about it to Nelly, as he thought there was no use in making her uneasy. Besides, he didn't like talking to her about his former spouses. So he went to sleep again, and lo! he had another dream. This time he thought he had gained the Flitch, but was robbed of it by the giant, who devoured it before his eyes.

III.

HOW JONAS AND NELLY SET OUT TO CLAIM THE FLITCH.

ON rising, the landlord's first inquiries were as to the Turkish gentleman. He was not astir yet. So far good. Had the messenger returned from Chelmsford? No. That was provoking. Still, it was early, and the giant was safe in his room.

About nine o'clock, the two bailiffs came to see whether their services would be required, and Jonas, after some consideration, determined to take upon himself the responsibility of detaining Juddock a prisoner till the arrival of Messrs. Sheepshanks and Swiney—or at all events till the great business at the Court Baron was settled. Accordingly he sent the two functionaries of the law up-stairs, and Peggy attended them to the door of the giant's chamber, against which Isaacson rapped authoritatively with his truncheon. No answer being returned, the summons was repeated—and then the door was tried, and found to be locked. After a little debate, Jonas was sent for, and by his order, the door was instantly burst open. The bird was flown, having escaped, it was evident, through the open window. Juddock had discarded his Turkish habiliments,

which were scattered about the room, and had gone off in some other clothes taken from the portmanteau, as that was empty.

Nelly, of course, had come up-stairs with her husband, and her attention was called by Peggy to something very like a horse's tail lying on the dressing-table near the Ex-Aga's enormous turban. A suspicion of the truth instantly flashed upon the landlady, and rushing up to the table, she found her surmise correct. A false beard. How shocking! After all he had said and sung about beards, too.

Jonas was greatly dismayed. His plans were baffled, and the worst was to be apprehended. He consulted with the two bailiffs, and wanted them to go in quest of the fugitive. It would be of no use, they said. They couldn't detain him. They must wait for Sheepshanks and Swiney and the writ. Then, and not till then, could they act. So Jonas was obliged to be content, and hope for the best.

He had a good deal to do, and that helped to dispel his anxiety. Besides a great many directions to give, he had to dress with unusual care; and by the time he had spent nearly an hour in decorating his person, his breast once more beat high with confidence. The last touches given, what a smart little fellow appeared in the glass. How well his pea-green coat, made for the occasion, became him! The tailor had done him justice. His flowered, white satin waistcoat was beautiful, and everybody must admire his amber shorts and his salmon-coloured silk hose, and the shapely limbs they defined so perfectly. Not unadmirably, was he glancing at himself over the shoulder, to see how well the pea-green coat fitted behind,—and how nicely the double queue of his well-powdered periwig dangled down,—when he caught the reflexion of a very pretty face in the mirror, and was delighted to find that his wife's toilette was as satisfactorily completed as his own.

Nelly looked quite charming in her pretty fly-cap, with her fair hair drawn back beneath it, arranged in tight little curls at the sides, and gathered in a club at the back; her cherry-coloured silk stomacher, laced across; her hooped petticoat; and her tiny muslin apron. Nor were her feet entirely concealed from view—as why should they be? Had she not got a pair of red morocco high-heeled shoes, of the last fashion, from Town? They must be seen,—if feet and ankles, which had not their match in Dunmow, went for nothing.

"Well, my love, I declare I never saw you look better!" Jonas exclaimed, rapturously.

"And I don't think I ever saw you look so well, ducky," she rejoined. "That pea-green coat fits without a crease, and those amber shorts are perfection. But you haven't tied your cravat quite tight enough. I'll do it for you. There, that's better."

"Take care—you'll choke me," Jonas cried, getting very red in the face.

"Now, for the nosegay in your breast," Nelly continued, fixing a bouquet as large as a sunflower in his second button-hole. And then making him turn about so as to face the chambermaid, she cried—"What do you think of your master, Peggy?"

"I think he's the properest man in Dunmow, mem,—as you are the prettiest lady," the chambermaid replied.

"By the marry-masks, Peggy, you're a good judge," Jonas cried.

"I'll raise your wages. You're very nicely dressed yourself, Peggy—and look very well—extremely well, Peggy."

"Don't praise me too much, sir," the chambermaid whispered. "You'll make missis jealous—and that'll spoil all."

"A discreet wench i' faith," Jonas rejoined. "Don't forget what you've to say in Court, Peggy. And take care of Dick."

"You needn't be afraid of me, sir," Peggy replied. "And as to Dick, I've let him know that his chance of my hand depends upon his conduct to-day. So, you're quite safe with him."

"That's right, Peggy—that's right. Oddsbodikins! if it isn't eleven o'clock!—and the messenger not yet returned from Chelmsford."

"Oh! never mind the messenger," Nelly cried. "We can't wait for him. I want to show myself."

"And so do I," Jonas rejoined. "No, we won't wait any longer."

"You'll have plenty of people to see you, I can promise you," Peggy remarked. "All Great Dunmow is out; and Little Dunmow, they tell me, is just like a fair. Crowds have been flocking there from all parts of the country since six o'clock in the morning."

"No, have they?" Jonas cried, delighted. "They're quite right to be in time. Oh! it'll be a grand sight—a wonderful sight!"

And he began to caper about the room with delight.

"Will Crane told me last night," Peggy pursued, "that the Squire has invited all his friends. Half the gentry in the county are expected."

"Half the gentry! By the marry-maskins! they do us too much honour—really, they do," Jonas said. "However, it's very flattering—very gratifying—and we're quite sensible of the distinction shown us—ain't we, Nelly?"

"All the Squire's tenantry are of course invited," Peggy went on—"wives, daughters, and sons; sons' wives, and sons' daughters—everybody, in short. After the ceremony at Little Dunmow, there's to be the grandest merry-making ever known at Monkbury Place, to which all owners will be welcome. Nobody will be refused. Will Crane said there would be music, dancing, country sports, and all sorts of pastimes. Preparations have been made for the feast for the last week; and Will says it'll surpass anything ever seen in these parts."

"How very kind in the Squire to take all this trouble for us, and go to such an expense," Jonas remarked. "No doubt he meant this entertainment as an agreeable surprise to us, my love, and took care we should hear nothing about it. I always said the worthy gentleman was like a father to you, Nelly—and treated you exactly as if you were a daughter of his own."

"Don't talk nonsense, sir," Nelly cried. "Perhaps these preparations mayn't be for us, after all. The Squire may expect young Fitzwalter and his wife to win. It looks very like it, I must say."

"They win! Pooh! pooh! I've no fear, unless that confounded giant should turn up."

"Oh! I'm not in the least afraid of him," Nelly cried.

"You're not!—then I'm quite easy. Let's be off! Stay, we must take care nothing is forgotten. Tom Tapster and the cook are away to the Court House—oh, Peggy?"

"They started nearly an hour ago, sir, and must be there by this time."

"Good. And the bailiffs are below awaiting the arrival of Sheepshanks and Swiney?"

"They're outside the house, sir—smoking their pipes, and drinking the jug of ale you ordered 'em. They won't leave the spot, they say, till the man comes back from Chelmsford."

"Very good, Peggy.—What splendid weather, my dear. Was there ever such a glorious day seen?"

"It's much too warm, I think," Nelly rejoined. "We shall be broiled before we get there. Fetch me my large green fan, Peggy."

"Here 'tis, mem, and your smelling-bottle, and your handkerchief, and your nosegay."

"Are you quite ready, my love?"

"Quite ready, Mr. Nettlebed."

"Then we'll be off at once. Is the cart at the door, Peggy?"

"The cart, Jonas!" Nelly exclaimed, with a scream. "Haven't you ordered a postchaise?"

"N—no, my love, I thought a cart preferable."

"Then you thought wrong, sir. I've a good mind not to go. Get a chaise directly."

"Impossible, my love—there isn't time. We should be too late. If we were a minute after twelve o'clock, our claim would be set aside, and that of young Fitzwalter and his wife preferred. You'll find it a very nice cart—with a very easy seat—plenty of room for two—and Dick will drive you most carefully, won't he, Peggy?"

"And you'll be much better seen than in the po'chay, mem—think of that," the chambermaid insinuated.

The last argument prevailed, and Nelly yielded, though with rather a bad grace. But all her sullenness disappeared the instant she went forth, and nothing but smiles irradiated her countenance, as she saluted the two bailiffs, who were seated at a table under the great elm-tree, drinking and smoking. She also acknowledged very graciously the cheers of the lads and lasses collected to witness their departure. Jonas handed her into the cart, gave her her fan, handkerchief, and nosegay, and then, having placed Peggy in a back seat, got up himself with some difficulty. This done, Carrotty Dick, who was seated in front, and who was as smart as Sunday clothes and a bunch of cabbage-roses in his breast could make him, touched his horse with the whip, and the vehicle was set in motion.

Then arose acclaims from the two bailiffs, who waved their hats, and wished them success. The vociferations of the myrmidons of the law were echoed by the youthful throng as well as by some venturesome urchins who had clambered up the old elm-tree—and it was regarded by Isaacson as a bad omen, that one of them who had planted his feet upon the famous signboard of the Flitch, contrived to knock it down. Luckily, however, Jonas was not aware of the disaster.

The cart moved slowly along, for neither husband nor wife desired to proceed too quickly—and a large and constantly-increasing concourse accompanied it in its progress through the main street of the town—shouting and huzzaing the whole way.

The day was magnificent—a little too hot, perhaps,—but the brilliant sunshine added to the general effect. Nelly could not have got on with-

out the large green fan, and shielded her pretty face with it. All Dunmow was astir. People were at the doors and windows, looking on, waving handkerchiefs, and swelling the clamour with their cries. Jonas was almost beside himself with delight. Every now and then he stood up in the cart, and bowed to an acquaintance at a window, or in the street, and Nelly began to be so much employed in kissing hands right and left, that the fan and nosegay had to be laid down.

The pretty landlady was greatly admired, and Jonas was envied by most of the male beholders. We cannot say that Nelly's lot was coveted in the same degree by any of her own sex. Peggy came in for her share of admiration ; and Carrotty Dick's breast was torn with jealous pangs as he heard his mistress chatting and laughing rather familiarly with a pack of impudent fellows who marched by her side. He longed to cut at them with the whip, and would have driven off, if he had dared.

In this way they reached the centre of the town, and when near the old cross, they were joined by another long cart, covered over with green boughs instead of a canvas tilt, and drawn by four horses. It contained the Bachelors and Maidens, who were waiting to accompany them to the Court House. Here, also, they were joined by the musicians—so that henceforward their progress took the character of a procession.

Now the shouts were redoubled, and strains of music were added to the din. The greater the uproar, and the better Jonas was pleased. Nor did it subside when they got out of the town. The Court House was two miles off, but the distance did not deter hundreds from marching thither. Thus they went on—the Bachelors and Maidens taking the lead, and Jonas and his wife following after ; the crowd huzzaing, and the band playing, until they came within a bow-shot of the Court House, when they were brought to a halt by a signal from Timothy Tipcat, the beadle, who, staff in hand, and in full official costume, was stationed at the door.

IV.

HOW ANOTHER COUPLE WENT TO MAKE THE CLAIM.

THE stoppage gave Jonas and Nelly an opportunity of looking about them. This was what they beheld.

Drawn up at the side of the road all the way to the old Priory Church, which was nearly a quarter of a mile off, were carts and other vehicles filled, for the most part, with fresh-looking country lasses, dressed in their best, and, generally speaking, with ribands in their caps and upon their tomschers as blooming as their cheeks. Such a number of pretty girls had never been seen in Dunmow before—nor up to this moment had Jonas imagined that the whole county of Essex boasted so many. However, all the women were not young : some were middle-aged, respectable matrons, not entirely destitute of good looks, taking care of their daughters, and a few—the grandmothers of the damsels—were well stricken with years. But, old or young, they all appeared happy and merry, and as the rosy-cheeked Phillises had plenty of Corydons by the side of their carts, no wonder they enjoyed themselves—while mothers and grandmothers, mindful of the days of their youth, smiled complacently at what was going on.

It was only among the oldest of the assemblage that any could be

found who had been present on a similar occasion; and old dames with nodding heads told their young listeners how William Parsley, of Much Easton, and Jane his wife had won the Flitch in 1701—long before they, or their mothers even were thought of. “A pretty sight that,” the ancient bodies declared; “but nothing—nothing whatever to the present.”

But, besides the farmers’ wives, and farmers’ daughters in carts, and young farmers on foot, bent upon becoming husbands and fathers themselves, there was a great collection of sturdy yeomen on horseback—many of them tenants of the Squire—though the greater part were strangers, for the anticipated successful claim of the Flitch, coupled with Squire Monkbury’s promise of a feast, had attracted folks from all parts of Essex—and even from the adjoining counties. They had come in all sorts of vehicles—in postchaise, coach, or cart—on horseback or on foot—from far and near—from Thaxted, Braintree, Coggeshall, and Witham—from Saffron Walden, Bishop Stortford, and Chipping Ongar—from Great Bardfield and Little Bardfield—from Great Saling, Panfield, and Rayna. How so many were to be entertained at Monkbury Place Jonas could not conceive. The Squire’s hospitality would be severely taxed. Meantime, some refreshments were afforded to the crowd by itinerant vendors of meat-pies and fruit-pies—and by others, with little carts or barrows, who sold bottled ale and cider, and draught beer from the barrel.

Throughout the large concourse, the utmost mirth and good-humour prevailed. Plenty of noise, but no disorder. On the contrary, all were remarkably well conducted—and though, every twenty yards or so, there was stationed a well-dressed personage, with a long white wand in his hand, to keep the road clear—the active services of these individuals were scarcely heeded. Altogether, it was a most lively and amusing scene, and was never forgotten by those fortunate enough to witness it.

Most propitious was the weather, as we have already remarked: the sky cloudless—and the sun shining brilliantly. Nature was in her fullest beauty, and richest wealth of foliage and flower. The bells in the old Priory Church rang blithely—and the lads scattered about in groups—mounted on the hedge-banks—on the gates, or on the walls, or in the trees, shouted till they were hoarse.

Nearer the Court House, the equipages were of a superior description. Jonas counted ten coaches, half a dozen of which he knew to belong to families of importance. Then there were a great many ladies and gentlemen on horseback, and their numbers were constantly being increased by fresh arrivals. Some few dismounted, and left their horses with the grooms, but the greater part remained outside. Otherwise the Court, which possessed but limited accommodation, would have been inconveniently crowded.

The first coach, which was setting down just as Jonas came up, and barred his approach, contained Sir Walter Fitzwalter, his lady, and Mrs. Leslie. It was succeeded by another containing Dr. Sidebottom, Parson Bush, and Mr. Roper—and then a third drew up, from which Sir Ralph Gernon of Little Lees, Lady Gernon, and the three Misses Gernon descended. Then came the Dennys—then the Lovels—then the Parkers—then the Howblons—after which, Jonas thought he should be able to move on. But no!—Timothy Tipcat again signalled to the driver of the Bachsors and Maideas and to Carroty Dick to keep quiet and remain where they were—and of course they could not disobey the beadle.

The reason for the order was presently apparent. A loud and continuous shouting, not confined as heretofore to the juvenile part of the assemblage, but proceeding from persons of all ages—proclaimed the approach of a cavalcade. It was headed by the Squire and his daughter Bab, both of whom courteously acknowledged the enthusiastic greeting with which they were welcomed. Always popular, the Squire was now quite the idol of his tenants—and of all who knew him. The worthy gentleman looked remarkably well, and so full of happiness that he seemed to diffuse some of it around him at every step taken by his steed. All loved to look upon his kindly countenance. Mounted as she was on her favourite Gipsy, Bab was seen to the greatest possible advantage, and looked beautiful and bewitching as ever. Behind her were her three suitors—Grub, Chip, and Clot—and on the right, and almost alongside her, rode Sir Gilbert de Montfichet. Wonderfully improved in personal appearance was the young baronet. He had entirely lost the rakish air which had previously operated as a drawback to his good looks, and was now as fine a young gentleman, and as manly-looking, as need be.

The cavalcade was closed by a couple, for whom if the shouts were not so loud as for the Squire and his younger daughter, it was because they excited even stronger and deeper interest than those popular personages. People were too much occupied in gazing at them, and admiring them, to cheer.

The fond pair, upon whom all eyes were now fixed, and in praise of whom all lips were loud, were Alured Fitzwalter and his wife. One steed bore them; she sitting on a pillion behind him, with her arm round his waist. The attitude was tender and affectionate. And every look and gesture bestowed on each other by the pair were replete with love.

Never was the recollection of the goodly couple effaced from the memory of those who beheld them as they rode together on that day. He so handsome, so frank, so courteous—she so fair, so sweet, so good. Her soul shone out in her speaking countenance. Her gentle nature could be read in her deportment.

Kindly were the looks, and cordial the words addressed by the pair to those nearest them. Grateful were they for the blessings showered upon their heads. Little children were lifted up to look at them, and the tiny things clasped their small hands, and lifted up their infantine voices with delight, at the beautiful pageant passing by—which haunted them ever afterwards like a bright and pleasant dream. Old trembling hands were stretched out to bless them; and many a mother prayed that her daughter might be like Rose—many a father trusted that his son might, in some respects, resemble Alured.

So the pair went on, shedding smiles around them, and reaping such a harvest of good wishes as seldom falls to the lot of mortals, until they reached the door of the Court House, where Rose sprang lightly to the ground, and being instantly followed by her husband, they entered the building together—he smiling, and fondly encircling her with his arm.

V.

SHOWING WHO WON THE FLITCH, AND WHO LOST IT.

THE Court was assembled.

On an elevated judicial bench, with a desk before him, sat the Squire—as Lord of the Manor. Against the wall at the back of the bench was hung a large 'scutcheon, painted with the armorial coat of the Monkburys. Near it was an old scroll containing the Charter of the Barony. On either side of the Squire were Dr. Sidebottom, Parson Bush, Sir Walter Fitzwalter, Sir Ralph Gernon, Mr. Denny, Mr. Houblon, and other gentlemen of the county. The ladies occupied places behind—Lady Fitzwalter and Mrs. Leslie sitting together. The old curate's wife bore her years bravely, and though winter had sown its snows thickly upon her head, her cheek was still fresh, her eye bright, and the general expression of her countenance exceedingly lively and pleasing. She was, indeed, a very charming old lady; and as grandmother of the fond pair whom we have just conducted to the Court House, felt she had good reason to be proud and happy. So also felt her neighbour. Time's ravages and those of sorrow could not, of course, be wholly repaired in Lady Fitzwalter; but it was wonderful how much of her pristine beauty had returned to her. Once more her figure had acquired its fulness, her carriage its stateliness, and her glances somewhat of their former fire; and as she had all the advantages derivable from rich attire, she produced a very striking effect. Those who had never seen her before were much impressed by her; and those who remembered her in the meridian of her beauty, thought her but little changed.

But the centre of attraction was Bab. The little beauty sat beside Mrs. Leslie, and talked a great deal more to grandmamma than to Sir Gilbert de Montfichet, who was next her, on the other side. Grandmamma, however, being very good-natured, and taking compassion on the young baronet, who had become a great favourite with her (reformed scapegraces always are favourites with elderly ladies), contrived to mix him up in their conversation. But she could not extend equal indulgence to the three suitors, who fluttered about Miss Monkbury, and made so much noise that they were, at last, requested by the usher of the court to be silent, and sit down.

Immediately below the bench, at a table furnished with pens, ink, and paper, and having the register of the Court open before him, sat the Steward of the Manor, Mr. Roper, and his clerk Hopkinson. Around him, arranged in a semicircle, were the bailiff and the burgesses of Dunmow, with some of the Squire's principal tenants, and several gentlemen who could not be better accommodated—for the Court was crowded to excess, and by this time not even standing-room could be obtained, and the doors were ordered to be closed. In a raised box on the right of the bench the Jury were placed—the six maidens in front, smiling and blushing at their novel position, and endeavouring to appear composed—and the six bachelors behind—with their foreman, Simon Appleyard, noticeable for his consequential air and manner.

A small platform, about two feet high, with rails in front, and covered with green baize, was reserved for the Claimants. Near it stood Will Crane, bearing a pole, on the top of which the Flitch itself was set—the entire side of a huge hog, well cured, and well dried, as plump as my Lord

Chancellor's woolsack, and as brown as a cake of chocolate. Tied to it by a riband was an ancient silver chain worn by Sir Reginald Fitzwalter, the founder of the Custom, supposed to be an amulet, fashioned of the letters composing his name, linked with those of his wife.

Opposite the Jury was the witness-box.

Neither of the couples, who, it was understood, were about to demand the prize, were present; but both were in waiting for a summons.

Silence being enjoined by Hopkinson, and peremptorily enforced by the usher, the proceedings were opened by Mr. Roper.

"Know all present," the steward said, looking round, "that in accordance with a time-honoured Custom, instituted in the early part of the Thirteenth Century by an ancestor of the illustrious family of Fitzwalter—the existing representative of which ancient house is now amongst us—in accordance with this Custom, not less to be venerated for its antiquity, than to be admired and lauded for its noble aim and purpose, namely, that of furnishing a reward for the most perfect conjugal love and fidelity—has this Court met to decide upon the claims of any couple conceiving themselves entitled to the Flitch, and to award the prize to such couple, provided they shall establish a title to it; inasmuch as the bestowal of the donation in manner aforesaid is imposed by the Charter under which the lordship is held, upon the Lord of the Manor of Little Dunmow—now represented by the very worshipful gentleman sitting on the bench, Mark Monkbury, Esquire; whose pride and pleasure it has always been, and whose sedulous aim it will continue to be, to maintain this ancient Custom in its integrity. Thus much premised, a word may be said in reference to the donation itself. Such a prize must not be estimated for its rarity and splendour, but for the distinction it confers on those fortunate enough to obtain it. Homely is the Flitch, because the virtues it represents are of home—homeborn, homefelt. These domestic virtues gild and grace it, and make it richer than a crown of gold. Envious are those on whom the prize is conferred, for they have not only established a claim to honour and respect, but have secured themselves felicity but rarely enjoyed on earth. The fame of the Dunmow Flitch has travelled beyond Essex. It has spread throughout England. It has been sung by the poets,—by the Father of English poetry, Chaucer. It has become proverbial. To say that any couple deserve the Flitch is a high compliment. To say that they have actually won it is to proclaim them amongst the best and happiest of mankind. Such a couple must live in story and in song as an example to all coming after them. But in proportion to the value and importance of the prize is the difficulty of its attainment. The Court must be fully satisfied of the merits of the Claimants before an award can be made in their favour; and so hard are the conditions, that few, if any, have been found able to comply with them. Fifty years have flown since it was won last. May better fortune attend the candidates on the present occasion!"

Mr. Roper's address was very well received, and the Squire having expressed his satisfaction at it, the steward went on—"There are two couples on the list—the first in order being Jonas Nettlebed of Great Dunmow, innkeeper, and Nelly his wife.—Let them be introduced to make their claim."

A loud buzz was now heard in the Court, above which sounded the voice of the usher, crying out, "Jonas and Nelly Nettlebed, come

in, and make your claim. And see ye prove your title to the Flitch to the satisfaction of the Jury, and the Most Worshipful the Lord of the Manor, or it will not be delivered to you."

A smile pervaded the assemblage as Jonas and Nelly presented themselves in answer to the summons of the usher. Way being made for them to the platform by the official, Jonas helped his wife to mount it, and then skipping after her with unwonted activity, bowed profoundly to the Squire, and then to the assemblage generally. Nelly seemed a good deal abashed at first, and her cheek was suffused with blushes, but by degrees her timidity wore off, and she ventured a glance at the throng around her.

Jonas was not in the least discomposed. He never felt easier, or more at home in his life. The position in which he found himself, was exactly to his taste; and he only regretted that the ceremony must so soon be over. Casting a look at the Flitch, now overshadowing him, he regarded it as already his own.

After allowing a few minutes to elapse, Mr. Roper opened the business.

"Jonas Nettlebed," he said, "the Court has received notice that you and your wife demand that the Flitch be delivered to you, according to the Custom of Dunmow? Is it so?"

"It is, sir," Jonas replied, bowing. "We do make the demand—respectfully, but emphatically make it."

"You are aware of the oath prescribed for the occasion, and are prepared to take it?"

"We are, sir."

"I require an answer from your wife?" the steward said.

"Now, Nelly, why don't you speak?" Jonas whispered, nudging her. "You hear the question."

"Have you any hesitation in taking the oath, Nelly?" the Squire remarked.

"Oh! none in the least, worshipful sir," she replied, courtseying—"only I thought that came at the church."

"The oath will be there solemnly recited," Roper said—"but your examination as to its substance takes place here. Well then, you are both able to swear—mind, to swear—that you 'ne'er made nuptial transgression.' Look at me, Jonas, and lift up your eyes, Nelly.—You can both swear that?"

Both replied, we can.

"You can affirm that no 'household brawls or contentions' have ever disturbed your peace?"

"We can affirm a great deal more than that," Jonas cried.

"Confine yourself to my question. You can solemnly declare you have never quarrelled?"

"Oh, never quarrelled—never at all, sir," Nelly responded.

"What a hurry you are in," Jonas whispered. "We ought to answer together."

"It's you who are so slow," she replied.

"What's that I hear?" the Squire cried, sharply.

"Nothing, worshipful sir—nothing," Jonas replied. "We're both ready to swear we've not had a wrong word since we were married."

"Quite ready to swear it," Nelly added.

"And have never offended each other?" Roper demanded.

"Have I ever offended you, love?" Jonas said, turning to her.

"Never," she replied. "Have I ever offended you, ducky?"

"Never since you were born," Jonas rejoined. And here he thought of embracing her, but reflecting that such a demonstration might not be deemed respectful to the Court, he abstained.

"And you can conscientiously declare you never wished yourselves unmarried?" was Roper's next interrogation.

"I can conscientiously declare it, sir," Jonas said, with emphasis.

"And you, Nelly?" the steward asked, appealing to her.

"Yes, sir—con—con—con—what's the word, Jonas?"

"No prompting," the steward interposed, severely. "Attend to me, Nelly. Have you ever wished your marriage dissolved?"

"Ever wished to be single again?" Jonas subjoined.

"Oh! dear no," Nelly cried. "I can swear I never wished that."

"I must caution you, Jonas, that these interruptions cannot be permitted," the Squire said. "So far the Court rests satisfied with your conjoint declarations. What witnesses do you produce in confirmation of your statements?"

"Here is a list of them, worshipful sir," Jonas replied, placing a paper in the cleft point of the usher's wand, by which means it was handed to the Squire, who, after glancing at it, gave it to the steward.

The first person called was the bailiff of Dunmow, and his evidence was deemed perfectly satisfactory, as was the testimony offered by each of the burgesses who succeeded him.

Tom Tapster, the next witness, said his master and missis was a pleasure to live with, they was so fond of each other, and for ever billin' and cooin' just like two lovers: an assertion that caused Jonas to smirle, and Nelly to blush, and hang down her head.

The fat cook said she couldn't give 'em too good a character. They fulfilled their matrimonyal dooties in every pertikler; and havin' bin a married woman herself, she partly understood what those dooties was.

Carrot Dick objected to be sworn, but a glance from Peggy, who was close at hand, quickly brought him to, and he gulped down his scruples. A very perplexing interrogatory was put to him by the Court.—Had he ever known his master guilty of indiscretion?—"What man I say to that, Peggy?" Dick roared, amid the general laughter of the Court.—"Speak the truth, of course," the steward rejoined, frowning.—"What be indiscretion, then?"—"Making love to a neighbour's wife," the Squire intimated.—"Oh, I never knowd master guilty o' that," the ostler answered, scratching his head.—This being all that could be extracted from Dick, he was sent down.

Peggy came next, and she looked at Mr. Roper with a confident smile, as much as to say, catch me if you can. She extolled her master and missis to the skies, and only hoped, if ever she married, she might find just such another husband as Mr. Nettlebed.—Did her master ever exhibit jealousy of his wife?—Jealousy!—not he. There wasn't a patienter man breathing than Mr. Nettlebed.—Was his patience ever tried, then?—Oh yes, he put up with a great deal.—A great deal of what—scolding—ill-usage—bad temper—what?—Oh no, nothin' of that kind. Missis never scolded, and never was ill-tempered, and master submitted to everything.—Perhaps she considered submission a merit in a husband?—The

greatest merit he could possess. Mr. Nettlebed never said "No" to his wife, and consequently was the best of husbands.—Did Mrs. Nettlebed ever make any unreasonable requests of her husband?—Unreasonable—no. Master never denied missis anythin' she asked. If he did grumble a bit it was behind her back.—Then he did grumble occasionally?—Of course. It was human nature. Everybody grumbled. People couldn't live without it.—True. And therefore, perhaps, Mrs. Nettlebed sometimes grumbled?—A little, maybe, now and then. But, Lor' bless you, never before master. Missis never let him see a cross look, or hear a cross word, however much she might be put out.—Oh! then, she *was* put out sometimes. With her husband—eh?—Lor' bless you, no—with Dick—with cook—with Tom Tapster—with me—never with master!

Mr. Roper declined to ask any more questions, and Peggy went down, fully satisfied with what she had done.

The Jury now consulted together, after which Simon Appleyard stood up, and said he had an observation to make, but the steward begged him to defer it until after the examination of the next witness.

Jonas had thought all was over, and was congratulating himself upon the triumphant manner in which the affair had been brought to a conclusion, when a knell to his hopes almost sounded in his ears as he heard Captain Juddock evoked by the usher, and directly afterwards, beheld that gigantic individual towering above the assemblage, as he stood in the witness-box.

Juddock had no longer anything of the Turk about him, not even the beard, which, as we know, had been left at the Old Inn, but appeared in his customary attire—a blue military coat with brass epaulettes, and brass buttons, and with the old brass-handled sword by his side, and the old funnel-topped boots on his legs. Glancing triumphantly at Jonas, who regarded him with mingled feelings of dismay and disgust, the giant awaited Roper's interrogations.

"Last winter, you passed a night at the Old Inn at Dunmow, Captain Juddock," the steward said. "Have you any remark to make on Mrs. Nettlebed's conduct towards you?"

"Her conduct was exactly what a landlady's should be. She was exceedingly attentive."

"Too attentive, perhaps?"

"I do not think so. Possibly, her husband might. I didn't give myself much concern about him."

"Did they strike you as being a happy couple?"

"Undoubtedly. They managed to keep appearances extremely well."

"Keep up appearances!" Jonas cried, unable longer to contain himself. "How dare you make such an insinuation as that, sir? 'Appearances' in your teeth, sir."

"I must call you to order, Jonas," the steward said. "Any remarks you may have to make, must be addressed to me, and not to the witness."

"Then tell him his testimony is worthless," the landlord cried.

"It will be for the Jury to decide on its value," Mr. Roper replied.

"Do you wish the examination to be pursued?" addressing the Jury.

The foreman answered they did.

"You are renowned for your gallantry, and for your conquests among the fair sex, I believe, Captain Juddock," Roper said, in continuation.

"Pray, did Mrs. Nettlebed ever give you any encouragement?"

"I must beg respectfully to decline answering that question, sir," the giant replied.

"Your refusal to reply will be considered tantamount to an admission of the fact," Roper remarked.

"I cannot help that, sir," Juddock said.

"I scorn the imputation," Nelly cried. "I never did give him encouragement, and when he wanted to kiss me, I slapped his great, fat, ugly face."

"Oh! he wanted to kiss you—did he?" Jonas exclaimed, surprised out of his caution. "You never told me so."

"So you keep secrets from your husband, Nelly, do you?" the Squire remarked.

"Nothing of any consequence, worshipful sir. I didn't think it worth while to trouble him about such a trifle as this."

"Oh, you call this a trifle?" Roper cried. "Perhaps, it's a matter of every-day occurrence?"

"Oh no, it ain't, sir. It's very rarely anybody attempts to kiss me.—Mr. Alured Fitzwalter, when he was Frank Woodbine, never did."

Amidst the laughter occasioned by this reply, Jonas whispered to his wife—"You'll ruin our chance, if you don't mind."

"Well, I can't help it. I won't allow a pack of stories to be told of me," she rejoined.

"Concealment is not all on one side," Juddock observed. "Jonas has secrets to keep as well as his wife."

"I thought so," Nelly whispered. "Now it's all coming out."

"Be quiet, my love, I implore of you," Jonas rejoined. "Prove your words, Captain Juddock—prove them, sir."

"So I will," the giant replied. "I saw you, myself, very tender with pretty Peggy, your chambermaid."

"I deny the charge—indignantly deny it," Jonas cried.

"Let Peggy be recalled," the Squire said. And as the chambermaid once more appeared in the witness-box, he continued—"You have heard what Captain Juddock has declared. Is there any truth in the assertion?"

"Master was always what a good master should be," Peggy replied. "I've no reason to complain of him."

"Very likely not," the Squire said, laughing. "But has your mistress?"

"I should be sorry to think so, sir."

"Recal Carroty Dick," the Squire cried. And as the red-poll'd ostler reappeared, with a cloud upon his brow, he said to him—"Captain Juddock has affirmed that he saw some familiarities between your master and Peggy. What is your opinion as to the correctness of the statement?"

"My opinion be that it's true," Dick replied, with gloomy rage. "I saw him kiss her myself."

"Oh, indeed—when?"

"Last Christmas, under the mistletoe-bough—but I've often seen him kiss her since."

"You have!" Nelly screamed. "Oh! the faithless little wretch."

"There, now you have done it, Dick," Peggy cried; "and you've done for yourself too—for you shall never have me."

"I dunna care, the ostler replied, sullenly—"I've had my revenge."

May—VOL. CL NO. CCOCL

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Seeing the Jury consult together, and fearing an unfavourable verdict, Jonas endeavoured to sustain his tottering cause by a vehement protest against Juddock's evidence.

"He is not a credible witness," he said—"he is an impudent and audacious vagabond. I have heard say—and I appeal to two gentlemen here present—to Sir Walter Fitzwalter and Sir Gilbert de Montfichet, to corroborate the assertion—that he has been a common gaming-house bully and sharper. I know him to be an impostor and stroller, who has absconded from his employers, Messrs. Sheepshanks and Swiney, owners of a booth now at Chelmsford."

"That's quite true, worshipful sir," the usher said, addressing the Squire. "Tim Tipcat, the beadle, has just been in to inform me that Mr. Swiney is now outside with Isaacson and Latcham, the bailiffs of Denmow, waiting to seize the individual styling himself Captain Juddock, when he comes out."

"Show them in," the Squire rejoined. "Do not leave the witness-box, sir," he added authoritatively to Juddock.

The next moment the trio were introduced. A little sharp-featured, high-shouldered man was Swiney, and clad in a light-brown square-cut coat. He had a hooked nose like a vulture, and looked altogether like a bird of prey. Fixing his keen eyes upon Juddock, he cried out in a shrill, and rather cracked voice—"There he is—that's my giant."

"Your giant?" the Squire said. "Do you claim a property in him, my good man?"

"An absolute property, worshipful sir," Swiney replied. "He is bound to me—bound hand and foot. I've exhibited him for many years at all the country fairs—and at Southwark and Bartlemy Fairs in Town. One year he was Plinlimmon, the Welsh giant—the next, Pennigant, the Yorkshire giant—the year after that, Tregonna, the Cornish giant."

"Yes, I recollect seeing him as Tregonna at Chelmsford Fair," Nelly remarked.

"Another piece of concealment," Jonas whispered. "You never told me that."

"Dare say you do recollect him, ma'am," Swiney pursued. "He was there last May twelvemonth—but he deserted soon after that, and took to bad ways—frequenting low gaming-houses and coffee-houses, and picking up a livelihood how he could, instead of living respectably with me and Sheepshanks. But he came back last winter, and has been with us ever since, until he bolted yesterday, and spoiled our performance of the 'Fall of Bajazet.' We lost ten pound, if we lost a shilling, by his sudden disappearance, worshipful sir."

"May I put a question, sir?" Montfichet observed, rising and addressing the Squire. And receiving a nod in reply, he went on—"Do you desire to go back again to Mr. Swiney, Juddock?"

"I shouldn't mind, Sir G., if I weren't bound," the giant replied.

"You shall have a release then," Montfichet rejoined. "What is your claim against him, Mr. Swiney?"

"Why it should be a hundred pounds, Sir Gilbert—but we'll say seventy."

"Seventy be it—and henceforth the giant is a free agent. You may now withdraw, Mr. Swiney. All shall be settled with you presently."

Hereupon the keeper of the booth and the bailiffs bowed and retired.

After the merriment which this interlude occasioned had somewhat subsided, Simon Appleyard stood up, and said that from the evidence offered them, the Jury were unanimously of opinion that the demand of Jonas Nettlebed and his wife had not been sustained, and must therefore be rejected.

"Rejected!" Jonas exclaimed in despair. "Reconsider your verdict, I implore of you, Simon. It is founded on the evidence of a person utterly unworthy of credit—a convicted impostor—a giant with three names instead of three heads—Plinlimmon, Pennigant, and Tregonna."

"You are mistaken, Jonas," Simon Appleyard replied. "We had agreed upon our verdict before Captain Juddock's examination took place. I repeat, that in the opinion of the Jury your claim to the Flitch cannot be sustained."

"The demand is rejected," the Squire said. "Such is the decision of the Court."

"Then farewell for ever to my chance of the Flitch," Jonas said, pathetically regarding it. "What a magnificent side of bacon it is!—the finest and fattest I ever beheld! And there's a silver chain fastened to it, which would have just suited you. Alack! and well-a-day!"

"Come down directly, sir," Nelly said, "and don't make yourself foolish by these idle lamentations. Bear the loss like a man."

"So I will," Jonas blubbered—"but to think of being within an ace of winning it—and then to be balked in this way. Alack! alack!"

"Keep up your spirits, Jonas," the Squire said. "You are not worse off than ninety-nine married men out of a hundred, so you needn't repine. I shall hope to see you and Nelly, by-and-by, at Monkbury Place."

"Thank your honour," Jonas replied. "Farewell! thou beautiful Flitch!" he added, casting a wistful eye at it as he stepped down.

"Proceed to the next claimants, Roper," the Squire said.

"With pleasure, sir," the steward replied. "They are Alured Fitzwalter, Esquire, of Little Dunmow, and Rose his wife. Let them be called," he added to the usher.

Amid a hush of expectation, the Loving Couple came in, and ascended the platform, where they stood hand in hand, answering promptly and cheerfully to the interrogations put to them by the steward.

This done, Roper, turning to the Squire, said—"I must now request you, sir, to conduct the inquiry, as I myself am a principal witness."

So saying, he ascended to the box, and being questioned, declared, that from his own knowledge and observation, he could confirm all that had been stated by the demandants in respect to their perfect domestic harmony and devotion to each other. He had never known a couple so happy.

Twenty other witnesses eagerly pressed forward as the steward concluded, and the testimony of all such as were examined was to the like effect.

"Can any one contradict the evidence offered to the Court?" the Squire asked.

"I have a remark to make, if you will please hear me, worshipful sir," Jonas replied.

"Enter the witness-box then," the Squire said. And as the landlord obeyed, he inquired—"Now, what have you to declare?"

"I consent in all that has been uttered by the various witnesses in

commendation of the lady claimant," Jonas replied, "and in much that has been affirmed concerning the gentleman. But he is not quite the pattern of conjugal fidelity he has been represented."

"Indeed!" the Squire exclaimed. "What have you to allege against him? Speak out, man. Don't be afraid."

"Well then, worshipful sir, since I must declare it,—on one occasion I saw him walking in a sequestered place—a thick grove in fact—with a young lady—a very pretty young lady—they appeared deeply interested in each other, and evidently desirous of eluding observation—and—and——"

"Go on," the Squire cried.

"I saw him kiss her."

"More than once?"

"No—the salute took place at parting. Isn't it enough to condemn him?"

"Do you think you could point out the young lady in Court?" the Squire said.

"I'm not sure," Jonas replied, looking round. "Paul Flitwick was with me at the time. It was rather dusk, and we didn't see her very distinctly. But she had a remarkably neat figure, as I observed to Paul."

"The young lady is much obliged to you for the compliment, Mr. Nettlebed," Bab said. "And as I happen to be the person you beheld, I think you will own there was no great harm in walking with a brother-in-law, or in receiving a parting salute from him. At all events, my sister did not disapprove of the proceeding."

Loud laughed the Court, as the discomfited Jonas rushed down to hide his head.

"Are the Jury satisfied?" the Squire demanded.

"Entirely so," Simon Appleyard replied. "In our opinion the present claim has been successfully maintained."

"The Court decides in favour of the demandants," the Squire said.

Then occurred such a display of enthusiasm, as has rarely been witnessed. The whole of the assemblage arose, and, as with one voice, cheered. Handkerchiefs and hats were waved, and every possible demonstration was made of the heartfelt delight. Hands were stretched out towards the pair as if to grasp them, and those nearest them pressed eagerly forward in spite of Will Crane's efforts to keep them back. All the ladies were greatly excited by the scene. Lady Fitzwalter seemed quite overcome by emotion; Mrs. Leslie smiled through her tears; and though Bab tried to laugh it off, it was plain she was affected like the rest—since, after waving her handkerchief energetically, she had to apply it to her eyes. Neither were Sir Walter nor the Squire wholly exempt from the reproach of similar weakness.

But the expression of enthusiastic satisfaction at the decision of the Court was by no means confined to the interior of the Court House. The joyful intelligence had been communicated by the usher to the beadle, and by the beadle to the crowd outside;—and from them it ran on, with electrical rapidity, up to the gate of the old Priory Church. And the glad tidings elicited cheers and vociferations, which rolled on rapidly in the same direction; and being sent back again with redoubled vigour, never ceased till they broke against the door of the Court House.

Young Fitzwalter and his wife could not fail to be deeply moved by this extraordinary manifestation. So overpowered by it was Rose, that she was obliged to hide her head for a few moments in her husband's

bosom; and when she was able to look round again, and essayed to utter her thanks, the plaudits became more vehement than ever.

Silence being at last obtained, Alured said, in a voice of profound emotion,—“Most heartily do I thank you, my friends, for this expression of your good-will. That I have gained a prize, according to an ancient custom, instituted by an ancestor of my own, is a high gratification to me—and the pleasure is enhanced by your kindness. But as to merit I can claim none—unless to possess the best of wives be a merit. Good fortune I should rather style it than desert. Since I wedded Rose I have tasted pure happiness. My wishes have been her wishes, my thoughts have been her thoughts. My heart has been lodged in her breast. This, my friends, and no other, is *my* title to the Flitch.”

“And now hear me, my friends,” Rose said, in her sweet, musical tones. “Like my dearest husband I rejoice in our success,—and like him I disclaim all merit. He is not more fortunate than I am, for perfect happiness has been my portion since we wedded. That I have loved him with an ardour equal to his own I may venture to avouch—and that I have been a fond and true wife to him, as he has been loyal and loving husband to me, I can, from the bottom of my heart, declare. This, my friends, is *my* sole title to the Flitch.”

“You have both fairly won it, as all present acknowledge,” the Squire cried, as soon as he could make himself heard for the applause that followed. “And now let us proceed to the church, and conclude the ceremonial.”

VI.

HOW THEY WENT TO THE OLD PRIORY CHURCH.

MARSHALLED by Roper, the Procession of the Flitch set forward to the old Priory Church in the following order.

First marched Timothy Tipcat, the beadle, to clear the way, followed by Will Crane, Tom Deane, and Nat Smith, whose united efforts with two additional poles were required to bear aloft the mighty Flitch. Next came Juddock, strutting along, with a churchwarden's staff in his hand, and acting the part of drum-major to the musicians, whose pace and movements he regulated. The band, which followed the giant, had been augmented by some ancient instruments provided by the Squire—such as a theorbo, a mandolin, a cittern, a cornemuse, a couple of lutes, pandean pipes, and a triangle. These formed the first and second lines. In the third, there were drums, clarions, and hautboys. The band, under the guidance of Juddock, played lively tunes—and there was ever and anon a pause, during which the trumpets alone sounded, and the drums beaten. After the musicians came the Bailiff of Dunmow and the Burgesses, each with a white wand in hand; then Mr. Roper and his clerk Hopkinson; and then marched Dr. Sidebottom and Parson Bush, followed by Roger Bowes, the clerk. After these walked a large body of the Squire's tenantry, six abreast. Then came Jonas Nettlebed and Nelly in the cart, still driven by Carrotty Dick, and with Peggy in the back seat. Jonas appeared to have got over his mortification, and bore all the jests made at his expense very good-humouredly; while his wife looked so pretty and amiable, that some people almost regretted she had not been successful. Then followed ten or a dozen coaches, in the foremost of which were Sir Walter and Lady Fitzwalter, with Mrs. Leslie. The coaches were succeeded

by a numerous troop of ladies and gentlemen on horseback, making a very gallant show. Then came another mounted band of tenantry, mustered from amongst those provided with steeds. After them followed the Jury of Bachelors and Maidens, walking two and two, each youth holding a damsel by the hand. In the rear of this pretty train rode the Squire with his daughter Bab; and at the young lady's side rode Montfichet.

The time had now come, the young baronet thought, when his fate must be decided, so as they came to a momentary halt, he brought his horse quite close to Gipsy, and feigning to pat her glossy neck, said—"You promised to give me an answer when the Flitch had been won, Bab. Am I to have a chance of winning the prize with you?"

"You would never win it with me, I tell you fairly," she replied. "I've not been brought up at the same school as Rose. Papa has spoiled me dreadfully, as you know. Besides, you're not at all like Alured."

"Try me," Sir Gilbert cried. "I have no misgivings of happiness with you. Why should you have doubts of me? I love you to distraction."

"Come, come—don't let the lad break his heart, Bab," the Squire said. "Take him—and make him happy."

"Do you really think he would make a good husband, Papa?"

"On my faith, I think so," the Squire answered—"an excellent husband."

"What shall I say to him, then?"

"Why say you accept him, to be sure—or, I'll say it for you if you had rather.—She is yours, Sir Gilbert."

"Will not Bab confirm my happiness with her own lips?" Montfichet cried, transported.

"Well, I consent—if nothing else will satisfy you. I never disobey Papa."

"That's right, Bab. An obedient daughter is sure to make an obedient wife—so I think you have some chance of the Flitch, Sir Gilbert, after all."

The three suitors, who were close behind, and who had caught something of what was passing, now pressed forward.

"Are my hopes annihilated, Miss Monkbury?" Grub cried.

"Is it all up with me?" Chip exclaimed.

"Am I to blow out my brains?" Clot vociferated. "By the Lord Harry I will—if I'm rejected."

"I hope not, Colonel," the Squire remarked to the last speaker. "Better all dine with us at Monkbury Place, and drown your griefs in a magnum of claret. Pshaw! man, there are finer fish in the sea than ever came out of it. As to you, my worthy Grub, and you, honest Chip—take my advice, and think no more of this little hussy. We shall have plenty of pretty girls at Monkbury to-day, and it'll be your own fault if both of you don't find a wife among 'em. So cheer up. And do you cheer up, too, brave Clot. I've got a buxom widow in view for you—lots of money and no incumbrances—so put by your pistol till she rejects you."

With this, not wholly unsuccessful, effort to console the desponding suitors, the good-natured gentleman rode laughingly on. He pretended to take no notice of Bab and Sir Gilbert—the latter being now in a seventh heaven of delight, and wholly unconscious of the many curious

eyes fixed upon him. Bab, too, appeared just as heedless as to what might be said or thought of her—and everybody set them down as what they were in reality—engaged lovers—beginning to look forward to another procession of the Flitch.

And here we may as well mention, though they never did claim the prize, that within a week of the event we are now describing they were spending their honeymoon at Stansted House, and that their married life was but a succession of honeymoons. Besides Montfichet's, many and many another happy marriage dated from the day when Alured and Rose claimed the Flitch. Of the Bachelors and Maidens composing the Jury on that occasion, not one was a bachelor or a maiden within three months of it. But though we have searched the register for the purpose, we have been unable to ascertain whether Carrotty Dick was wedded to Peggy, and rather think he was not.

The procession was closed by the Loving Couple, who rode to the Church as they had ridden to the Court House; and who were greeted on their way with congratulations as heartfelt, and blessings as audible, as those which had previously attended them.

The bells ceased to ring, the vast concourse, now gathered together on the green in front of the ancient fane, or drawn up in the churchyard, became silent, and only gentle strains from mandolin and lute were heard, as the pair dismounted at the gate.

VII.

HOW THE OATH WAS TAKEN, AND THE FLITCH DELIVERED.

THE path from the gate to the church porch, as well as the floor of the sacred fabric, have been thickly strewn with rushes. Ropes of flowers and wreaths hang across the footway from the upper branches of the little avenue of lime-trees. As Alured and Rose enter the gate and take their way, hand in hand, towards the church porch, they are preceded by a little troop of rustic maidens, attired in white, with baskets in their hands; and those maidens scatter roses and gilliflowers and other sweet-scented flowers and herbs before them. A flag rustles in the breeze on the summit of the little spire. Just outside the porch stand Will Crane and his comrades bearing the Flitch; and beneath it, ready to receive them, are the Vicar, the Squire, and the Steward.

And now the pair pause for a moment. The Vicar advances a few steps; signs to them; and they kneel down.

They kneel down on the self-same spot, and on the self-same stones, where, more than four centuries ago, Reginald Fitzwalter and his wife knelt when they craved a blessing from the good Prior.

Benedicite! fond pair! Ye deserve holy priest's blessing as well as those who have knelt there before you.

Bow down your gentle heads as the reverend man bends over you, and murmurs a prayer for your welfare.

All who hear him breathe a heartfelt response.

Now ye may look up. He is about to recite the Oath, and ye must pronounce it after him.

The Oath is uttered.

Yet hold a moment, ere ~~you quit~~ your kneeling posture. The youngest and fairest of the flower-girls approaches, and she will place a

garland of lilies on the brows of one of you, and over the neck of the other she will cast the ancient silver chain, which has been given to her by the Steward.

It is done. Ye may rise, and the Flitch shall be delivered to you.

THE FLITCH—the guerdon of your love!

Hark to those thrilling shouts! The people exult in your triumph. Bells ring—drums rattle—trumpets resound. The other instruments strike up.

All is not over yet. Ye have to be placed in the antique chair, and according to usage, borne on men's shoulders round the boundaries of the old Priory, which in the days of your predecessors stood hereabouts.

And see! the chair is brought out for you. It is decked with rich though faded tapestry, woven with armorial bearings, which ye must know well, since they are your own, and with a device, which each of you may apply to the other—*Toujours Fidèle*.

And now ye are seated. Now ye are raised upon eight stalwart shoulders—and again the Procession is formed to lead you on.

Not so numerous now as heretofore, for only those, who have rightful part in the ceremony, may join it. But the Flitch shall be borne before you, and the gentle lute and mandolin, and the shrill pipes, and the loud hautboy shall precede you, and gladden all hearts with their strains. And the reverend man, who has just blessed you, shall walk in front. And so shall the Lord of the Manor, who has yet a dearer title to your love and honour, and who calls one of you daughter. And so shall another whose title is the same as his, and who calls the other son. And the worthy steward who has watched over you shall be with them. And the flower-girls shall hang garlands upon the chair in which ye sit, and sing simple songs in your praise. And the Bachelors and Maidens shall follow after you, and join in chorus. And much people shall attend you, shouting. And hundreds shall look on, and cheer and bless you as before. Thus escorted, shall ye trace out the precincts of the once vast and stately edifice. That done, the Ceremonial will be ended.

Then shall you go home lovingly as you came, and shall take with you hundreds and hundreds to enjoy the unbounded hospitalities of Monk-bury Place. Many a cup shall be drained to you—and ye shall make merry and rejoice. And thus shall end a pleasant and memorable day.

And so, Fond Pair, farewell! All happiness betide you!

THE ENBOY.

A word more. Long and happily did our Loving Pair live together. Nor were they separated at the last, for the same blow chilled the hearts of both—realising what Rose herself had sung of her husband's progenitors.

To the other candidates for the Flitch, whose unsuccessful attempts to gain it have been here recorded, might be applied the couplet which old Chaucer has put into the mouth of the merry Wife of Bath—

The Bacon was not fet for them I trow,
That some men have in Essex at Dunmow.

THE END.

THE CRUISE OF THE MIRANDA IN THE BALTIC.

[We have much pleasure in laying the following interesting Narrative before our readers, written, as will be apparent, by one of the officers of the ship, whose performance it describes.—ED. N. M. M.]

On the 8th of March, 1854, H.M.S. *Miranda*, having then been in commission only nine days, was fitting out at Sheerness with the usual despatch and activity for which our service is so justly noted, when orders were received from the Admiralty to prepare her for sea within twenty-four hours. At first the thing seemed impossible. A few only of the officers had joined, barely half a ship's company had been entered, provisions, water, and stores were not yet received, top-gallant masts were down, sails unbent, and various other deficiencies too numerous to mention had to be rectified before she could be considered in an efficient state to cope with the winds and waves of the North Sea.

All hands, however, turned to with a will. Work continued during the whole night hoisting in and stowing provisions and stores, receiving water, lashing and securing spars, boats, guns, &c., and preparing for sea generally. Two officers were sent from the flag-ship at an hour's notice, and a number of marines and seamen from the ordinary to complete her complement, and by seven o'clock the following evening (the 9th) the moorings had been left, and the ship proceeded gallantly past the Nore under steam and sail, to carry out her secret mission. I use the term "secret," as applied to the officers and ship's company; the captain not being at liberty to divulge to them the orders he had received.

Never, I suppose, since the last war has a ship been bundled off to sea so unexpectedly, and in such an unprepared condition as was the *Miranda*. Many of the officers had not yet received their outfits. No mess had been formed; and consequently we were destitute of mess utensils, steward, cook, furniture, and should have been of "grub," too, with the exception of her Majesty's most unpalatable allowance, had it not been for the energy of an assistant-surgeon sent to us for the cruise from the flag-ship, who took the thing in hand in the hour he had to spare, and laid in a quantity of groceries and butcher's meat, with a small proportion of beer and other liquors, which fortunately arrived on board at the last moment.

After a hard night's work, getting things to rights with our "green" hands, there came a time of awful suspense about eight in the morning as to the probability of our having any breakfast, which was happily dispelled by the appearance of a large dish of fried liver and bacon cooked for us, *secundum artem*, by the ship's cook, and an adequate supply of coffee. Casks were inverted, and boxes put into requisition for seats, and we made use of a few plates, cups, and knives, of various sizes and patterns, which had luckily been sent on board by a speculating mess outfitter as samples.

No growling was heard, however. A jolly spirit seemed to pervade everybody, which, coupled with the excitement as to where we were bound, and for what purpose, with conjectures that we were not hurried off in this way for nothing, kept us all alive, and made us forget all discomforts and inconveniences.

The ship's company were now divided into watches, and stationed at quarters, and at sunset we cleared for action, and fired three rounds, blank

cartridge, in a short space of time, which would have done us credit had we been six months in commission instead of ten days.

Nothing particular occurred during our passage across the North Sea towards the coast of Denmark, and at four A.M. on the 13th the Skaw Lighthouse, on the northern extremity of Jutland, was sighted, and before eight on the following morning we passed between Elsinore, or Elsinour, as it is there called, and Helsingborg, saluting Kronborg Castle, without stopping.

The morning was beautiful—a fine clear sky, with a fresh, bracing wind; and, I think, few on board did not feel elated at the first view of these foreign coasts, new to so many of us at present, but before long to become quite familiar to our eyes, as in our imaginations the entrance to a future stirring scene of action.

About two in the afternoon we anchored in the outer roads of Copenhagen, outside the Tre Kroner battery, an order having been issued a few days previous to our arrival forbidding any men-of-war, except their own, to enter the inner roadstead. Two officers were immediately sent on shore with despatches for the minister, and to order a supply of coals to be immediately sent on board.

The captain being slightly unwell did not land, which gave rise to several erroneous reports in the newspapers that he was seriously indisposed. Our arrival caused great consternation among a number of Finnish merchant ships which were lying in the outer roads. Their skippers thinking, doubtless, that war was declared, and that we had come express to take them, went on shore in all haste, and outbid one another for the steam-tugs, and many of those who could not obtain the steam-power endangered themselves and cargo by running inside the batteries under sail.

The wind being very fresh from the south-eastward, and a strong current setting up the Sound, the coal lightermen refused to come alongside that night; but the next day, although the weather was not much better, we persuaded them to come, and by daylight on the following morning (the 16th) we had completed coaling and were ready for sea again.

At eight A.M. his Excellency Andrew Buchanan, British minister at the court of Denmark, visited the ship to communicate to the captain that intelligence had just been received that the harbour of Revel was clear of ice, and immediately on his leaving the ship we weighed, and proceeded towards the Baltic.

Having now left the last port that we should touch at, the intelligence was circulated that we were bound to the Gulf of Finland to reconnoitre the ports of Port Baltic and Revel; to ascertain the state of the ice; and to discover whether any portions of the Russian fleets remained at either place.

The necessity for the caution which had been observed with regard to the knowledge of our destination was now apparent, as in these days of electric telegraphs and quick messages the news of our approach might have preceded us to Revel, and if it should have been clear of ice, several men-of-war might then have been sent out either to prevent our entering the Gulf of Finland, or to intercept us when returning with our intelligence.

On the 19th we entered the Gulf of Finland, and the same morning had a little excitement in observing two sail, a barque and brig, distant

about eight miles from us, and lying at anchor off Dager Ort, an island on the south-western extremity of the Gulf, weigh apparently in haste, and stand to the southward. Shortly afterwards they altered their course to the eastward, and finally to the north-west. From their motions and appearance we took them at first to be men-of-war, but, on nearer approach, discovered them to be merchant vessels, probably alarmed at seeing us, and doubtful which way to shape their course in order to escape.

Early in the afternoon the peculiarly cutting feeling of a light easterly wind, as well as the vicinity of several merchantmen standing up under very easy sail, warned us that we were approaching ice. Our suspicions were soon confirmed by the appearance of numerous white specks on the water, which increased in size and solidity as we steamed on, until at five P.M. we entered large fields of loose ice, varying from six to seven feet in thickness, and patches of smooth black ice from three to six inches, with small openings and channels of clear water occasionally, which we made for, if practicable, pushing our way on until eight o'clock, when we became so firmly fixed in a mass nearly eight feet thick that we could get ahead no further, and fearing the fans of the screw might be injured by backing out again, shortened sail, banked the fires up, and let the ship remain until daylight.

At daylight, having got the steam up again, we backed out of the same channel we had made on entering, and proceeded under steam and fore and aft canvas to the north-westward, sufficiently far to observe that the ice on the northern shore was fast, and no passage through it to the eastward was to be discerned from the mast-head. We then altered our course, and proceeded along the edge to the southward and westward, entering it again in latitude 59 deg. 35 min. north, longitude 23 deg. 32 min. east, making our way through the slight openings and the thinnest ice we could pick out towards Port Baltic.

As we now crashed through the ice, dashing it right and left with our sharp bow, and sending innumerable small pieces ringing with a pleasant sound over its smooth surface to some distance, how we inwardly thanked and esteemed the inventor of steam-power! and still more so was this the case when we observed and passed about a mile distant a luckless merchant barque, which had tried the Gulf too early in the season, and become permanently fixed there until such time as it should please its inexorable captor to break up and disperse.

During the forenoon we passed Port Baltic, at the distance of about five miles. A battery of apparently no great strength stands at the northern end of the town, and commands the mole and bay. The town is insignificant, looking more like a village, and the absence of any marked hills or woods renders it flat and uninteresting to the eye. The lighthouse stands on a point, which has rather a singular and abrupt termination, about two miles and a half distant from the town. The only vessels at anchor there were three schooners and a brig in the mole, and a schooner frozen up in the bay, all of them apparently merchantmen.

Early in the afternoon we sighted the long, low, fir-covered island of Nargen off Revel, which has a handsome, strongly built white stone lighthouse at the northern extremity, and a battery called the Star Fort at the southern extremity, commanding the entrance into Revel between it and the mainland.

Now came the interesting part of our cruise. Was, or was not, the fleet in Revel? Would the ice allow us to proceed far enough to see? And should we get peppered by the batteries for our impudence?—These were the questions that occurred to us. Dinner, although the important hour of the day for that meal, which is eaten earlier on board a ship than on shore, had arrived, was entirely forgotten, and we were all on deck with our glasses, anxiously endeavouring, as the city with its lofty-spired churches and important-looking Domborg, or citadel, gradually opened itself clear of the envious point which intervened between us, to be the first to get sight of a Russian man-of-war.

The supposition, which afterwards proved correct, that there was no battery on the north end of Nargen, as well as the appearance of some patches of clear water, while the south channel was completely covered with massive ice, glittering with combs of frozen snow, decided us to steer in that direction, and at three P.M., having forced our way during the latter part of the navigation with the greatest difficulty, we rounded the northern point of the island, and commanded a full and complete view of Revel, with its batteries, mole, harbour, and roadstead.

Not a vessel was to be seen. All was empty. There was not even a small merchantman to deceive us momentarily into the belief that it was one of the large Russian fleet we expected to behold.

There were two reports in circulation before we left England; one, that the portion of the fleet which generally winters at Revel had been withdrawn to Helsingfors, or Cronstadt, before the ice began to form; the other, that there had been a particularly mild season in the month of December, and that the ships, taking advantage of the partial breaking up of the ice, had, by great exertions, and cutting their way through large portions, succeeded in reaching one of those ports.

Having now completely satisfied ourselves that nothing was there, and being unable, on account of the great thickness and density of the ice, to proceed further into the bay, we with difficulty turned the ship round and retraced our steps towards Port Baltic.

The coast of the Gulf of Finland is by no means striking or picturesque—there are no bold, romantic-looking crags or bays along its shores in this part; no towering snow-capped mountains to relieve the background. Occasionally we saw a strongly-built comfortable-looking mansion, or the tall spire of some village church, with its collection of small dwellings clustered round it, while here and there, perhaps, the eye might catch a wooded spot, which might be pretty when covered with foliage in their brief and glorious summer, but now looked brown and desolate. Taking it on the whole, the appearance was not inviting.

About eight in the evening darkness again overtook us off Port Baltic, and, being unable to see our way towards the thin ice, or open channels, we became once more fixed, and banked the fires up for the time being. During the night it froze very hard, the thermometer ranging from 10 deg. to 12 deg. below freezing point, and the next morning, on getting the steam up, we found ourselves quite unable to move.

In order to extricate ourselves from so awkward a position, we rolled the ship by running the ship's company quickly from one side to the other, and loading the 68-pounder pivot-gun with shot, we fired it over the stern at extreme depression. This broke the ice away partially,

and we steamed cautiously astern, repeating the experiment as often as requisite until we had made a channel of some length; we then steamed ahead through it, and the impetus we acquired enabled us to break the ice at the other extremity with our bows, though, be it said, much to their detriment. We continued to force our way through it, again passing our friend the barque, still hopelessly frozen in, until one P.M., when we finally extricated ourselves and rushed out into clear water.

Having now a fair wind and plenty of it, we made sail, put the fires out, hove our screw up, and directed our course for Kiel Bay, where we expected to find Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Napier in command of the Baltic fleet, and communicate our intelligence to him.

It was dark on the night of the 24th when we anchored in Kiel Bay, but we received the intelligence from a pilot boat that none of the fleet had been seen there. At daylight we again weighed, and made signal for a pilot. On observing one approaching, we began to clear away the accommodation-ladder to enable him to come on board, when the carpenter's mate, a very fine young man, fell from it into the water, the ship at the time going about seven miles an hour.

The engines were instantly reversed, the life-buoy let go, and the first lieutenant, with the boatswain and ten hands, sprung into the cutter, which was immediately lowered, and pulled away to his assistance. But, alas! before they could reach him the waves had closed over him for ever. He was seen at first to strike out bravely, and make desperate attempts to reach the life-buoy, which was within a few yards of him, but encumbered with the weight of his clothing, and probably paralysed by the intense coldness of the water, his efforts shortly ceased. Such is the fate of many a sailor: one moment in the enjoyment of life, youth, health, and vigour, the next moment in eternity. Such an occurrence on board ship to men accustomed constantly to face danger, and who as a necessary consequence of such a life become indifferent in a measure to the wants and sufferings of others, does not produce the same sensation that it would on shore. A few words of regret are uttered, a few more in his praise, had he been deserving of any—his hammock, and bag containing his clothes are taken charge of by the master-at-arms, to be sold as "dead effects" on the first convenient day—an entry is made in the ship's books, and the thought of the accident passes away, like the accident itself.

It blew nearly a gale of wind against us as we steamed up through the Great Belt during the day. In the afternoon we observed a squadron of steamers lying off Nyborg, which proved to be the *Leopard*, 18 guns, flag of Rear-Admiral Plumridge, Captain G. Giffard; *Valorous*, 16, Captain Buckle; *Dragon*, 6, Captain Wilcox; and *Bulldog*, 6, Captain W. K. Hall.

When opposite to them we hove to, and the captain proceeded on board the *Leopard*. On his return we heard that the grand body of the fleet was at anchor some twenty-five miles further up the Belt, and we accordingly followed our course in that direction. A fine screw-frigate, the *Davutless*, 33 guns, Captain Ryder, passed us shortly afterwards, on its way to join Admiral Plumridge's division; and another, the *Tribune*, 31, Captain the Honourable S. T. Carnegie, was anchored off a shoal on our way, to mark out its whereabouts to the liners, and warn them to pass outside her. Taking up their buoys in the Baltic will avail the Russians

but little, if we can make our screw-frigates feel the way, and act as substitutes.

Night now closed in, and it being very dark, and blowing exceedingly hard, we anchored until daylight, when we weighed, and proceeded to join the Baltic fleet now in sight.

A magnificent spectacle presented itself to our view. The morning was fresh, clear, and beautiful, and a light breeze blowing down the Belt caused the admiral to signalise the fleet to weigh under sail. The flagship being the weathermost vessel, we passed up the whole line; the splendid ships, beginning with the leewardmost, weighing nearly as we passed them. They consisted of the—

SCREW LINE OF BATTLE SHIPS.

Duke of Wellington	...	131	...	Captain Gordon, flag of Vice-Admiral Sir C. Napier, K.C.B.
Royal George	...	120	...	Captain H. J. Codrington, C.B.
St. Jean d'Acre	...	101	...	Hon. H. Keppel.
Princess Royal	...	91	...	Lord Clarence Paget.
Cressy	...	80	...	R. L. Warren.
Edinburgh	...	60	...	Hewlett, flag of Rear-Admiral Chads, C.B.
Hogue	...	60	...	Ramsay.
Ajax	...	60	...	Warden.
Blenheim	...	60	...	Hon. F. T. Pelham.

SCREW FRIGATES.

Impérieuse	...	51	...	Captain Rundle B. Watson.
Euryalus	...	51	...	George Ramsay.
Arrogant	...	46	...	Hastings R. Yelverton.
Amphion	...	34	...	A. C. Key.

SAILING SHIPS.

Neptune	...	120	...	Captain Hutton, flag of Rear-Admiral Corry.
Monarch	...	84	...	Erakine; and the
Vulture (paddle-wheel steamer)	...	6	...	Glasse.

The captain went on board the "Duke," and communicated our intelligence to the admiral, who expressed himself highly pleased with the success of our cruise, and ordered us home to refit, much to the discomfiture of many of us, who would rather have gone onward with the fleet, and had a hand in anything that was to be done than turn backwards.

Repairs, however, were absolutely necessary, as subsequent experience proved; for, when taken into dock in Sheerness, the greater part of our copper was found to be torn off, and some of the bow planks ground through within an inch and one-eighth—a small space that, to guard us from the inroads of salt seas.

Little more need be said. The excitement and interest of our cruise were over; we coaled at Elsinore with all despatch, and reached Sheerness again on the morning of the 2nd of April. May our next cruise have something in it better worth narration than the last!

C. W. B.

OUR ANNUAL PEEP INTO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

OUR own personal experience, and the accounts which have reached us from various quarters, combine to justify the prediction with which we may assure our readers that the Royal Academy Exhibition for 1854 will be one of the most attractive that has taken place for a long time. In 1853 we had to regret the absence of many distinguished exhibitors, and although there are a few absentees this year—Egg and Millais being the most prominent amongst them—the short-comings of the approaching season are not of a kind to create a positive void in the Halls of the Academy, while that which has been accomplished is of a quality infinitely superior to the later productions of Art in this country.

If the fact has more than once been controverted, that the greatest painter whom the present century has brought forth is DANIEL MACLISE, those who denied his claim to the first place based their opinions, less upon what it was always evident he was capable of performing, than upon that which his genius had neglected. Admirable drawing, skilful composition, and great power of expression, were attributes universally conceded to him, but these, his opponents said, were rendered almost negative by his want of knowledge of colour and the true distribution of light and shade. It was vain to point out to them the grandeur of his conceptions, as in the Play-Scene in Hamlet and the shadowed apparition of Banquo at Macbeth's Supper;—the exuberance of his fancy, as in the Vow of the Peacock;—his mastery over detail, as in the exhibition of Caxton's types before Edward the Fourth. The old answer was invariably returned: "He has no eye for colour, no feeling for repose." Such objections might have been fairly met by an appeal to many of his best-known works, but as there are those who will not believe, even though they have Moses and the Prophets, their disapproval was left to Time. And Time has justified the appeal. Of the thousands who will throng this summer to the rooms of the Academy, none, with "considerate eyes" and minds art-educated, will turn away from the magnificent historical picture which MacLise has just sent to the Exhibition without acknowledging that, while all his former excellences are retained, he is no longer open to the reproaches with which he has been so lavishly assailed.

The subject of this—his greatest work—is the "Marriage of Eva," the daughter of Dermot McMurrrough (or Mac Murchad), King of Leinster, with Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, on the battle-field of Waterford; an event of the highest political importance in connexion with the history of Ireland, and replete with incidents for Art to appropriate. "The still reeking horrors," says Moore, "of the sacked and ruined city, were made to give place to a scene of nuptial festivity; and the marriage of Strongbow and the Princess Eva, according to the promise pledged, to that lord at Bristol, was in all haste and confusion celebrated." To do justice to such a scene, at such a moment, required nothing less than genius of the highest order, and the genius of MacLise has been fully equal to the occasion. The central group in the picture is formed by Strongbow and Eva, whose hands a priest, in rich sacerdotal costume, is about to join. The face of Eva, which is of the true Celtic type, is singularly beautiful, and strikingly opposed to the harsh features of her father, the savage

King of Leinster, who stands beside her. Strongbow is of the noblest presence, a fitting representative of the Norman chivalry, by whom he is surrounded; he is attired in complete armour, his left hand resting on the hilt of his sword, the right, still gauntleted, ready to clasp that of the gentle Eva. Attendant upon the Earl of Pembroke are his warlike followers, Raymond le Gros, Robert Fitz Stephen, Maurice Fitzgerald, and other gallant knights, while the lovely daughter of the fatally fair Dearborghil—the heroine of the Prince of Breffni's Lament—is supported by a train of maidens scarcely less beautiful than herself. The proud Norman, the exulting Mac Murchad, the bride and her companions, personify the joy and triumph of the hour; its sorrow and its degradation are shown in the lifeless forms of the slain—in the agony of the women who weep over the dead—in the deep dejection of the vanquished. Variety both of form and expression give wonderful animation to the picture: in one place a wife who has lost her husband is uttering, with outstretched arms, the loud cry of despair; in another, a bevy of hired mourners follow, after the ancient Irish custom, the bodies of the dead as they are borne off the field; in another, again, an aged harper, his *Clairsearch* half unstrung, sadly deplores the conquest of his country—

Already, the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide, to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain;

—but the Rosg-Cathor is heard no more and the “Sun Burst” is trampled under foot, while proudly wave the banners of the Norman victors, as they flout the sky with the bearings of De Clare, De Courcy, De Burgho, D’Evreux, Fitz Eustace, Villiers, and Saint Lawrence. To select one remarkable head from the many, we may single out that of the ferocious Mac Murchad, of whom it is related as follows:—“After the battle (with the people of Ossory) three hundred of the heads of the slain were laid, as a trophy, at the feet of Dermot, who, turning them over, leaped with delight as he recognised the different faces; and then, holding up his hands, shouted a loud thanksgiving to God. It is likewise added, though hardly to be credited, that perceiving in the midst of the frightful heap the head of a man whom alive he had mortally hated, the barbarian seized it by both ears, and lifting it to his mouth ferociously bit off the nose and lips.” Equally stern in his resolves but humanised by that civilisation which the Norman race so highly cultivated, the lineaments of Strongbow strongly contrast with those of the King of Leinster, and both with the sweetness which shed so soft a charm on the countenance of the youthful Eva. Adequately to describe this picture many pages would be necessary, but before we finally commend it to our readers, we must say a word about the exquisite finish of all the accessories of dress, of weapons, and of ornaments. Strictly correct in an archæological point of view, their texture and hue are so carefully and brilliantly handled as to demand for them the closest and most minute inspection; and this success in details has not been attained by the slightest sacrifice of effect. When breadth and accuracy are thus combined, the painter’s triumph is great. We are ignorant whether or not the Government propose to purchase this noble work for the Nation,

but it cannot fail to be a subject of deep regret if the opportunity of acquiring it for the new Palace at Westminster be suffered to pass by.

Mr. M. E. Ward has painted another grand historical picture, "*The Sleep of Argyle*," which, like "*The Execution of Montrose*," is to adorn the House of Commons; it is in some respects a finer work than even that masterly production, a circumstance which arises chiefly from the fact of the interest being more concentrated. The story of Argyle's last slumber is well told by Macaulay in the following passage, which has supplied Mr. Ward with the leading incidents in his picture. After speaking of the Earl's ignominious and cruel treatment, having been threatened with the torture of "the boots" only the day before that appointed for his execution, Mr. Macaulay thus proceeds:

"So effectually had religious faith and hope, co-operating with natural courage and equanimity, composed his spirits that, on the very day on which he was to die, he dined with appetite, conversed with gaiety at table, and, after his last meal, lay down, as he was wont, to take a short slumber, in order that his body and mind might be in full vigour when he should mount the scaffold. At this time one of the lords of the council, who had probably been bred a Presbyterian, and had been seduced by interest to join in oppressing the church of which he had once been a member, came to the castle with a message from his brethren and demanded admittance to the Earl. It was answered that the earl was asleep. The privy councillor thought that this was a subterfuge, and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was softly opened; and there lay Argyle on the bed, sleeping, in his irons, the placid sleep of infancy. The conscience of the renegade smote him. He turned away sick at heart, ran out of the castle, and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady of his family who lived hard by."

In Mr. Ward's picture there are only three figures. Argyle has not long left the table at which his last meal was eaten, and, fettered as he was, has thrown himself on the truckle-bed of his prison, and with the *Covenanter's Bible* beside him has fallen into a deep and sweet sleep; at the half-open door of the prison stands the "renegade," decked in the paraphernalia of the rank which has rewarded his treachery, and gazing on his victim with an expression of mingled remorse and shame; the third figure is the gaoler, a man of harsh and brutal aspect. It is impossible to convey more faithfully than Mr. Ward has done the effect of complete and tranquil repose. Argyle not merely sleeps, but by the smile on his placid features it is evident that his sleep is that of a man who has made his peace with all the world: it is the foreshadowing of that heroism with which in a brief hour or two afterwards he met his fate. The courageous bearing on the scaffold of Montrose partook, as was natural, of the *exaltation* which belonged to his character: that of Argyle was equally characteristic, and exhibited the calmness of a mind sustained by a powerful sense of moral and religious conviction. Montrose had grace and beauty of person; Argyle little of either; but it is upon Argyle's face, as we look upon it here, that we please ourselves to dwell the longest. A rare quality in this picture is, that criticism can find nothing to object to.

The Camp at Chobham has furnished Mrs. Ward with a very agreeable theme. She has chosen a very picturesque bit of military life in the ex-

terior of a cooking-place of the 79th Highlanders, which will be immediately recognised by all who visited the rear of the Camp. The treatment of the subject is very clever, and exhibits great progress on the part of the accomplished artist. A small picture of Rabbits from her pencil will also be greatly admired for its spirit and reality.

Admiration the most unqualified will be excited in all who are fortunate enough to get within range of Mr. Frith's wonderful picture of "Ramsgate Sands." From the mere title, no one would anticipate the enjoyment that awaits him in this extraordinary combination of all the highest qualities of Art. For composition, colour, and expression, it is, of its kind, unrivalled amongst modern productions. The amount of work in this picture is such that, though the excellence of the *ensemble* is at once apparent, a study of some hours can alone enable the spectator to carry away a knowledge of all its details. Briefly to describe the subject, we must suppose ourselves in a boat (or bathing machine) close to the shore and looking full upon it. There are gathered together all the life, the beauty, the oddity, the amusement, everything that gives character to this unique watering-place; every sea-side occupation by old and young,—newspaper-reading, knitting, flirting, conversation, fortune-telling; telescope-peeping, and, above all, the "*dolce far niente*," which so eminently belongs to marine *villeggiature*, are set forth in the most surprising manner, amply, truthfully, but without a shade of commonplace or vulgarity. One might make half a dozen separate pictures out of this single one,—but for disturbing the harmony of the entire composition. Despairing of words adequately to convey our own impression of this brilliant work, we can only advise all the world to go and see it; they will not come away in a hurry. Besides "Ramsgate Sands," Mr. Frith has a most "sweet Ann Page,"—and two charming subjects from Walter Scott:—the last interview between Edgar Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton, when the broken ring is given up; and the scene in Kenilworth, where Tony Forster proffers the poisoned cup to Amy Robsart.

Mr. Phillip takes us again to Seville. At the corner of a street we read, on a placard, "Juan Moráles, Memorialista y Escribano publico," and beneath this notice, with his back towards us, sits the greyheaded writer of letters and memorials. He is fully occupied with his vocation, and is listening attentively, with his left hand raised to collect every whispered syllable, of the "*carta amatoria*" of a lovely Sevillana of the better class who has placed herself beside him. This beautiful creature can't write, and on the other side of the Escribano's table stands a woman of the people, holding a sealed letter which she has been charged to deliver, but, not being able to read, has brought it to Juan Moráles to decipher the superscription. In a side street we get a glimpse of a priest, whose presence conveys the moral of the story: where these holy fathers are so rife, reading and writing are sure to be at a discount; they offer no premium to education. Atmosphere, local character, and brilliant colouring are the leading points in this attractive picture. Of Mr. Hannah's "Intercession with George the First for the life of her husband, by Lady Nithisdale," we cannot speak from personal knowledge, but rumour is loud in its favour. Mr. C. Landseer has limited himself to small and simple subjects; one of them, which we may term "A day-dream," represents a very pretty girl who has fallen asleep in an old-fashioned

chaise-longue, and has suffered the book she was reading (as well as one of her slippers) to drop on the floor; the sleeper's face is not all revealed, but what we see of it creates a strong desire to behold the rest. Mr. Landseer's second picture illustrates a passage from Ossian, where in the widowed hall of Bragela, her orphan son is pointing to his father's sword, and by the question he asks awakening many sad recollections. Whether or not Sir Edwin Landseer contrived to finish the picture on which we heard he was engaged, we cannot determine, but in his absence, if such be the case, we can easily console ourselves with Mr. Ansdell's noble group of "Wolves attacking a mounted traveller." One of these fierce creatures has fastened on the throat of the traveller's horse, and two more are disabled by pistol-shots from the rider, who has climbed a bank for safety. Wonderful spirit and truth mark this composition, which has all the vigour with none of the repulsive attributes of *Snyders*. Another picture, by Mr. Ansdell, of a flock of sheep beneath some massive grey rocks, in the Highlands, is executed with all the truth of Landseer.

Mr. Leslie and Mr. Frost, who wanted "a little more time," last year, to finish their respective works, have now sent them in. Mr. Leslie's picture is "The Rape of the Lock;" Mr. Frost's the personification of "Chastity," according to the well-known lines in *Comus*. We have nothing to add to the description which we have already given of both these subjects, further than the fact that they appear to be still more worthy of admiration than they were before. Mr. Egg has not been so assiduous as his associate exhibitors, the two great phases of the "Life" and "Death" of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, being still on the easel. It would seem as if there must necessarily be breathing-time allowed on being admitted to the body-corporate of the Royal Academy, for Mr. Millais, who used to be so constant an exhibitor, has sent nothing. Has he been halting between two opinions? "To be" Pre-Raphaelite, or "not to be?" Is it so hard to be "off with the old love,"—the Lady and the Cavalier in the Oak-tree—or so difficult to be "on with the new"—the Highland Soldier released from Prison? The public will grant him full indulgence for infidelity. Mr. Hunt, though absent in person, is Abdiel's self for faithful adherence to the cause which he has hitherto advocated. We have seen only one of his pictures, and it is almost as singular as anything he has yet produced. The scene is a modern drawing-room, in which a brother and sister (we imagine) are met. The former is leaning back in an arm-chair, laughing or singing (or, at all events, grinning) with all his might; both his arms are extended to keep his sister prisoner between them; one hand, gloved, touching the chords of a piano, the other spread out bare before her. The lady stands in an attitude of mute despair, her teeth set, her hands clenched,—like Miss Cushman in *Meg Merrilies*. The cause of this emotion, of this contrast between the pair, is explained in an epigraph below the picture, which runs, as well as we can remember, thus: "As he who taketh away a garment in cold weather, So is he who asketh songs of a heavy heart." The lady looks not only as if she had been asked to sing at a wrong moment, but as if one of her garments had actually been taken from her, for the expression on her countenance is that of one who is shivering dreadfully. As to the accessories of this picture, they are perfect in every

respect. We shall be curious to see what Mr. Hunt brings back with him from the Syrian desert, where he is now sojourning. What a relief it is to turn from so hard-featured a theme, to such melancholy sweetness, as we find in Mr. Sant's beautiful exposition of the oft-told tale of "The Children in the Wood." Often as this subject has been painted, it has never pleased us so much as now. The moment chosen by Mr. Sant is that when the conviction that they are lost in the wood has reached both the children. The little girl, resting her head on her brother's shoulder, has given way to an agony of grief; the boy, with tear-stained cheeks, struggles yet a little longer,—not with hope, but from natural resolution, as if he shamed to yield, even to that which is inevitable. Anything more tender or more touching, it is difficult to conceive. The inextricable brake in which they are entangled is represented with great truth and beauty,—and the costume of the children carries us back to the time of the old ballad, when there dwelt in "Norfolke a gentleman of good account." Mr. Sant has also a lovely head of the Madonna, of fine expression and beautifully coloured. Mr. Uwins has gone back again to one of his Italian vineyards, and represents two children asleep in a covered nook, with the mother pausing from her toil to see that they are safe: the subject is treated in a very pleasing manner. Mr. Hart has not done much for us this year, but the little is, we need scarcely say, well done. His picture consists of two figures only—(not half-length, but longer than life)—and tells the story of the early instruction of Columbus. The future discoverer of America is intently examining a map of the world, which is spread out before him,—his brow is knitted, one hand is spread upon the chart, and the other clasping his teacher's arm with tremulous energy indicates that the idea of a new world is being imperfectly awakened within him. There is a fine intellectual character in the head of the instructor, who, according to some accounts, was the father of Columbus.

As far as the Royal Academy is concerned, Mr. John Gilbert has done less than Mr. Hart, but though we miss his works in Trafalgar-square, we shall find him in full vigour in the Old Water-Colour Gallery adjoining. So powerful are Mr. Gilbert's water-colour drawings, that, as his absence from the Royal Academy Exhibition is only, we trust, accidental, we cannot reconcile it to ourselves to pass over unnoticed works which have given us so much satisfaction. Mr. Gilbert has completed four pictures, all of which have a highly-pronounced value. The first is the "Interior of the Drug Bazaar, Constantinople." It is rather a dark picture, but very rich and deep in colour, and the composition is very animated. The bazaar is full of figures; merchants at their stalls—ladies who are making purchases—a black slave—porters with their baskets (all highly suggestive of the "Bezestein" and the "Arabian Nights"), with a great variety of bottles and jars, of all shapes and sizes, which fill the shelves behind. Here and there, in the high, vaulted roof, are round holes letting in small portions of blue sky, but not admitting sufficient light to pierce the general gloom of the upper part of the picture, which, by this skilful treatment, exhibits great depth and richness of colour. Mr. Gilbert's next work is "Hudibras and Ralpho in the Stocks." It strongly contrasts with the preceding, being an out-door scene beneath a thoroughly English sky, fresh, bright, and clear, and very forcible. Landscape being here the predominant feature, there is a prevalence of

blue, grey, and green tints, with only so much warm colour in the stocks, the brick wall, &c., as is necessary to prevent the picture from being cold. The Widow, her major-domo and waiting-maid, are on the steps of her door, greatly entertained by their contemplation of the rueful pair—

Both coupled in enchanted tether
By farther leg behind together.

The comedy of the scene is excellent. Mr. Gilbert's third picture, called "The Rosary," exhibits the head of a young girl, her hands clasped in prayer, who is looking up with a rosary in her hands entirely absorbed in the depth of her devotion. The coolness of the general colour gives great value to the flesh tints, which are exceedingly fresh and natural. The last of this series is "A Turkish Water-Carrier." It is a half-length picture of one of the class so well known in Constantinople. It is of very dark, Rembrandtesque effect, the face being partly in brilliant light, partly in deep shadow from the overhanging turban. There is little or no positive colour in the picture, but the different shades of brown render it extremely rich. All these subjects are painted in water-colours with as much force as if they were in oils.

Mr. Solomon has chosen the railroad as the medium for affording the pleasure which he annually gives. In a first-class carriage an elderly gentleman has fallen asleep in his corner, the flood of sun-light that is pouring on his face being softened and qualified in its tone by the closely-drawn crimson silk curtain. Beside him sits his daughter, a very pretty girl of marriageable age, listening, with more or less inclination to believe, to the flattering words of a young gentleman who, having suddenly fallen in love, is profiting, as far as he is able, by papa's opportune nap. The coquettish air with which the young lady plays with a chain to which a coral heart is attached, assists materially in telling the story. The *pendant* picture is of a higher quality. It is the interior of a second-class carriage: a widowed mother is accompanying her son to the port where he is to join his ship for the first time; a young woman is seated opposite to them, and in the adjoining compartment are a sailor and his lass, the features of the former full of kind commiseration for the sorrow that clouds the hopes of the family group. Altogether the subject is treated with great feeling, and the details are finished with extreme care. The first of these pictures will please most for its artistic colouring, the last from the sentiment it expresses. *Apropos* of sailor-boys, Mr. Rankley has a very interesting group: the return of a young midshipman from his first long cruise. On the threshold of his rural home his mother holds him in her tearful embrace; a younger sister anxiously awaits her turn to be recognised; and a pretty child looks up with wonder at him, of whom it has heard but never yet seen; in the background the more stoical but kind father is giving very earnest instructions to the servant who bears the young master's portmanteau. The events of the day will have their share in making Mr. Rankley's well-executed picture popular. Mr. W. J. Grant is a new adventurer in the field of Art. We have seen two very pleasing pictures which he has sent in: "Mozart" writing his famous Requiem, a few days before his death; and a version of the old German legend which suggested the first idea of printing. The former possesses many excellent qualities; the latter tells its story with great effect.

The only picture sent in by Mr. C. Collins bears the title of "A Thought of Bethlehem," and is founded on the following passage in the "Women of Christianity," chapter xi.: "A poor woman * * * was taken with the pains of labour; in the course of her wanderings she sought and found refuge in a stable, where she gave birth to her child. Madame de Chantal walked a considerable distance in order to visit her. All the time she was engaged in her pious office, Madame de Chantal confessed that she thought of the infant Jesus in the stable of Bethlehem." There is much careful study and great depth of feeling in this picture, and the composition is at once simple and natural. Beneath a shed of the humblest description the mother sits, holding her new-born babe, on whom her whole attention is centred; beside her stands a beautiful, thoughtful, half-clad girl, weaving a chaplet of bright field flowers, some of which lie scattered on the ground; while Madame de Chantal—the third figure in the group—enters the shed, bearing in her hand a bodice, which she has just made for the poor woman's eldest child. Pious submission to the Divine Will, and true Christian charity, form the pervading sentiment of the picture, which is a beautiful embodiment of the duties whose merit was recognised in the Saviour's words when he said, "I was sick and ye visited me." Subjects such as these Mr. Collins makes entirely his own: there is no painter of the present day who seems so thoroughly imbued with that fervent, religious feeling which is so essential to the true presentment of scenes illustrative of the sublime doctrines of Christianity.

We know not what Mr. Grant may have been about during the winter, though, without doubt, we shall have most satisfactory proof that he has not been idle; but there is a rival near his throne in the person of Mr. L. W. Desanges, whose rapid progress within the last two or three years we have marked with the liveliest satisfaction; his female portraits may challenge comparison with the works in the same line of any modern artist. The Exhibition, this season, will be enriched by four subjects from his pencil: Viscountess Folkestone, the Honourable Mrs. John Dundas, Lady Greenock, and The Children of Lady Bolton. Lady Folkestone's portrait is that of a very beautiful and majestic woman; the pose is easy, the expression natural, the likeness good, and the finish of the drapery perfect. In the portrait of Mrs. Dundas, a moonlight effect has produced results which are quite marvellous: the rounded left arm is a miracle of artistic skill. Lady Greenock stands in a balcony at the hour of sunset, which sheds a delicious warmth over the composition; her figure is most graceful, her features very lovely; but even the beauty of the subject is "o'er-inform'd" by mind. The word that best expresses the sentiment conveyed by this portrait is spirituality. Lady Bolton's Children form a charming group. A sweet girl, some six or seven years old, is sitting up in bed, busily decorating a kitten with a collar of flowers of various hues, while her younger brother, a pretty, arch-looking boy (his features strongly recalling those in the portrait of Lady Bolton, by Mr. Desanges, which was exhibited last year), is squatted on the quilt, and holding Pussy's face up to a small mirror, in the full expectation that she will admire herself as much as he does. The contrast between the eager delight of the children, and the utter indifference of

the kitten to the finery with which she is loaded, is in the highest degree amusing. "Pussy's Toilet" is the title under which the picture must be looked for.

The fruits of Mr. Stanfield's journey into Spain, in 1851, are beginning to be apparent. He has chosen for his largest subject a magnificent pass in the Pyrenees, leading from the Spanish frontier towards the Pic du Midi of the Valley of Ossau, and taken, we fancy, from below the Port d'Anéou, where the path is only practicable for muleteers. Over piles of rocks in the foreground, between the interstices of which glimpses are obtained of streams now frozen, a party of contrabandistas are scrambling, some few of their companions being visible in the distance, slowly making their way in the direction of the *Caseta de Broussette*. Half-way up the valley, on the left hand, stands a ruined bevel, affording—wretchedly enough—the only possible shelter in this desolate region; to the right, through the clinging mists, a zone of fir-trees is visible, descending half-way down the mountain side; and, in the centre of the picture rises the forked summit of the Pic du Midi, covered with eternal snow, the background being filled by other sharp peaks only dimly discerned in the extreme distance. The colouring and general treatment of this fine subject are admirable. There is no particular locality indicated in Mr. Stanfield's next picture, which he calls "The Last of the Crew," but it stands in need of none, the truthfulness of the subject being universal. The scene is a wild, rocky shore, against which a noble vessel has been driven, and is now a wreck, her masts gone, her spars drifting about, and her hull yielding to the weight of the dashing waves. The morning is gloomy, but gloomier far are the thoughts of the sole survivor, "the last of the crew," who, half-naked, sits in an attitude of deep despair, upon the inhospitable strand. This is the whole of the picture, but it tells a terrible story, in a manner the briefest and the most touching. Mr. Stanfield has two other marine views, one of La Rochelle, looking across the harbour, and the other, Hulks in the Medway; the first is remarkable for its fine sunny effect, the clearness of the sky, and the buoyancy of the water; the last for the life and motion which are thrown into the subject: the crisping waves under the influence of a fresh breeze is rendered with striking fidelity.

Mr. George Stanfield, whose vocation lies on land, has two charming pictures: the Bridge of Montreux, that loveliest of the villages on the shores of Lake Leman; and the picturesque town of Sion, in the Vallais, seen from below a gateway close to the Jesuit's church. Careful drawing, pure colouring, and successful management of light and shade distinguish Mr. George Stanfield's productions.

Mr. Roberts has returned from Rome, unfortunately without the large view of the interior of the Basilica of St. Peter's, on which we heard he was last autumn engaged. The picture is, we believe, in this country, but did not arrive in time for exhibition. • *En revanche*, as he cannot show us what he has done in Rome, Mr. Roberts once more leads our willing feet to Venice, and presents us (would that the literal sense were understood here) with a fine bright view on the Canal of the Giudecca, and another of the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, distinguishable amongst other sacred edifices in Venice by the boldness of its cupola.

Sunshine and shadow are the respective characteristics of these two pictures, both of which are painted with wonderful breadth and effect. An anachronism, with which no one will quarrel, raises the Temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli, in Mr. Roberts's third picture, on the shores of the Frith of Forth, with the Musselburgh near and the Bass Rock in the distance. Whoever is familiar with the coast and gazes upon it on a warm summer's day, may easily believe that the Bay of Baia lies before him, so like are the features of this part of the Scottish shores to the scenery looking westward from Posilippo. But the Temple of the Sibyl transplanted to this northern region is merely intended to form a beautiful object on the Frith of Forth, in harmony with its natural objects, and Mr. Roberts's picture shows how effectively this can be accomplished.

But we are really in Italy, with sea, earth, and sky, when we look upon Mr. Hering's View of Chiavara, that ancient and picturesque Genoese town, lying on the Mediterranean, where, as Dante tells us,

Intra Siestri e Chiavara s'adima
Una fumanza bella—

which travellers delightedly remember as the Lavagnaro. Partaking, also, of the same delicious effect of climate is a second picture by Mr. Hering of the ruined temple of Jupiter on the island of Egina, looking also seaward; this lovely spot is dedicated to a solitude which the presence of a lonely bird of prey tends more to heighten than destroy. The professional influence of our married artists is beginning to extend itself to their wives, more than one of whom may say, with Mrs. Hering, "Ed anch' io sono pittore!" This lady has painted a most exquisite landscape, a scene at sunset in the western Highlands, which may worthily take its place in any gallery.

From these softer aspects of nature we turn to the rude North Sea, subject again to the genius of Mr. Cooke, who, with many competitors on the canals of Venice, has none, save Stanfield, on the coast of Holland. Two subjects, out of several that will be found on the walls of the Academy, particularly claim attention. The first of these is a view on the low beach near Egmont op Zee, where two large fishing-boats, having just run in to discharge their freight, are standing out to sea, the wind as yet having barely filled their sails. The two opposite effects of trembling waves and still water have been attained by choosing the period of ebb-tide, and the peculiar build of the flat-bottomed Dutch boats has enabled the painter to bring them close to the shore, thus greatly adding to the value of the composition. The figures busy amongst the turbot, plaice, and skate, which are shortly to be borne off to market, give great animation to the scene. The interest of the second of Mr. Cooke's marine pictures is of a higher order, for there is in it the element of danger. A French lugger is driving into Calais harbour in very rough weather, and it needs a strong and a steady hand to guide her into port. She is just lifting over a high running wave, having broken the crest of one which is scattered to leeward, and so truthfully are the troubled waters painted that the apparent motion of the vessel seems quite like reality. All the accessories of the scene are excellent, not the least characteristic being the heavy gear of the lugger itself and the picturesque costumes of the sailors. Before we quit this line of coast we may

mention that Mr. Chambers, trusting no less to his own skill than to the *prestige* of his name where marine subjects are concerned, has sent in a large picture of Rotterdam; the quaintness of the architecture and the various colours of the old building which stands at the water's edge, are valuable adjuncts of which Mr. Chambers has ably availed himself.

Home scenery is the last but not the least attraction in this year's Exhibition of which we have to make mention. Mr. Creswick has a very beautiful landscape; Mr. Goodall one of those charming out-of-door studies of which he is so completely master; and Mr. Faed, deserting those interiors which have almost brought him into contact with Mr. Webster (who, by the way, we hear, has only two small pictures), has ventured amongst smiling meads and sparkling brooks, and with success as great as if his *forte* had been always there. One of Mr. Faed's pictures is the "Pretty Peggy" of Allan Ramsay, and well she deserves the title. The other, called "Morning," represents a family of hay-makers going out to their summer labour; there are two handsome girls in the group, for one of whom a rustic swain is holding a gate open, and looking all the love which at that hour he would not dare to breathe. The subject is treated with great spirit and freshness, and shows that Mr. Faed has a strong feeling for nature which he is well able to develop. With a pleasure which cannot abate, again we look upon the living landscapes of Mr. Lee. Two of these are upon his favourite stream, the river Awe, above the point which formed the subject of one of his last year's pictures. "The Silver Pool" shining in the bright, clear daylight, gives its name to the first of this pair; the second, dark, glassy, and transparent, is appropriately called "The Fisherman's Haunt." In both these pictures it is impossible for Art more admirably to counterfeit Nature. Mr. Lee has a third Scottish subject, "The Shepherd's Glen," where a mountain-torrent issuing from a woody ravine sweeps past a broad hill side. His fourth picture, painted in conjunction with Mr. Sidney Cooper, bring us nearer home, to a broad, placid English river, with cattle and trees. His fifth and crowning work of art, is an avenue of oak and Scotch fir in Devonshire, with a flock of sheep (exquisitely painted by Mr. S. Cooper) scattered about the road. We know not if such an avenue as "The Chequered Shade" is really to be seen as it is here represented, but if Mr. Lee has not heightened the natural beauty of the scene, to visit it would alone repay the toil of a long summer day's journey.

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. XIX.—JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

SAD and sweeping, of late, have been the ravages of Time among our men of letters. Now by the hand of death, now of decay (which is nigh unto death, for that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away), and now of changes and chances in this uncertain life. A long list, and as mournful as long, might be drawn up, of setting suns and falling stars, missed, with more or less of regret, from this visible diurnal sphere, in whose greater light to rule our day we rejoiced, or in their lesser, to govern our night. (Happily, this figure is faulty; for the light of such luminaries remains, and often brightens more and more continually, after their earthly orbit has fulfilled its course.) Brief is the space within which we have had to sorrow for the decease of a Wordsworth, though full of years and honours,—of a Moore (and already how “lightly they speak of the spirit that’s gone, and o’er his cold ashes upbraid him”),—and, not to name others that might be named, of a Talfourd, the judge upon the judgment-seat, cited before another tribunal, so strangely, so solemnly, suddenly, ‘*εν τρομφη, εν ριπη οφθαλμου!*’ And, again, the breaking up of old literary alliances, the vanishing of familiar systems, the scattering of time-honoured but time-dissolving galaxies, is mournfully instanced in the case of two of Scott’s “young men,” “wild young bloods,” who are now compassed with infirmities that require seclusion, as well as stricken with years that yearn for it,—John Wilson, and John Gibson Lockhart. To each may the influences of retirement be healing and restorative—to each may there come a soothing experience of what is a sacred promise, “At evening-time it shall be light”—light with a mellow radiance, fit precursor of the gloaming, and not unfit conclusion of the noonday heat and sunny splendours of their fervid prime.*

It is of the latter we have now, and in our desultory way, to make mention;—of the son-in-law of Sir Walter, the ready writer of “*Peter’s Letters*,” the reckless, dashing *attaché* to Old Ebony’s gay staff, the classical author of “*Valerius*,” the morbid anatomist of “*Adam Blair*,” the manly biographer of Scotland’s two chiefest names in song and story, the animated translator of “*Spanish Ballads*,” and the long-reigning editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

The present generation is little versed in the pages of Mr. Lockhart’s first work of note, “*Peter’s Letters to his Kinsfolk*”—of which he has, in his riper experience, said, that nobody but a very young and a very thoughtless person could have dreamt of putting forth such a book,—while he protests against denouncing these epistles of the imaginary Welsh Doctor, Peter Morris, “with his spectacles—his Welsh accent—his Toryism—his inordinate thirst for draught porter—and his everlasting shandry-dan,”—as a mere string of libels on the big-wigs therein por-

* Alas, since this was penned, the poet of the “*Isle of Palms*” hath “fallen on sleep.”

trayed. Among these were Scott, happy and happy-making at Abbotsford,—Jeffrey, the “wee reekit deil o’ criticism” and laird of Craighcrook,—Playfair, always considered fair game by good haters of the *Edinburgh*,—James Hogg, the “inspired sheep’s-head,”—Chalmers, with his sublimely-developed mathematical frontispiece, &c. Allan Cunningham calls the work all life and character, and admires its freshness and variety, treating as it does of courts of law and Glasgow punch, of craniology and criticism,—telling us how to woo a bride or cut up a haggis,—and giving us “the pictures, mental and bodily, of some of the leading men of Scotland, with great truth and effect.” Scott himself was much interested in this last-mentioned feature of the book. “What an acquisition,” he says, “it would have been to our general information to have had such a work written, I do not say fifty, but even five-and-twenty years ago;” and how much of grave and gay might then have been preserved, as it were, in amber, which have [*sic*] now mouldered away. When I think that at an age not much younger than yours I knew Black, Ferguson, Robertson, Erskine, Adam Smith, John Home, &c., &c., and at least saw Burns, I can appreciate better than any one the value of a work which, like this, would have handed them down to posterity in their living colours.” And Sir Walter goes on to say that Dr. Morris ought, like Nourjahad, to revive every half century, to record the fleeting manners of the age, and the interesting features of those who will be only known to posterity by their works.† Could Sir Walter have foreseen the host of third-rate and thirtieth-rate Doctor Morrises, who, between then and now, have infested the face of the earth, on the plea of being chields among us takin’ notes, and faith! wull prent ’em—notes of our *res domi* (never mind how *angusta*), of our dressing-gowns and slippers, of our *obiter* allusions and by-the-way interjections, of how we clear our throats, and whether we wear straps, and so forth,—he would probably have put in a qualifying clause, to modify his panegyric of the Morrisian tactics. And this reminds us of a passage to the purpose in one of the lively letters of the author’s countrywoman, Mrs. Grant of Laggan. “You ask me,” she writes, “what I think of Peter’s Letters? I answer in a very low whisper—not much. The broad personality is coarse, even where it is laudatory; no one very deserving of praise cares to be held up to the public eye like a picture on sale by an auctioneer:‡ it is not the style of our country, and it is a bad style in itself. So much for its tendency. Then, if you speak of it as a composition, it has no keeping, no chastity of style, and is in a high degree florid and verbose. . . . Some depth of thought and acuteness appears now and then, like the weights at the tail of a paper kite, but not enough to balance the levity of the whole. With all this, the genius which the writers possess, in no common degree, is obvious through the whole book: but it is genius misapplied, and run-

* Sir Walter wrote this (in a letter to his son-in-law presumptive) in July, 1819.

† Lockhart’s *Life of Scott*. Chap. xlv.

‡ Even Scott, it may be observed, considered the general turn of the book too favourable, both to the state of public society, and of individual character, in Scotland—quoting Goldsmith’s couplet,

“His foals have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud.”

ning riot beyond all the bounds of good taste and sober thinking. We are all amused, and so we should be, if we lived in a street where those slaves of the lamp had the power of rendering the walls so transparent that we could see everything going on at our neighbours' firesides. But ought we to be so pleased?"* Aye, gentlemen tourists, pencillers by the way, domestic police reporters, household inventory-takers, and breakfast-table shorthand-writers, all the sort of you,—aye, there's the rub. Good Mrs. Grant would perhaps have changed her mild interrogative into a very decisive affirmative, or rather a very indignant negative, had she lived to see what we see, and hear what we hear, in these times of gossiping fireside inquisitors.

From "Peter's Letters" to "Valerius" is an abrupt transition. In this classical novel we are made spectators of a series of *tableaux*, illustrative of the manners and events of Rome under Trajan. Thus the narrator takes us to patrician reception-rooms; to the Forum—with its grand associations and familiar traditions—the ancient rostrum from which Tully had declaimed, and the old mysterious fig-tree of Romulus, and the rich tessellated pavement, memorial of the abyss that had once yawned before the steady eye of Curtius; to senatorial gardens, with their garniture of fountains and exotics and perfumed terraces and sculptured nymphs and fauns; to a supper-party in the Suburra; to a prætorian guard-room, and a prison for doomed Christians; to the Flavian Amphitheatre, to hear the gladiator's *moriturus vos saluto*, and the confessor's dying *credo*; to the temple of Apollo, shrine of the reliquary Sybilline prophecies, and museum of the busts of earth's immortals; to a Veronese painter's studio; to a Neapolitan witch's midnight enchantments; to a village barber's shop, full of custom and fuss and small-talk; to a secret congress of the faithful in the catacombs; to Trajan's presence-chamber, and the Mammertine dungeons. The characters engaged in the action present a fair diversity of types of society in the capital, but for the most part lacking individuality and life. Valerius himself is too much of the faultless walking gentleman, though his betrothed, the high-hearted and deep-hearted Athanasia, is some removes beyond the standard walking lady. Sabinus, the jovial, kindly, bustling centurion—with his strong muscular fabric and hearty masculine laugh,—who, under Agricola and his real triumphs, and Domitian and his sham one, has undergone varied freaks of fortune, and preserved his equanimity and his rubicundity unaltered in them all; Xerophrastes, the professed Stoic and eventual cynic, greedy, selfish, mercenary, and mischievous; and Dromo, the Cretan slave, "a leering varlet, with rings in his ears, whose face resembled some comic mask in the habitual archness of its malicious and inquisitive look;" these are perhaps the most noticeable of the *dramatis personæ*, though themselves subordinate agents. There is a scattering of philosophers, who discourse learnedly on their conflicting systems—the Epicurean in particular being set forth and incidentally exemplified in a prominent degree. Among the more remarkable passages in the action of the tale may be noted, the scene in the guard-room, where, after the boisterous choruses of a boon soldiery, Valerius overhears "the voices of those that were in the dungeon singing together in a sweet and lowly

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Leggan.

manner,"* and his subsequent interview with the singers in the expectant martyr's cell; the visit to the gladiators' ward and its adjoining menagerie,—and indeed the whole description of the doings at the amphitheatre (parts of which recal, in their way, some pages in "Ivanhoe," devoted to the spectators at the tournament); to which may be added, the meeting with Athanasia in the temple of Apollo, and her interrupted share in the idolatrous hymn—her part in the betrayed assembly of believers, and its stern results—the baptismal and betrothal scene in the moonlit grotto,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs—

where stood the fountain which became to Valerius the λουτρον παλιγγενεσίας, as he stepped into its cool water, and the aged Aurelius stooped over him, and sprinkled the drops upon his forehead, and repeated the appointed words, and then kissed his brow as he came forth from the water, while Athanasia also drew slowly near, and hastily pressed his forehead with trembling lips, and then all three sat down together, and in silence, by the lonely well.

Jeffrey's fling at Mr. Lockhart, as being "mighty religious too," and as obtruding a "devotional orthodoxy" with a tendency, "every now and then, a little towards cant,"—which, however, had reference to his Scotch novels (in common with those of Professor Wilson)—finds no justification, so far as it is a sneer, in the instance of "Valerius." The author has even exercised a reserve and restraint, in the face of strong temptations (from the nature of his agitating theme) to an opposite treatment, which to many appear forbiddingly cold and fatally apathetic. It cannot be alleged that his heathens are all painted black, and his Christians white. Not Gibbon himself is much more charitably—or, if you will, impartially—disposed towards Trajan and his policy. The keen-scented editor of the *Edinburgh* must have been keen-scented beyond human or even canine parallel, could he have sniffed the odour of sanctity, in "devotional orthodoxy" power, and in the rankness of a tendency to "cant," in the too dispassionate and so far uncharacteristic colloquies of Mr. Lockhart's Roman Christians. They are, in fact, unreal from their very failing to speak out: not that they would, or ought

* "Ah, sir!" said the old soldier, "I thought it would be even so—there is not a spearman in the band that would not willingly watch here a whole night, could he be sure of hearing that melody. Well do I know that soft voice—Hear now, how she sings by herself—and there again, that deep strong note—that is the voice of the prisoner." "Hush!" quoth the centurion, "heard you ever anything half so divine? Are these words Greek or Syrian?" "What the words are I know not," said the soldier; "but I know the tune well—I have heard it played many a night with hautboy, clarion, and dulcimer, on the high walls of Jerusalem, while the city was beleaguered." . . . "But this, surely," said the centurion, "is no warlike melody." "I know not," quoth the old soldier, "whether it be or not—but I am sure it sounds not like any music of sorrow,—and yet what plaintive tones are in the part of that female voice!" "The bass sounds triumphantly, in good sooth." "Ay, sir, but that is the old man's own voice—I am sure he will keep a good heart to the end, even though they should be singing their farewell to him. Well, the emperor loses a good soldier, the hour Tisias dies. I wish to Jupiter he had not been a Christian, or had kept his religion to himself. But as for changing now—you might as well think of persuading the prince himself to be a Jew."—*Valerius*. Book i. chap. viii.

to, speak out when to do so would be unseasonable and fruitless—but that where they would, and ought to, they do not—which is noticeable not as a fault (for the author had good reasons, *artful* ones, for abstaining from sermonising), but as evidence how free “Valerius” is from affectation of the *over-guid*. The book seems to have been flung off at a heat—not of enthusiasm; there is indeed little in its composition, whether we regard the story or the accessories, to belie the assertion that it took but three weeks to write:—“when he was writing ‘Valerius,’” Professor Wilson is reported to have said of his friend and literary ally, “we were in the habit of walking out together every morning, and when we reached a quiet spot in the country, he read to me the chapters as he wrote them. He finished it in three weeks. I thus heard it all by piecemeal as it went on, and had much difficulty in persuading him that it was worth publishing.” Mr. R. P. Gillies, too, has put on record his wonder at the rapidity of the same pen—which if surpassed by Christopher North’s* in the one article of fiery despatch, was its superior in systematic assiduity, and regularity of labour: Mr. Lockhart, the “Literary Veteran”† assures us, thought thirty-two columns of *Blackwood* (a whole printed sheet) an ordinary day’s work, involving not the slightest stress or fatigue.

Turning, however, from his first to his last essay in fiction, we find but too many footprints of the seven-leagued boots of this perhaps fatal facility. It was the scenes descriptive of university life at Oxford, that chiefly attracted public attention to “Reginald Dalton”—a kind of subject which has since found many another scribe, more or less conversant with and master of it; among whom may be named Mr. Hewlett, of the same university, and Dr. Samuel Phillips, whose “Caleb Stukely” illustrates Cambridge experiences of a like order. Maiden aunts and uninitiated papas must have formed horrible notions of Oxford, if they had within reach no corrective or alternative, to restrain and tone down the effect of “Reginald Dalton’s” revelations—which are certainly open to the charge of giving an *einseitig* and exaggerated picture of *Alma Mater*-ia. But the picture won eager albeit shocked gazers, by its broad strokes and its high colouring—and may, we suspect, have tended as directly to induce anxious “governors” to send their boys to the other university, as in later days the alarm at “Tractarianism” has done. The lively chapters devoted to Reginald’s under-graduate career were devoured by those *ab extra*, as an exciting novelty—and scanned by those *ab intra* as a “refresher” of old times and cherished associations, not forgetting the once-familiar slang peculiar to court and quadrangle and hall and combination-room. A Town and Gown row, a bachelor’s supper-party, —with the orthodox complement of pickled oysters, exquisitely veined brawn, and peerless sausages, served on lordly dishes of College plate, and magnificent flagons of that never-to-be-resisted potation, *Bishop* (a beverage which, thirty years ago, it was not superfluous for Mr. Lockhart

* “Mr. Wilson had then [viz., thirty years ago] a rapidity of executive power in composition such as I have never seen equalled before or since.” “But then he would do nothing but when he liked and how he liked.”—*Gillies’ Literary Veteran*.

† *Hew, quantum mutatus ab illo* KEMPFERHAUSEN of the *Noctes*, and the President of the “Right, Wrong or Right Club”!

to explain in a foot-note, as being the resultant of Port wine, mulled with roasted lemons—just as Claret similarly embellished is yclept *Cardinal*; and Burgundy, *Pope*);—a fox-hunting raid to Newnham Harcourt, with roads all alive with

—Buggy, gig, and dog-cart,
Curricie and tandem—

and the gallop, at Parson Hooker's "hark, hark!" to the music of bound and horn,—pell-mell, priest and layman, squire, curate, bachelor, and freshman—away over bush and furze, bog and briar, hedge and stile, ditch and double-ditch—"tramp, tramp across the stubble; splash, splash across the dubble;"—boating engagements at Mother Davies's;—dunning blockades against the "sported oak;"—scuffles with proctors and bull-dogs;—a duel in the meadows, and a lodgement in the Castle;—such are some of the topics ungrudgingly set forth in Reginald's Oxford career. Little enough there is to glorify the ideal Oxford of scholarship, and earnest study, and gracious refinement—to echo Warton's apostrophe,

Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat; &c.*

The hero's university course is only an episode; but to it the leading interest of the work attaches, and upon it the novelist has expended the best of his power and pains. Reginald's subsequent experiences in London and elsewhere are dull, and loosely put together. The table-talk—wine-table, breakfast-table, supper-table, or what not—so profusely detailed, is too frequently of the veriest weak tea-table sort: weak enough, mawkish and vapid enough, to make one almost incredulous of its coming from the trenchant pen† of the editor of the *Quarterly*, and the manly,

* *Triumph of Isis.*

† We have all seen, it may be presumed, in *Punch* or some cognate repertory of satirical censorship, specimens of the way in which the flimsiest manufacturers of novels manage to fill up, at least expense of brain-work and penmanship, the necessary number of pages decreed by the circulating libraries—whose decree, impetuous and inexorable as that of Medes and Persians, altereth not. But who would willingly accredit the editor of the *Quarterly*, in his most finished novel, with dialogues of such calibre as the following (between a match-making couple at cross-purposes)—taken from a large stock of which it is but a current sample:

[Macdonald, the "pawky" writer, is trying to bring to terms the lady-mother of the damsel he desiderates for his son.]

"When is't to be, Leddy Catline? Since other folk intend to speak, what can I do?"

"To be? what to be, Mr. Macdonald?" said the lady with an air of surprise, rather too grave to be affected.

"What's to be, Leddy Catline?"

"Yes, what's to be, Mr. Macdonald?"

"What's to be, mem?"

"What's to be, sir?"

"The thing, mem—the business—the whole affair——"

"The whole affair, sir?—the business, sir?"

"Yes, mem, the business—the business—God bless my heart!"

"The business, Mr. Macdonald?"

"Come, come, Leddy Catline, we've had enough of this work. Time's no chucky-stances—Has your ledship not been holding any serious conversation?"

vigorous, forcible biographer of Sir Walter Scott. The humorous parts of "Valerius" were flat, nor are those of this tale of modern life much more potent—though there is certainly some pungent satirical writing, and a plentiful seasoning of caustic wit. The characters are, with one or two exceptions, far from being loveable or even likeable people: the Catlines irritate, the Chisneys repel or fatigue, Macdonald thoroughly annoys, and even good old Keith bores us. But the elder Daltons are a refreshing relief—genial, natural, and heart-whole; the Vicar wins our affectionate reverence; young Macdonald is one of the better sort of "good-natured fellows" (a complimentary epithet of cruel kindness), and sweet Helen Hesketh sways our loyal souls whithersoever she listeth. *Her* part in the tale, with its pathetic associations, is wrought out with emphasis and discretion, and shows what the novelist can do when he will:

And Nature holds her sway as Lockhart tells
How dark the grief that with the guilty dwells;
How various passions through the bosom move,
Dalton's high hope, and Ellen's sinless love.
Creative fancy gives a lovelier green
To Godstowe's glade;* and hallows all the scene
Where Love's low whisper sooth'd their wildest fears,
Till Joy grew voiceless and flow'd forth in tears.†

The "dark grief" that tabernacles with "the guilty," and the "various passions" that agitate the bosom of frail humanity, were impressively delineated in the two Scotch novelets, "Adam Blair" and "Matthew Wald." The former is pitched in the same key with Wilson's painfully intense tale of "Simon Gray," and Mrs. Southey's "Andrew Cleaves." It is not improved in moral tone, however it may be heightened in melodramatic colouring, by the evident influence exercised on the author's mind by his familiarity with German fictions; to the morbid characteristics of which, he too nearly adapted his own story. We can imagine him at a later period inditing merciless strictures on similar trespasses, by some later romancer, in the way of overwrought emotion and pathological diagnosis—and visiting with peremptory rebuke the *morale* which drags down to ruin, in its blackness of darkness, a too soft-hearted and susceptible minister of the Gospel, by the iron chain of "fate and metaphysical aid," Calvinism and philosophy. In "Matthew Wald" there are some powerful bits of tragic, or rather perhaps of melodramatic

"Why, really, Mr. Macdonald, I scarce think we *have* been very serious."

"Sdeath, mem, what do you mean?"

"Sir?"

"Mem?"

"Mr. Macdonald?"

"Leddy Catline?"

"Sir?"

"Hoots, hoots—a joke's a joke."

"A joke?"

"Ay, a joke."—*Reginald Dalton*. Book vii. chap. v.

We are to this hour distrustful of Mr. Wakley's capacity for writing Wordsworthian lyrics by the mile, but we can imagine him doing *this* kind of composition by his crowner's metre of mileage.

* See *Reginald Dalton*. Book iii. chap. v. † *The Novel: a Satire*. (1830.)

writing—the story of Perling Joan is touching, and that of the Glasgow shoemaker, who murders a guest, and goes on his way *praying*, and who dies praying for the hooting crowd around his scaffold, is not without its awed admirers.

Of Mr. Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads," a fellow-countryman and brother poet has said, that fine as were the original verses, they certainly lost nothing (as did the shield of Martinus Scriblerus) from being subjected to his modern furbishing; but that, on the contrary, what was tame he inspired, what was lofty he endowed with additional grandeur, while even the tender—as in the lay of "Count Alarços and the Infanta Soliza"—grew still more pathetic beneath his touch. Another fellow-countryman and brother poet—well versed in Border minstrelsy—admirably recognises all the simplicity, and energy, and picturesque beauty, and more than the flow of the ballads of the Border, in these translations from the Spanish and Moorish. "The fine old Bible English into which they are rendered, gives the antique hue so natural and becoming in the old minstrels; all other translations fade away before them."† Mr. Hallam, too, always a cautious judge, has awarded no faint praise—that damning sentence of cautious judges—to these bold and buoyant lyrics.

We reckon it blessing rather than bane that our limits defy us to be prosy about that glorious piece of biography, the Life of Scott. It is far too interesting and valuable to be a present text of controversy, about the Ballantines "and a' that:" the man who reads such a book with fussy critical pretensions, should be required to name one poor half-dozen of biographies that equal it in matter and manner. The Life of Burns, again, is a pleasant compilation—vigorous in narrative, and set off with fit reflections, the germ of other and deeper ones, in the essays of Wilson and Carlyle.

Still more emphatically may we count ourselves happy in being without space to discuss the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. One word, nevertheless, against the not unpopular impression of his "merciless" disposition, and "implacable" opposition to opponents. The *personal* characteristics foisted on him by certain scribblers, have been commonly identified with his editorial ideal—making up an austere man, haughty, reserved, recklessly satirical, and somewhat vindictive withal. Tom Moore could discriminate between editor and man, when he introduced Lockhart's name among "Thoughts on Editors:"

Alas, and must I close the list
With thee, my Lockhart, of the *Quarterly*,
So kind, with bumper in thy fist,—
With pen, so *very* gruff and tartarly.
Now in thy parlour feasting me,
Now scribbling at me from thy garret,—
Till 'twixt the two in doubt I be
Which sourest is, thy wit or claret.

* "Than which, as rendered by Mr. Lockhart, no finer ballad of its kind—more gushingly natural, or more profoundly pathetic—probably exists in the poetry of any nation."—*David Macbeth Moir*. (Δ.)

† Allan Cunningham.

May—VOL. CL. NO. CCCC.

Mark, believer in the bilious "personal talk" of N. P. Willis and his sympathisers, how Thomas the Rhymer here recognises in the man what it was *his* fate to miss in the reviewer. Only because of the vulgar acceptance of the aforesaid personal strictures do we thus trench on what is a personal province. But one so often hears allusions founded on what has been sketched by the Penciller by the Way, that it is but fair to point to testimony recently given, incidentally enough, by other popular writers, whose opinions happen to be on record, and may be taken for what they are worth: we will confine ourselves to two—John Sterling and B. R. Haydon—both men strikingly diverse in party and tendency from him they refer to. "I found him," says Sterling, describing an interview with Lockhart on the subject of S.'s *Strafford*, "as neat, clear, and cutting a brain as you would expect; but with an amount of knowledge, good-nature, and liberal anti-bigotry, that would surprise many. The tone of his children towards him seemed to me decisive of his real kindness."^{*} "L., when we became acquainted," says Haydon, "felt so strongly how little I deserved what had been said of me, that his whole life has since been a struggle to undo the evil he was at the time a party to. Hence his visits to me in prison, his praise in the *Quarterly*, &c. . . . This shows a good heart, and a fine heart L. has; but he is fond of mischief and fun, and does not think of the wreck he has made till he has seen the fragments."[†] Very like Haydon, truly; but let that pass.

THE ALLIANCE OF BRITAIN AND FRANCE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

Join hands, ye gallant men!
 O'er the long feuds, the hatreds of the past,
 The waters of oblivion wisely cast;
 England and France are love-knit sisters now,
 Smiles on their lips, good-will on each smooth brow:
 The victories both have won,
 Since glory's race begun,
 Shall rouse no memories up,
 To poison Friendship's cup;
 And nought again but pure and generous wine,
 Shall in that ivy-mantled goblet shine,
 The drinkers quaffing to the Island-Queen,
 To whom old Ocean's stormy billows yield,
 And Gaul, the bold of heart, the gay of mien,
 The dauntless in the field.

* Carlyle's Life of Sterling.

† Autobiog. of Haydon.

Join hands, ye gallant men!
Though harness'd ye may stand in warfare's pride,
Spurs on the heel, and falchion at the side,
Both are too wise to dream of conquest now—
 Conquest in Error's tomb long laid;
 Not that your valour hath decayed,
It sits serene on each free noble brow;
And this shall find, the Vandals of the North,
Who, to break Europe's peace, have issued forth.
Think they, as their rude sires crushed tottering Rome,
 To whelm the South once more,
And make on smiling plains their savage home,
 And bathe free lands with gore?
No, ours is not decrepitude, but power
Rome knew not in her palmiest, mightiest hour:
Albion and Gaul shall sweep the torrent back,
The lions that shall scare the wolves' wild pack,
And to their steppes send Russ, and rude Cossack.
 Moslems may cheer them yet,
 Their crescent shall not set,
Like them the Western warriors sworn to die,
Ere the Aggressor's blood-stained banner fly
 From Stamboul's minaret!

Join hands, ye gallant men!
No more in rivalry, and hostile pride—
March to the field, and battle side by side;
Your warfare not for power or glory made,
 Ye combat that the world may justice see,
That truth and right sink not, in ashes laid;
 Ye fight that *peace* may be!
To stay barbaric inroad, whose wild course
 Might give the rule to one o'erweening lord;
Ours is the march of mind against brute force,
 The freeman's shield against the tyrant's sword:
We stand for the oppressed, and so our cause
Hath good men's wishes, and just Heaven's applause,
And future years shall one more story tell
Of Truth that triumphed, and of Wrong that fell.

Then gallant men, join hands!
'Tis meet that vengeance' shaft should now be hurled
By the two foremost Nations of the world;
For Gaul and Britain still, on land and deep,
The destinies of sheltered nations keep:
Proud is the trust, and faithful they will be,
And bounds and law prescribe, great Czar! to thee:
 Then valiant men, join hands!
 British and Gallic bands,
On, on, to victory!

A PEEP INTO ARTISTS' STUDIOS IN ROME.

BY C. P.

ONE of the most pleasant ways of getting through the day in Rome when you begin to get a little weary of the regular sight-seeing, is by paying a visit to some of the Artists' Studios; it is an agreeable change from old churches, old ruins, old pictures, and old statues, to see what can be achieved now-a-days—to heave a sigh over the melancholy falling off in talent and execution, if you are one of those true desponding characters who do not believe in anything but the antique; or if you are of more cheerful frame of mind, to see if there may not be some small spark of the ancient flame still left.

Rome perfectly swarms with artists of every nation and every walk there is scarcely a house in the place that has not “*pittore*” or “*scultore*” on some of the doors; but unless you are well up in the topography, or have a guide, it is one of the most difficult things in the world to find out exactly where the particular Studio is situated that you may wish to visit. First of all, the houses all look exactly the same; all have a large open doorway looking into the street; this leads to a dirty stone staircase where the most profound darkness reigns, and indeed it is well if darkness be all. Then when you begin the ascent, these staircases are regular traps to the unwary. You may mount from piano to piano in vain looking for the door you want, for each house is like a rabbit-warren, and there are all kinds of little galleries and suspicious-looking passages leading you cannot tell where; so that unless you are used to the kind of thing, you soon get bewildered, and very likely give up the attempt in despair. You may ring over and over again at doors and get no answer; or if anybody does come, they seldom know anything about the other lodgers. It almost appears as if the artists were of such retiring and modest disposition that they *shunned* the world altogether, and had no wish that their works should be seen, so carefully and studiously do they conceal their places of abode. Suppose, however, you get to the door at last, and give a knock with your knuckles, or ring the bell, if there is one; it will still probably be a minute or two before the door is opened, and you hear a slight scuffling as if somebody was absconding herself. On entering you find yourself in a place that looks rather like a coach-house, lit by a large window high up in the wall, or if there are more windows, they will all be carefully closed in order that the light may fall properly. There will be some little sketches probably nailed up against the walls, early efforts of the artist; and in the middle of the room two immense screens, from behind one of which, perhaps, you hear a gentle rustling, and the sound of breathing. If you were to go and look, or by any chance the screen were to come down, you would be rather astonished at the sight of a lovely young creature crouching down behind, attired only in a transparent scarf of many colours, or some such light and airy costume. You see her portrait on the easel in an unfi-

nished state. There is a beautiful garden with purple flowers blooming in every direction, and trailing creepers forming a kind of fairy bower, in which the young creature is swinging herself, on a chain of roses which is suspended from two of the overhanging trees. There is a large yellow moon which lights up the scene with her soft mellow beams ; it is a lovely warm summer night, as indeed it ought to be, or it would be most imprudent for the fair creature to be out in such a costume. This is *one* walk of art ; in other studios you find views of the Campagna, with peasants in the foreground, and a cart with oxen, a long row of red arches part of an ancient aqueduct, the Sabine hills in the distance enveloped in a purple haze ; or it may be the Lake Nemi, and ruins of so-and-so, with female figures in costume, the principal one supporting a jug on her head ; or, perhaps, fishing-boys with liquid eyes, pifferari with olive complexions and floating locks ; or if it be a high art Studio, studies for a grand historical subject, and a canvas sixteen feet by twelve, with ghastly figures in armour or mediæval costumes just sketched in. High art and historical painting are, no doubt, very fine things when the artist *can* achieve them ; but how many are there, who ever do, of those who make the attempt ? and oh ! what melancholy and humiliating extravagances most of them perpetrate—the failure is ten times more apparent than it would be in a subject with less pretension. And yet I suppose there always will be a race of men, who think it their *calling* to make gigantic daubs which, presuming the almost impossible case of anybody wishing to possess them, could scarcely be hung in any private house. If every young painter who has a turn for that line were to read the life of B. R. Haydon before commencing, it might be of use, and, perhaps, act as a wholesome warning. A more melancholy picture was never drawn, and yet, poor creature, he had not only fully persuaded himself that he was a great painter, *the* one destined to reform the world and induce a taste for a higher walk of art, but also a great *man* and a martyr. Such was evidently the idea under which he wrote his voluminous journals, thinking that sooner or later posterity must do him justice and duly estimate talents, which his own age was too insensible to appreciate. That autobiography is one of the most melancholy books ever published ; it is a touching thing to see how *self* peeps out everywhere, how by his own writing he convicts himself of the most pitiable and trivial weakness, stubbornness, bad taste, and even want of principle. This, however, is a slight digression, and has nothing to do with the subject in hand.

The great attraction this winter has been Mr. Gibson's studio.

"Have you been to see the coloured Venus yet ?" is the question everybody asks you at the tea-fights.

"Well, and tell me what *did* you think of it ?" and then you immediately plunge into a long and interesting discussion as to whether the Greeks coloured *their* statues—whether colour is applicable to some subjects and not others ; and you talk away till you begin to think yourself quite a man of taste, and extremely learned on art. Not one of the least of the merits of this statue is the inexhaustible fund of conversation which it has supplied for these agreeable little reunions, which are sometimes apt to get rather heavy unless there *is* something of this kind to fall back upon.

In the first street on the right, leaving the Piazza del Popolo by the

Barberini, are two large folding-doors, on which is painted the name of Gibson, one that England may well be proud of, as there can be no question that the owner is at this time the first sculptor in the world. Entering, we found ourselves in a large unfloored room, in which are crowded numerous statues, casts, busts, and basso relievos; whilst the workmen are busy on others. Here we saw the figure of the Cacciatore holding a dog in the slips, which had so many admirers at the Great Exhibition; here also was a beautiful figure of a tired boy, leaning back in a seat; and many others more or less interesting. Passing along a little garden where some large blocks of unwrought marble were lying, we came to a second room, in which we found the great artist at work on his grand figure of Justice, which is to form part of a group to adorn one of the chambers in the new Houses of Parliament.

In the middle of the group will be a colossal statue of the Queen seated, and on each side a large standing figure; the one to represent Justice, and the other Clemency. The figure of Justice, Mr. Gibson told us, would take him about two months more. Clemency, I believe, was not commenced. It is a curious sight to see a statue in the clay; I recollect perfectly I had an idea at one time that a sculptor began with a hammer and chisel on the block of marble, and chipped away until he had finished his statue; but when you see it going on, the real process is very different.

First of all a large cross is set up, or a framework of iron, adapted to the shape of the figure or group; on this the soft clay is plastered in lumps, small crosses of wood being put in every now and then to prevent it slipping. When the mass has arrived at something approaching to the shape of the figure the artist has designed, then the expression of the face, the folds of draperies, and other important parts are carefully studied, and finished with small tools adapted for the purpose; a little is scraped away here, a little added there, until at last the whole comes out to his satisfaction. After this a cast is taken, and then the real statue is cut out of the marble by workmen called *Formatori*; the whole of this part of the work being mechanical and done by measurement, though of course the greatest nicety is required. The statue is thus brought to a very fine point of perfection, but the few last touches are given by the artist himself. It is wonderful to see what exquisite things these *Formatori* can do with the model to copy, and measurement to go by; and yet there are few, I believe, who rise to any great excellence as sculptors themselves, or have much power in the way of designing any original subject. Perhaps it is as well, or there would be nobody to work for the men of real genius. The Justice is a female figure standing perfectly upright, one hand holding a balance, the other resting on a sword. The dress is a simple garment confined at the waist, and falling in a few straight folds. The face expresses a determination perfectly immovable and stern, to be influenced by nothing but the right. The brow broad and firm, with the hair divided down the middle and falling in two straight masses on the shoulders. Round the neck is suspended a small charm, supposed to represent Truth. This was added at the suggestion of the Duke of Northumberland, Mr. Gibson told us. It appears the judges in ancient Egypt used to wear a charm of this description, and by it signified to which side they adjudged any cause that was pleaded before

them. The statue represents a kind of person you would not feel quite happy in pleading a *bad* cause before. All those pathetic little appeals to the feelings, and artless allusions to clearness of intellect and enlightened views, with which gentlemen of the long robe (as the newspapers call them) are accustomed to treat that noble institution, a British jury, you feel would be quite thrown away here. The less you adorned your case by flowers of oratory, and the more you stuck to facts, and proved them pretty clearly, the better; for you feel she would detect the slightest flaw in your argument in a moment.

The model who sat for this figure was a Roman peasant woman of the name of Louisa. There was a small cast of her head on a shelf close by; the features modelled exactly from life. The resemblance to the large statue was very strong, the eyes and mouth exactly the same, but upon the nose a little improvement was made. Louisa was a favourite model for painters as well as sculptors. I used frequently to see her, and was always much struck by her air, and the grand way in which she carried her head; though there was nothing very alarming when you came to talk to her, and she laughed and chatted away in the most condescending and agreeable manner. She has rather passed her *première jeunesse*, but must have been very handsome a few years ago. Her eyes are still very fine, piercing hazel, with long black lashes; but I pity her husband if she often treats him to the kind of expression Mr. Gibson has thrown into her face.

There used to be a still finer model for statues of this kind of the name of Frasia: her features were quite perfect throughout, in an artistic point of view. It is not often, Mr. Gibson said, that he met with a model like her; in general, artists have to get a nose from one, eyes from another, and so on, but Frasia he considered quite equal to any of the antique Greek heads. She had been painted and modelled more than any of her class in Rome; but, unfortunately for the fine arts, this great creature does not appear to have had a character exactly in accordance with her personal charms, and she came to an untimely end in consequence—as the report is, she drank herself to death.

On one of the shelves against the wall was a small plaster cast of the Justice, made by way of experiment, as a study for the large statue; it was interesting to see how immensely the figure gained in power by size. The expression was nearly the same in both, but the force and dignity added by the colossal proportions was beyond belief.

In the next room we found the workmen busy on the Queen; the rough outline of the shape was already made out, and the statue had the same effect as an oil painting after two sittings. The men were busy cutting out the marble from behind the folds of the dress in the throne, a most laborious and difficult process, for which they have peculiarly-shaped tools.

In another room was the cast of the celebrated statue of Sir Robert Peel, for which the nation voted the sum of six thousand pounds; but we did not stop to examine Sir Robert much, or in fact anything else in the room; for under the thin gauze veil which the attendant dexterously whips off is the Venus; opposite are some chairs, where you may sit and admire at your leisure.

There are some people in the world who never can see beauty in any-

thing, especially if it be at all out of the beaten track ; but the general verdict I think must be in favour both of the statue itself and of the application of colour. This has been the case certainly here ; many of the most bigoted, who were extremely severe upon the very notion of painted marble before they had seen it, found reason to modify their opinions afterwards. The fact is, nobody (certainly no mere amateur) is competent to give an opinion until they have seen the result. "A coloured statue!" I have heard many say,—“oh, thank you! a barber's block—Truefitt's shop for that kind of thing—better put her on stays to make it complete.” All this of course will be said, and there is little use attempting to confute arguments of this kind ; the best and only answer is the statue itself.

The figure is a young and beautiful girl with the true Greek type of beauty. She is supporting herself rather on one leg, the other slightly bent and resting on the instep ; with one hand she holds some drapery to her side, in the other is the golden apple, with the words *ἡ καλὴ λαβερὴ* engraved on it. The body is tinged rather than coloured with the most delicate yellowish pink ; half-way between the elbow and shoulder is a golden armlet, which contrasts beautifully with the colour of the flesh. The face has just the faintest blush of colour in the cheeks, the eyes as faintly tinged with blue ; to see them to the best advantage you ought not to be too close ; at a little distance they fall into the shade, and then the expression is soft, feminine, and tender. The hair, which is of a light auburn, is plaited and arranged in a most graceful manner in a *kekrophallos*, or head-dress which used to be worn by the Greek women, a kind of net of pale blue silk. The drapery is merely pressed against the side, and does not conceal the graceful figure ; it is of pure white marble, uncoloured, except a delicate line of blue and red round the hem. One of the greatest charms of the figure is the contrast between this pure spotless white and the delicate hue of the body. The hands and feet are small, beautiful, and perfectly formed ; they seem as if they would be quite soft and warm to the touch. She is represented with a tortoise at her feet, as of old the Queen of Love and Beauty used to be worshipped in her temples at Elis. On the back of the tortoise the artist's name is engraved in Greek characters. The great charm of the statue is, I think, the elegance of the *figure* ; the turn of the shoulders and arms is perfect. This you see to the greatest advantage when you get the face about three-quarters, when the undulating line of beauty and the hands come out to the greatest advantage. Like almost all other very wonderful things, I think the Venus does not strike you mute with admiration at first sight ; it is only by sitting down and dwelling upon it, looking at it in every light and from each side, that the beauties gradually unfold themselves, and you begin to appreciate it properly.

Amongst the other statues we saw a repetition of this figure in white marble without colour. Nothing could have been better suited for judging how far colour was an improvement or not. There you had the two together to compare, and from all those who have seen both I never heard but one opinion, which was decidedly in favour of the “painted lady.”

Next to Gibson's, I think Mr. Macdonald's was the most favourite lounge. It is near the Barberini Palace ; you enter up a stable-yard, a

quarter for French cavalry. The first thing which caught the eye on entering was a large group of Ulysses and Argus, lately purchased by Lord Kilmorey. The incident, as given in the *Odyssey*, is as follows:—Ulysses, after his wanderings, returns to Ithaca, his native island. Having assumed the disguise of a beggar, he is conducted by Eumæus, the herdsman, to his own palace. "And Argus, the dog of stout-hearted Ulysses, who was lying there, on seeing him pricked up his head and ears. For he lay there cast out and neglected by the women, because his master was gone away. And servants, when their masters are not there to rule them, no longer are willing to do what is right." (How interesting it is, by the way, to trace exactly the same thing now-a-days after the lapse of so many centuries.) "And Ulysses, seeing the dog, wiped away a tear; but when he saw Ulysses near, he had not strength to move, but wagged his tail and laid down his ears, and then black death befel him."

The statue is larger than life, and cut out of a splendid block of white marble without a vein, the finest that has been seen in Rome for many years. The hero—in his right hand is a long knotted pole with which he supports himself—is starting back as he regards the poor dog with a commiserating look; Argus is trying to get up and come to him, but, quite worn out, has not strength to move his hinder quarters, and is licking his master's leg by way of recognition.

Ulysses is a fine manly figure, with the curling beard and hyacinthine locks which the poet gives him. On his head is a pileus, or close-fitting skull-cap, with which he is represented in the old sculptures.

Near this was a full-sized statue of the owner as a gladiator, with a skin over his shoulders. It was a portrait, and the casts of the limbs were all taken from the life. As you look at it you cannot help feeling, that, after all, the English aristocracy are not quite such a degenerate and effeminate race as they are sometimes represented. There are not even many members of the P.R., who make the noble science of self-defence their profession, who could show such a brawny chest and muscular arms as this.

In another part of the atelier some workmen were taking a cast of a nymph; we watched the process, which was a very interesting one. A mixture of plaster and wax is made into a kind of paste, and softened over a pan of charcoal which stood near. This is pressed tight on to the different parts of the statue in small pieces; in a few seconds it hardens, and when cut off a most sharp and perfect impression is taken of the part to which it has been applied. All these pieces are carefully pared down and joined together, having first undergone a further hardening process. The plaster is then poured in, and the cast comes out, allowing for the difference of material, exactly like the original.

Mr. Macdonald, however, is even more celebrated for his busts than statues. All round the studio are rows upon rows of heads, amongst which you may recognise many of your friends and celebrated public characters—or pretend that you do, it is all the same thing, like Mr. Smith of London, who, with his amiable wife and daughters, was in the studio one day when we were there. As the workman who was showing him round mentioned the names of the originals, I observed every now and then, when he came to Lord This, or my Lady That, or the Hon. Mrs.

So-and-so, the excellent man's eyebrows would go up, and a pleasing smile beam in his face, as if he were recognising a dear friend. "Dear me," he would say, "you don't tell me so; and *very* like him too," he added for our benefit, after a close examination through his double glasses. He showed a good deal of ingenuity too, in varying it sometimes in the following way. Some of the busts had the names written in pencil underneath, and Mr. S., having read these on the sly, would ask in an off-hand way, "By the way, isn't that Douglas? Ah! I thought so; what a handsome fellow he is—a monstrous handsome fellow!" Oh, Mr. Smith, I do wonder how you dare!

There were hundreds of heads altogether—statesmen, and beauties, and popular preachers, and artists, and literary men; it was a curious and interesting study. Character is certainly more fully expressed in the marble than in a picture. Real beauty comes out stronger, and talent shows more; pretty features, a fresh complexion, and well got-up dress, don't help a person much here; it is the shape of the head, and *character*, that tells. One thing especially strikes you, the absurd effect of ambrosial curling whiskers cut into an elegant pattern, or hair very neatly parted, and well plastered down with bear's grease. To look decent in marble you either ought to give Nature her own way, and grow everything, or the face ought to be perfectly smooth; the last, perhaps, looks the best, especially in a handsome or intellectual countenance.

In an inner room we found the artist himself, and three lumps of brown clay, in different stages, which he was employed upon at the time, and which were rapidly assuming the shapes of the originals; the likeness in all, as far as they had gone, was very striking. The first feeling on seeing the process is, that it is very nice work and extremely easy. It looks as if anybody could plaster on little dabs of soft clay, and then scrape it into shape with a toothbrush handle. You feel inclined to hire a studio and commence immediately; it would be so very interesting, and so nice, to make fifty pounds a head, or even say forty to begin with; and you might raise your prices after a year. It is just the same thing too with painting; when you watch a great artist at work, and see how easily the effect is produced, especially in the beginning of a picture, you begin to think the power has been entirely overrated, and that anybody could do it if they liked; this the more, as those who *can*, are very fond of telling you, "Oh! you could do *just* as well if you only tried." It is perhaps as well though to remain contented with the happy consciousness of possessing the latent power, for the illusion is apt to be dispelled, if you attempt to put it into practice.

We visited many other interesting studios, both of painters and sculptors, and in all met with the same courtesy and good-natured readiness to explain everything; but, however, I must not delay amongst them any longer, for if I were to attempt to describe half even of what was to be seen, it would form volumes instead of one article. If I had time I should like to say a few more words about some of the models. It is one of the most interesting sights in Rome, I think, to see them on a fine morning; they take their station on the broad flight of steps which leads from the Piazza di Spagna to the Trinità di Monti, and there wait till they are sent for by some artist.

Everybody has to pass up and down, or along in front of these steps a hundred times a day, so you soon get to know them all by sight, besides recognising many of the originals of the pictures that you have seen in the studios; Alessandro, the pifferaro, with his long hair and dark melancholy eyes, which have earned him many a dollar, and the pretty little Philomena, with her sweet imploring look, and a happy consciousness of her own charms. One group every visitor at Rome this winter must have observed—a man with long hair and beard, in a very picturesque costume—a broad-leafed high-crowned hat, and an immense skin with the hair on, forming one very striking part of his get-up; he had his pipes at his back, and by his side a small chubby-faced boy with large round eyes, who used to stand with his little hand stretched out for the bajocco, which he demanded in a most piteous voice. In one studio was a charming picture, in which this little youth was introduced exactly in the same attitude in which you might see him any day. It was admirably done, quite to the life, and you expected to hear him come out with “*Date mi qualche cosa*” every minute.

There was also a most lovely Sir Joshua-like baby, with auburn hair, the most beautiful complexion, and such fat little legs and arms. It used also to be brought to sit, and is introduced in the same picture as the little boy. The mother was immensely proud of it, as well she might be; and it was a pretty sight to see it asleep on her lap, whilst its portrait was being transferred to the canvas.

The early morning is the time to see the steps; then, if it is a fine sunny day, the effect is very charming—the women in their bright colours, red head-dresses, and black hair fastened up by large silver pins; the men with their long beards and most picturesque, though dirty, costumes; and the boys with large liquid eyes. These Italian peasants are very different from the same class in England; they seem as if they could not sit, stand, or walk, without falling at once into a graceful attitude, and in every position are a perfect study for a painter.

There was one other constant frequenter of these steps, who formed a striking contrast to the rest. This was an old cripple, in a blue jacket and red waistcoat, who used to be there every day, and all day long, whatever the weather might be. He used to sidle about like a crab. I forget whether he had any legs, but if so, they were doubled up in some mysterious way, and he made more use of the hands for locomotive purposes. He used to lie there all day, like a lion waiting for his prey. There is a double flight of steps up to the Trinità di Monti, meeting in the middle; here he used to take his post, and whichever flight you came down he was always ready, and scrambled across with his eternal “*Cattivo tempo, signore,*” in the most cracked of falsettos.

The antipathy I took to this individual I am afraid was most unchristianlike; but I believe he was a rank impostor. There is a story that his daughter was married lately, and he presented her with a dowry of two thousand scudi, and when some one mildly remonstrated with him for continuing to beg, he modestly replied:

“*Ah, signore, ho un’ altra figlia.*”

Under the trees that line the road to the Pincian there is a donkey tethered all day; it brought him in the morning, and he rides off at night, when his day’s work is over—I have no doubt to a much better supper than many of those whose charity he has obtained during the day.

ON THE TURKISH QUESTION.*

A GLANCE AT THE POLITICAL STATE OF EUROPE AT PRESENT
AND IN FUTURE.

It is not surprising that a political question which involves the interests of so large a portion of Europe should occupy and agitate the public mind from "Indus to the Pole," and that it has awakened the energies of the press even in a country which has resolved, if possible, to preserve its neutrality, although bordering on the theatre of stirring events, and situated, as it were, between the belligerent powers. Everything that comes from the shores of the Baltic, whither the gallant fleet of England has gone, to prove to the world that the heroic spirit of Nelson is not extinct, that Britain's fearless mariners have still "Hearts of Oak" to uphold the honour of that flag which

Has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze ;

that they will her

Glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow—

everything that comes from the shores of that northern sea, where rides the superb armada in which so many British hearts are bound up, will be received with at least some degree of interest by the British public ; and some little curiosity may be excited to know the views of the much-talked-of Eastern question, offered to his own countrymen, by a political writer belonging to one of the nations of Scandinavia.

H. P. Selmer's volume has recently made its appearance in Copenhagen, and, in placing his work before the Danish public, he reminds them that the misunderstandings between Russia and Turkey, and now also between Russia and the greater powers, which threaten a rupture to the peace of Europe, must be a subject of consideration possessing much interest for Denmark, which, though not at present involved in the events that darken the political horizon of Europe, "*will surely by no means remain untouched, either in case of a general war, or of an eventually extensive transformation of political relations.*" He remarks that—

"Latterly, in the greater part of Europe, even in our fatherland, there seems to be an overwrought sympathy for the fate of the Turkish arms in opposition to that of the Russian, in the already commenced warfare ; a feeling which, in our own country, recalls to mind the stirring period of the Sleswig-Holstein war, and the sympathy then accorded by strangers."

But he insinuates that this feeling in favour of Turkey is somewhat misplaced. Public sympathy, he says, should range itself on the side of Peace, Liberty, and Improvement, in opposing Conquests, Despotism, and

* Om det Tyrkiske Spørgsmaal, &c. By H. P. Selmer. Copenhagen, 1854.

Barbarism ; and, he adds, " whatever may be said of Russia, it would be satirising truth to choose, as the representatives of Peace, Liberty, and Improvement, Turkey and the Turkish people." He thinks it is absurd to expect that the Turks should ever become a civilised people, or Turkey a *real* European state ; and he asserts that the dismemberment and partition of the Turkish empire will be the only mode thoroughly to bring about such a complete political regeneration of Europe, as events would appear to be tending to : that such a partition, carried out successfully, would be for the best and truest interests of all parties, taking into consideration the advantages both to the governments of states, and the people who compose these states, and not excepting Turkey itself—where the interests of twelve millions of Christians have to be consulted, who reside in European Turkey, by the side of a third of that number of Mahometans, of whom again but a third part are actually Turks. He contends that such a partition and dissolution would be but simply the continuation and completion of that which has long been going on, seeing that wide regions have, by degrees, been "drawn away" from Turkey, and are now found in the possession of Russia, Austria, Greece, and France ; while other large provinces of the Ottoman empire are in a half independent state, and Turkey itself, internally ruined, seems with great strides to be marching to its dissolution—a consummation which, if not soon about to happen, cannot, at all events, be avoided in process of time.

This idea, that the dismemberment and partition of the Turkish empire would be the most certain means of bringing about the complete political regeneration of Europe, and would secure advantages to all its other governments and states, is in direct opposition to the opinion of the great English diplomatist, Lord Palmerston. In a speech he made more than twenty years ago—in 1833—he said : " It is of the utmost importance for the interest of England, and for the maintenance of the peace of Europe, that the territories and provinces forming the Ottoman empire should be an independent state. . . . The integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire are necessary to the maintenance of the tranquillity, the liberty, and the balance of power in the rest of Europe." THE INTEREST OF ENGLAND, at least, must remain unchanged, since to consult that, and that alone, has always been the avowed guide of Lord Palmerston's political conduct, and this statesman has given his approval of the war against Russia in defence of the Turkish Sultan.

But, the preservation of the balance of power in Europe—the protection of " our ancient ally," the Porte—justice and generosity towards a noble and oppressed people—and similar rhetorical flourishes, may all, summed up, be transposed into one plain truth : the necessity of preventing the ambitious and greedy Czar from seizing on Constantinople, and thereby bringing his Russian dominion into too close proximity to the British possessions in the East Indies. Were the clever, yet ruthless, designs of the Imperial Catherine to be carried out, and Turkey to become, not merely the vassal, but a province of Russia, that colossal power would not content itself with its vast tracts of land in the icy regions of Northern Asia, but would probably seek to add to them the rich and fertile territories of the south, now held with a strong hand, but not without some difficulty, by Great Britain.

To return, however, to our Danish author. Before giving, at any length, his ideas as to the state of Europe *in the future*, he takes a retrospective survey of the events of the past century, and those of the earlier part of the age in which we live. We will give a portion of this at least, as nearly as possible, in his own words:

“That nothing under the sun is lasting or immutable, is an axiom, of the truth of which there are no more convincing proofs to be obtained than those afforded by the course of political events. From the earliest period of history—not to speak of the destinies of commercial associations—states have been seen to rise and to fall, to increase and to decline in power and prosperity, in an everlasting stream of remarkable changes. If we cast a glance backwards, over the more recent past and the political arena of our own part of the world, Europe, we shall not be long in finding examples of the most striking extremes of the power inherent in political revolutions. Thus, while between three and four hundred years ago the southern European kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, making a wise and well-directed use of their means, and the fortunate circumstances in which they were placed, acquired, in a manner not alone astonishing to that age, by the conquest of half the world, an extraordinary degree of power and greatness, which threw far into the shade all the other nations of that period; in our days (having decayed during a couple of centuries) they have sunk into the most pitiable state of misery and weakness, so that Spain, once one of the mightiest, the richest, the most extensive, and most fortunately situated kingdoms in the world, taking the lead of all others in Europe, can now scarcely maintain its rank as a second-rate power—nay, has not even been able to prevent a fortress—important in a political and military point of view—on its own territory from being wrested from it by another power, and retained permanently in its occupation.

“Still earlier than the first date of the above-named events, rolled on from the East the tremendous Turkish power, and speedily swallowed up one of the greatest and most celebrated states in Europe, for a time even threatening to annihilate European civilisation and Christianity. But that power has sunk, by degrees, back into nothing, and Turkey is now, notwithstanding the vast regions that are still under its dominion, in a position of weakness that borders upon dissolution; and for a long time past it has only formed a subject for general calculation, how the space of which it consists can best be parcelled out and shared between the other European states. Nay, in the very century in which we live, we have seen, perhaps, one of the most wonderful facts history has to relate—how one mighty spirit, whose equal scarcely any land or any time has produced—by his own matchless genius, aided by the peculiar situation and circumstances into which he was thrown, created for himself an amount of political power and sway to which none had ever before attained; a power, however, which more suddenly than it had been acquired, sank into nothingness, when Providence had ordained the hero's fall.

“Even our own country, Denmark, offers without doubt, especially if we go back to its ancient history, a vivid example of the uncertainty and fluctuation of political matters.

“But if we somewhat more closely examine the period which has recently passed, especially the events of the last half of the bygone century, we will find during that time not only several in the greatest degree re-

remarkable and important political changes (doubtless a greater number and of more importance than had ever previously taken place in a similar extent of time), but likewise what would seem to be the commencement of, or preparation for, a complete revolution in the political affairs, not only of Europe, but also of all parts of the world. We see how, close upon the commencement of the last century, one of the many small principalities of Germany, assuming the name of a kingdom—the title of king having been granted by the then mighty German emperor to an insignificant and vain-glorious prince, as a harmless gratification, a childish plaything—began boldly to place itself alongside of the great European powers; and how this originally small state has been so astonishingly fortunate, has risen so rapidly, and has so much increased in importance, that the kingdom of PRUSSIA is now rightfully entitled to be classed among the five great powers of Europe.

“We see another of the new great empires, the most colossal of them all, owing principally to the surpassing abilities of one man who erected a power, which became more widely enlarged under his successors, come forth from its nook in the extreme verge of Europe, where, until then almost unmarked, and without much influence, it had played an inconsiderable and subordinate part, and with the greatest and most fortunate conquests from neighbouring powers, and with an energetic development of its own resources, soon acquire such a degree of might and influence, that scarcely any of the higher powers have so much to say, at the present day, in the great political circle as RUSSIA.

“About the middle of the eighteenth century commenced another, and one of the most remarkable political movements ever seen, namely, the English acquisitions in the distant East Indies, which, originating in a commercial speculation, increased so wonderfully, as speedily to become the foundation of a political power appertaining to Great Britain, in the richest and most magnificent countries of Asia—a dominion which has extended itself to such a degree, that (including the tributary or protected countries) it now spreads over a space containing more than 135,000,000 of human beings.

“Shortly after, another not less important event occurred, though very different in its character; we allude to the separation from Britain of the greatest part of the *ci-devant* English colonies in North America; which, feeling their own power, after a short and successful war, assisted by some of the European nations, threw off their allegiance to the mother country, and erected one of the most remarkable states that has ever existed in the world. The loss to Britain on that occasion was very great; but it is a loss for which she has amply compensated herself. The United States have since quadrupled their territories, and form at this day, short as has been the period of their independence, a power which can take its place along with the greatest, and which has already commenced playing a very imposing political part. The vast extent and importance of these American States and Asiatic possessions have caused the domain of European politics to be carried far beyond the boundaries of Europe to remote parts of the world, and thus to invest political life, in the future, with infinitely more extensive functions, and a much wider field of action. Soon after the loss of its American colonies, Great Britain commenced (in 1788) founding new settlements in

Australia, there also to establish that power, which already, in all quarters of the globe, has grown to such an amazing height.

"In contrast to the mighty and still rising powers just mentioned, we behold Poland, one of the most ancient and largest kingdoms of Europe, a noble nation, after having been ruined by weak monarchs and bad governments, become the object of the rapacious designs of three neighbouring powers; and, first plundered of its best provinces, then partitioned among its trio of oppressors, retain not even the name of a kingdom among the states of Europe."

Our Danish author goes on to give a concise but masterly historical sketch of the "dynasties of crowned heads which have reigned in Europe" since the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present time; with a catalogue of the wars and revolutions that have taken place, and the changes brought about by diplomacy during these 150 years. He remarks that most of the reigning sovereigns are either of German origin, or are connected by marriage with that country. Among these he names Austria, Prussia, Russia, and England, Denmark, Belgium, Greece, and Portugal. He continues: "The foregoing rapid survey of the greater political events which have taken place since the commencement of the last century, may lead us to the conclusion that the future political condition of Europe cannot, for a long time to come, be expected to arrive at a state which shall be exempt from great changes. For what reason have we to believe that the future shall be fraught with fewer and less important events than the period lately passed produced? On all sides there is enough to occasion, either upon party or general grounds, a still greater interruption to the maintenance of the, as yet, imperfect balance of power, or a breach of the peace of Europe. We see about half its nations in a state of political childhood, or minority; and either in the highest degree wronged, or by no means rightly treated. It is therefore not to be wondered at, that, though since 1815 there has been no general war in Europe, or none of the great powers have been brought into collision with each other, there has scarcely been a European state which has not been engaged in internal or external wars,* some of them bloody and obstinate wars, which have been principally caused by unfortunate and imperfect political relations."

According to Selmer, the weaker and the smaller states, which cannot defend themselves, are the apples of discord in Europe; therefore he would unceremoniously do away with them all. He thinks it would be very proper to annihilate all the small German principalities and petty dukedoms, and asks what is the use of such states as Anhalt, Lippe, Reuss, Lichtenstein, &c., &c., which are not larger than provinces, and very small provinces too; he ridicules the "Frankfort gathering" of 1848 and 1849, which, he says, was a failure; and the German Bund, inquiring what sincere unity there can be among such a medley of states and governments of all sizes, especially as one or two members of the association are large enough to swallow up all the rest.

Our author forgets that if the petty German States are good for

* "There has been war between Russia and Turkey, in France, in Poland, in Hungary, in Greece, in Italy, in Germany, in Denmark, in Holland and Belgium, in Spain, in Portugal; not to speak of the wars which England, Holland, France, Spain, and Russia, have carried on in their possessions out of Europe."

nothing else, they furnish husbands for the queens and princesses, and wives for the kings of the greater and more influential nations of Europe. They serve as nursery-grounds for royalty, and grow the trees from which descend the regal branches of the European world.

In contradistinction to the situation of the smallest states, our author dwells for a little time on the might and grandeur of England and the power of France. These two great western monarchies, he admits, both in their interior and their exterior resources, both in political and national development, are far ahead of the other leading states. "No people in the world," says he, "have ever spread themselves and their language, and their dominion, over so many regions distant from Europe, or have ever in commercial, industrial, and all useful matters, as well as in literature and in science, arrived at such a matchless height as the people of Great Britain."

He seems to consider Austria a great empire only in name, not in actual consolidated power, like England. "So far from being *one* great nation, it is composed of four totally distinct nations;—viz., the German, the Italian, the Magyar, and the Slavonic, having no sympathy or union of interests with each other; . . . the bitter fruits of such a political jumble are, the never-ceasing and openly-expressed discontents, and the fermentation of spirits in Austria's finest provinces, leading to the frequent insurrections that have so often not only threatened the integrity of the state, but have placed its very existence in danger, and which afford no prospect of repose in future."

In regard to Russia, its enormous size is commented on, as embracing the half of Europe, the third of Asia, and a large portion of America; throughout which no less than eighty different languages and dialects are spoken. But its subjugation of Poland, and that still brave people being held in unwilling bondage, forms an internal evil, more productive of weakness to Russia than bestowing additional strength on it. It is also to be observed, that the Tartar and other Asiatic tribes incorporated into the Russian empire are raw barbarians, totally unfit to be ranked with the civilised nations of Europe. Therefore Russia cannot be classed with those other great European states, who lean more or less on the power which is centred in the people; on not merely their physical strength, but on the mental superiority, on the spiritual cultivation, and on the patriotic feelings, of a self-sustaining population.

In Russia, Selmer says, the power of the state is centred in its chief; supported only by its military strength, which, the more absolute and the more unlimited it is, becomes the more subject to uncertainty and to change. As long as a vigorous, able, and energetic monarch holds the reins of the empire, and manages wisely the various departments under his control, so long will his power be enormous, even to an extent—it cannot be denied—remarks our author, of threatening to become dangerous to the rest of Europe. But there is not much in reality to fear; and should his situation change, or a weaker chief be placed at the head of the empire, it might possibly soon be made evident on what a slender foundation the overweening might of Russia is erected.

The readers of "*Selmer's Turkish Question*," should it happen to have any in England, will be disappointed that he gives no insight into, or opinion respecting, the probable conduct of Denmark in the approaching war. Hemmed in as the English and French Baltic fleets will be, between

the shores of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark, the attitude to be assumed by the three last-named powers must be a source of some solicitude. They will remain neutral if they can. If they cannot, doubtless their *interests*, rather than their *sympathies*, will decide the question. Speaking of Turkey, he says, "Let us now turn our attention to the south-eastern portion of Europe, which lies under the dominion of Turkey. We behold here a collection of rich and beautiful lands, in extent not much less than France, certainly larger than Spain, England, or Prussia, which formerly constituted one of the mightiest and most civilised realms of Europe, under the dominion of a barbarian Asiatic tribe, as far removed from European civilisation as it is inimical to Christianity."

After alluding to the past power of Turkey, and the period of the Crusades, when "the science of war in Europe was in its infancy," he dwells on the manner in which it has been dwindling away; how it has already been despoiled by Russia; on the independence of Moldavia and Wallachia, governed by their hospodars; and remarks that the very army of the Sultan is in such a condition as to require to be disciplined by foreign officers. He divides the inhabitants of European Turkey as follows:

Turks	1,100,000
Slavonians	7,200,000
Rumani, Moldavians, Wallachians	4,000,000
Arnaouts, Epirotes	1,500,000
Greeks	1,000,000
Armenians	400,000
Jews	70,000
Tartars	230,000
	<hr/>
	15,500,000

But according to their religion :

Mahometans	3,800,000
Greeks and Armenians	11,370,000
Catholics	260,000
Jews	70,000
	<hr/>
	15,500,000

Our Danish politician laments that the peace of Europe should be disturbed for the maintenance of a state which has already fallen into decay, and is, he thinks, doomed to extinction as a European power. He says: "At this moment the great powers are standing with arms in their hands, ready to compel Russia to loosen her grasp upon Turkey, and declarations are heard from Lords Russell and Palmerston, and other statesmen and diplomatists, that 'the integrity of Turkey in its present state is necessary for the preservation of the balance of power in Europe.' But should what we are seeking to prove be correct, that on the contrary, a dissolution and partition of the Turkish empire would lead to great and important results, and that the balance of power in Europe, far from being destroyed by such an event, would thereby be in a very different manner, and much more permanently settled; then it will surely be deeply to be lamented, that, perhaps at the most critical moment, the statesmen and diplomatists of Europe should close their eyes against the right solving of the Turkish question, and find it justifiable to involve

the whole of Europe in certainly a most dreadful, most bloody, and in its results, probably most unfortunate war, in order to maintain an equipoise that is of little consequence, and a state that, from its first existence, has been a blot upon Europe."

Yet, however weak, or however faulty the Porte may be, Russia has clearly no right to take upon itself to coerce it; and Russia's determination, in spite of treaties, and in spite of remonstrances from the leading states of Europe, to invade Turkey, proves that it is actuated by the love of plunder, and the desire of still farther extending its already unwieldy dominion. The Danish author, however, seems to think that, war or no war, the doom of Mahometan Turkey is sealed, and its downfall certain. But he does not strengthen his arguments by adverting to the fulfilment of prophecy. There are many in England who participate in his anticipation of the approaching downfall of Turkey, but most of those persons ground their belief on the interpretation of portions of the Scriptures. A part of the eleventh chapter of Daniel is pointed out, as applying to the overthrow of the Ottoman empire: "The king of the north shall come against him like a whirlwind, with chariots and horsemen, and with many ships; and he shall enter into the countries, and shall overthrow and pass over."

Again, that passage in the Revelation which speaks of the pouring out of the sixth vial is believed to refer to the destruction of Turkey as a kingdom. The Rev. Robert Fleming, a Scotch divine, in a work originally published in 1701, entitled "Apocalyptical Key," said: "Seeing that the sixth trumpet brought the Turks from beyond Euphrates, from their crossing which river they date their rise; this sixth vial dries up their waves and exhausts their power, as the means and way to prepare and dispose the eastern kings and kingdoms to renounce their heathenish and Mahometan errors, in order to their receiving and embracing Christianity." Fleming calculated that the Turkish monarchy would be totally destroyed between 1848 and 1900.

To those who read in the mysterious and veiled words of Scripture-prophecy the approaching dismemberment of Turkey and downfall of the Ottoman power, the aggressive acts of Russia in the Danubian provinces and the Black Sea must appear as the fulfilment of the designs of Providence: a belief which, fostered by the influence of the ecclesiastics of the Greek Church, is said to prevail to a great extent in Russia itself, and to create a kind of fanatical enthusiasm in favour of the war which now would seem inevitable.

Our author assigns to the settlement of the Eastern question vast and almost world-wide consequences; and in his eyes the settlement of this question, and the spoliation of Turkey, would seem one and the same thing. The annihilation of the Mahometan power in Europe, and the partition of the Ottoman empire among Christian states, he looks upon as the stepping-stone to the re-organisation of this quarter of the globe, and to a political adjustment and geographical division of Europe, which shall lead to, may ensure, permanent peace in future. Not the Emperor Nicholas himself insists more strongly (see Sir G. H. Seymour's published letters) on the positively "*dying*" state of Turkey, than does the Danish writer; both parcel out the possessions of the approaching defunct; but there is this difference between their arrangements, that whereas the Czar excludes France from any share of the spoils of the Mahometans,

the Dane more liberally bestows upon Napoleon III., or his successors on the French throne, Tunis and Tripoli, which with Algiers, already in the possession of the French, would give that people a territory "twice the size of their own France." And this happening, he concludes that, at some future period, France would still farther enlarge her African empire by the annexation to it of Morocco. Egypt, Syria, and the island of Cyprus, he would allot to Great Britain.

To the small kingdom of Greece, in compliment to its classical name and ancient glory, he proposes to make over Candia, and several other islands which have hitherto remained under the Turkish rule, and also the Ionian republic, which he seems to think it would be nonsense to preserve as a separate state. Bosnia, Servia, and Albania, ought to fall to the share of Austria. Moldavia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, Roumelia, Thrace, and Macedon, with the whole of Asia Minor—or the countries lying between the Mediterranean and the Black Seas—ought to be erected into an empire, which should take its name from *the Bosphorus*. The second son of the Emperor Nicholas should be placed at the head of this new state, and this would form the Russian portion of the booty. The lion's share, it must be confessed.

Having so far used the telescope of his imagination in seeing into the future, our author turns it from the doomed domains of expiring Turkey to countries and places nearer home. Thus, Spain and Portugal are to be amalgamated into one kingdom; but we are not told whether Madrid or Lisbon is to be the principal town, or whether the ancient Moorish capital is to be restored, and the magnificent Alhambra once more to become the luxurious abode of royalty. Poland is to be taken away from its plunderers, and re-erected into a kingdom. Prussia is to cede its Rhine provinces to Bavaria, and in return to get Saxony, Hanover, the two Mecklenburgs, Oldenburg, Brunswick, and all the tiny principalities, also the free town of Bremen. Hamburg, lying so close to Altona, and Lubeck, are to be delivered over to Denmark, which, being a maritime and commercial state, will know how to make good use of them. What would those "most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors" who form the senate of Hamburg, say to the proposition of transforming their wealthy city—the great representative of the once-celebrated Hanse Towns—into merely a commercial Scandinavian port? Not all the waters of the Elbe, and the Baltic to boot, could wash out the stain of such an affront to its dignity and self-importance!

It is needless to follow our author farther, in tracing out his new map of Europe. If the mantle of the ancient Scandinavian Sibyl, the prophetess Vola, have fallen upon the Dane—though his work is not quite another Voluspa*—we will hope that *her* words, "All adverse things shall become prosperous," may be realised in *his* prediction of a future state of permanent peace in Europe. Soon may this happy period arrive! But if, in the mean time, there must be war, as we do not belong to that *amiable* humbug, the Peace Society, we earnestly pray that the combined armies and fleets of France and England may be everywhere successful, and that the black eagles of usurping Russia may speedily be humbled to the dust!

* The Voluspa, or Oracle of the Prophetess Vola, and the Edda, are the two great repositories of the traditions of Pagan Scandinavia.

SCHAMYL.

THE WARRIOR PROPHET OF THE CAUCASUS.

FOR more than thirty years the attention of Europe has been attracted to a struggle carried on by both parties with such bravery and perseverance as hardly meet with their parallel in the history of all ages and nations. The contest in the Caucasus is, in the eyes of every impartial observer, at least as justifiable as that of the French against the Arabs, or of the English against the Kafirs, but still this fact does not in any way lessen the renown of the chieftains who have been contending for their belief and their nationality. Schamyl, the dauntless leader and Prophet of the Circassians, is, even more than Abd-el-Kader, an object of admiration to all those who follow his career with attention. At the present moment, when the Caucasus may again become the scene of many a hard-fought contest, our readers will probably owe us thanks for making them acquainted with such facts as we have been enabled to collect about Schamyl, the SULTAN, WARRIOR, and PROPHET of the Caucasus.

There is little doubt but that religious fanaticism is the soul of the contest, which compels the mountaineers of the Caucasus—enclosed on all sides as they are by enemies—to hold the sword ever unsheathed in their hands, if they desire to escape destruction. But this fanaticism is far from being of the nature we might anticipate among barbarians; on the contrary, the “barbarians” of the Caucasus possess theological schools, which are unsurpassed for the boldness of their ideas and their inexorable logic. A fusion of warm feelings of nationality and religion must produce in any temperament that admires solitude a certain propensity to mysticism, and mystics of this nature have existed among the Lesghis and Tchetchenzes for the last thirty years. The dogmas of the Muhammadan theologians and philosophers were known to the Caucasian professors of religion, and the doctrine of trances, or transfiguration, termed Sufism, from its founder, Sufi—whose devotees asserted that they could carry on immediate communication with God—had penetrated into these warlike regions from Persia, and enkindled the glowing embers of patriotism. Sunk in these intoxicating visions, the Ulemas of Daghistân founded, as it were, a new religion, and gave it a form, in which the two ancient sects of Omar and Ali disappear, and which at the present moment forms the foundation of the state raised by Schamyl.

We will here remark, however, that this religious fanaticism, although the most material, is not the sole support of Schamyl’s power. The fear of his iron rule has probably effected as much as religion in retaining the different villages under his dominion, for he punishes traitors and rebels with the utmost severity. We should err in fancying that all the tribes in subjection to him are satisfied with his rule. He raises regular and irregular contributions in the shape of money, men, and provisions, which are at times felt to be very oppressive. Every tenth man is bound to join his banner, and the others to hold themselves in readiness to obey his first summons. Each family pays an annual impost of one silver ruble, and the tithes of the harvest are carried into the chief’s storehouses.

Schamyl was born in the aul, or village, of Himri, in the year 1797, and was thirty-seven years of age when he became the leader of the Tchetchenzes. Even in his early youth he was distinguished by his un-

bending spirit, his serious, reserved demeanour, by his pride and ambition. His originally rather weak person he strengthened and hardened by gymnastic exercises. He frequently spent whole days in utter solitude, and the wise Mullah Jihl Eddin inflamed him with a love for the Koran. The Mullah, initiated in the doctrines of Sufi, aroused religious enthusiasm in his disciple, and prepared him for mighty deeds. This education bore its fruit, and from the day when Schamyl stepped forth as the successor of Hamed Bey, every forehead was bowed before the presence of the Master. Schamyl, however, is a worthy leader of the fiery sect which chose him as their prophet. He is of the middle height, with light, almost red, hair—especially his beard, which is now becoming grey—has grey eyes, a regularly shaped nose, and a small mouth. An extraordinary calmness, which deserts him least of all in the hour of danger, pervades his whole demeanour, and he addresses prisoners or traitors without a trace of excitement or thirst for revenge. He is convinced that his actions and words are the immediate inspirations of the Deity: he eats little, drinks only water, sleeps but a few hours, and passes his hours of relaxation in reading the Koran and praying; but when he speaks he has, as the Daghistani poet, Berek Bey, says, “lightning in his eyes, and flowers on his lips.” He is, in truth, a perfect master of that Oriental eloquence which is adapted to inflame the Mussulman people, and the exaggerations, which the Russian generals are guilty of in their proclamations, are far inferior to his.

During the first few years, Schamyl resided in the little fortress of Achulko, where, strange to say, he had a two-storied house built entirely after the European fashion by Russian deserters and prisoners. Here he lived in such poverty that his soldiers were forced to procure him the necessary provisions, and still the power of religious enthusiasm made him as omnipotent as if he had had an El Dorado at his disposition. He needs only to make a sign, and his Murides are prepared to fight to the death. Not one of the Daghistani chiefs, his predecessors, was ever held in such reverence. Even Sheikh Mansur, who bore the standard of revolt through the whole of the Caucasus, was merely a celebrated and greatly feared warrior: but Schamyl is not only General and Sultan of the Tchetchenzes, but their Prophet also; and Daghistân's battle-cry has been since 1834: “Muhammad is Allah's first Prophet, and Schamyl his second!”

At the very moment when General Grabbe fancied that he had annihilated Schamyl and his renown by the destruction of Achulko, the power of the daring chieftain rose to the highest point. We may imagine the effect caused by the appearance of the prophet among the mountaineers, who had just received information of the entire destruction of the fortress! They had already believed that He must be buried beneath the ruins, and suddenly he stood there among them, as if raised from the dead! It was impossible any longer to doubt his divine mission, and a victory could scarce have done him more service than his heroic defeat had effected! After the loss of Achulko, Schamyl formed the determinations of preaching the crusade to the Circassians, and summoning them to share in the campaign. He had not succeeded in a similar attempt which he had made in 1836 upon the Avarians, who were thoroughly subjected to Russia. He had hoped to effect an union of the Caucasians.

of the Black Sea with those of the Caspian, for the latter had by degrees—with the sole exception of the Avarians—collected under his standard, and formed but one nation. If he had succeeded in inducing the Circassians to recommence the war simultaneously with the Tchetchenzes, a dreadful blow could have been dealt to the Russian power. Schamyl proceeded in person to the Ubichis and Adighis, but, though honourably received, he produced no satisfactory result. Hatred of the Russians is indubitably a powerful bond connecting the tribes on both sides of the Caucasus, but long-enduring jealousies between the various tribes have loosened this bond. Besides this, there was another considerable impediment to the united action which the courageous chieftain desired to promote, in the difference of the languages; and Schamyl was only comprehended by the chieftains and mullahs, as he was obliged to preach the crusade in the Turkish language, and consequently could not impart that force to his eloquence which he is usually wont to manifest.

After the great defeat of the Russians at Dargo, the Black Sea Circassians, excited by the news of Schamyl's victories, made several attacks on their side upon the Russians, and broke more than once through the line of defence, which was guarded by the Cossacks. They even took four fortresses, but were satisfied with plundering them, and did not leave a garrison in them. Two or three successful *razzias* on the part of the Russians, however, compelled the Circassians to confine themselves once again to their system of passive resistance. When Prince Woronzoff assumed the chief command in the Caucasus, Schamyl was no longer the obscure chieftain he had been while following Hamsad Bey. His power was now immense. The Avarians, the Kumuks, and other tribes, were overpowered by the eloquence of the prophet, and forgot their old enmity in order to unite with the Lesghis and Tchetchenzes. Originally lord of a proportionately small number of tribes, he had now become the absolute ruler of a whole people. It is evident that, in order to produce such a result, the most strenuous exertions of a political and practiced genius must be presumed.

Schamyl, however, is not merely a brave warrior, but at the same time a wise legislator; and this was necessary to create and organise a nation, for his task was to subjugate the smaller princes, to found a theocratic monarchy in the midst of the barbarity of partial slavery, to reconcile hostile tribes, to give them all one faith, to accustom wild horsemen to regular tactics, and to introduce permanent institutions. And all this he really effected. The new doctrines which he announced reconciled the sects of Omar and Ali; his victories blinded the sons of the mountain and humiliated the pride of their princes. The tribes which had coalesced for one and the same religious war were united by him beneath one and the same civil law, and the old territorial distinctions disappeared.

At the present moment the country which Schamyl possesses is divided into twenty provinces, each of which is administered by a Naïb, or governor. These Naïbs are not all invested with equal authority, but only four, the most intimate and trustworthy friends of the prophet, are regarded as sovereign lords of their subjects, while the others must first lay their decrees before the supreme chief for confirmation. A masterpiece of cleverly contrived precision is found in the organisation of the army, which is perfectly designed to render discipline possible, without

quenching the martial flame. Each Naïb provides three hundred horsemen for the state, and the conscription is effected in such a fashion that one horseman is taken from every ten families, and that family which furnishes him is free from all taxes as long as the soldier lives, while his equipment and support falls to the charge of the other nine families. These compose the standing army; but, in addition, there is a national guard, or militia. All male inhabitants of a village are exercised from their fifteenth to their twentieth year in the management of arms and in riding. Their especial duty is to defend their villages, if assailed, but, whenever it is requisite, they follow the prophet upon his remotest expeditions. Every rider of the line then commands the ten families, whose representative he is.

Hamsad Bey was the first to form a separate corps of Russian and Polish deserters, among whom there were several officers. Schamyl has greatly increased and improved it, and it now consists of 4000 men of nearly every nation. His body-guard, however, is composed of a thousand chosen Murides, who receive a monthly pay of about six shillings and a share of the booty. These guardsmen are called *Murtosigati*, and all the auls strive for the honour of having several warriors in this chosen band. Schamyl, who is well aware that the Oriental fancy is easily imposed upon by pomp, never leaves his residence without an escort of 500 men, though, on the other hand, it is asserted that the discontent felt in several provinces against his authority is so excessive, that he dare not appear in public without a numerous escort.

It needs scarcely to be mentioned that Schamyl seeks to derive as much advantage as possible from the credulity of the mountaineers. Whenever an important expedition is to be undertaken, he retires to a grotto or mosque, where he passes entire weeks in fasting and in communion with Allah. When he leaves his solitude again, he openly proclaims the result of his communications with the Deity. He has introduced the postal system through the whole of Daghistân: besides this, every village must keep several horses constantly in readiness for the transmission of state messages, and couriers, who must be provided with a pass countersigned and sealed by the Naïb, travel immense distances with almost fabulous celerity. In the arrangements of his army he has so far imitated the Russians, that he has introduced orders, honorary distinctions, and grades. The leaders of a hundred men, who are distinguished for their bravery, receive round silver medals with poetical inscriptions; the leaders of three hundred men triangular medals; and those commanding five hundred men, silver epaulettes. Previously to 1842, the only marks of distinction were sabres of honour, which were worn on the right side. At present the leaders of a thousand men have the rank of captains, and those of a larger body are generals. Cowards have a piece of felt sewn on the arm or the back.

Schamyl's revenue originally consisted only of the booty, a fifth portion of which has been the chieftain's share since time immemorial; but lately a regular system of taxation has been introduced. Those tracts of land which were in former times granted to the monks, and only benefited the priests and dervishes, have now become the property of the state; the priests receive as a compensation a regular salary, while those dervishes suited for warfare are incorporated in the militia, but the useless ones

have been expelled from Daghistân. Schamyl's most distinguished comrades in arms are Achwerdu Muhammad, Schwail Mullah, and Ulubey Mullah. The punishment for civil and military crimes, for robbery, murder, treason, cowardice, &c., are carefully arranged in a code drawn up by the prophet himself, and the punishment of death is inflicted in three different methods and degrees of severity, according to the atrocity of the crime.

We cannot refrain from quoting in this place the report of a citizen of Mosdok, touching his visit to Dargy Vedenno, Schamyl's residence, which appeared in the *Abeille du Nord* of the 18th and 19th December last, as it furnishes a faithful picture of the mode of life in this inaccessible spot. It is as follows :

"At the beginning of May, 1848, I arrived with a military convoy at the fortress of Vosdvichenkaïa, introduced myself to Colonel, now Major-General Möller-Sakomelski, and told him of my determination of visiting the Tchetchna, in order to see my cousin Uluhanova, who had been carried off in 1840 by the Tchetchenzes, in a foray, from Mosdok, and had afterwards been selected as one of Schamyl's wives. The colonel allowed me to enter into communication with the spies, and through them I commenced a correspondence, at first with the Naïbs Duba-Saadullah and Dalchik and then through the Naïb Duba with Schamyl himself. The Naïbs answered me, that, without the permission of their Imâm, they could not approach the fortress. But when I applied directly to Schamyl, three days after my letter had been sent off the Naïb Duba sent a messenger to me, with a declaration in Schamyl's name that several confidential men, the Naïb Duba himself, the favourite and privy councillor of Schamyl, Egie Hadji, the eldest of the villages of Datchen Barsa, and Ulaskart, should be sent to meet me, and serve as my escort to the residence of the Imâm.

"When I was informed that Schamyl's deputation had arrived within four versts of the fortress, I took leave of the colonel, who warned me against the peril I was exposing myself to : dressed myself in Tchetchni clothing, and left the fortress in the company of two well-mounted men from the subjected Tchetchni village of Ulaga. One of my companions was my Kunak (guest-friend) the Tchetchenze, Sisa. Along the ravine of the Argun I approached Schamyl's envoys, and when I had arrived within gunshot of them, we discussed the question as to which of us should advance. The Tchetchenzes would not go further, and they replied to my request that they should deliver me from their hands into those of their co-religionists, and introduce me to them ; that they were deadly enemies of Schamyl's people, and, consequently, could not have anything to do with them. Upon this, I spoke to them again, and reminded them that, according to their Muhammadan law, a Kunak would sooner die than leave his friend in danger. Sisa was convinced by my arguments, and determined to follow me, but my other companion remained behind. When I approached Schamyl's envoys, with all proper caution, and arrived about fifty yards from them, I asked my comrade if he recognised any one of them. Sisa replied that he only knew one, the Naïb Duba, who was distinguished from the others by his yellow turban.

" 'You are welcome, Naïb Duba,' I cried aloud in Tchetchni, saluting him from afar. 'You are welcome, guest of the Lord !' the Naïb replied

to me, and we gradually approached one another, though both exercising the most extreme caution, as we apprehended an ambush. When I had drawn considerably nearer to the Naib, I galloped up and extended my hand to him: we exchanged salutations in the Tchetchni fashion, and then similar salutations passed between myself and Egie Hadji, who wore a white turban.

"After various salutations and congratulations, Egie Hadji asked whether I intended to go straight to Schamyl, or only send him a message through them. I replied that I had no message to send to their chief, but wished to see him and his wife, my cousin, and I consequently requested the honoured Naibs to conduct me to their Imâm. They said they would gladly fulfil my request. I then turned to my companions, who had already gone some distance, but could still hear me say, 'Farewell; go back and pay my respects to Colonel Möller.'

"When I had gone about half a verst with my new companions, I saw behind a tall monumental mound (kurgan) fourteen Tchetchenese: they were the Naibs' guard, who soon joined us. I had to give each of them my hand, and exchange salutations with them all, saying: 'You young people, will you really conduct me in safety to your chieftain?' 'We will attempt it,' the horsemen replied; then fell back some distance, and sang in a loud deafening voice a hymn, which is termed, 'La illa ill' Allah!'

"We then continued our journey merrily into the hills, and soon crossed an arm of the Argun, which divides here into three branches. On the road we frequently passed the farms of hostile Tchetchenese, which are here called 'Kutan.' Our road was bad, at times very fatiguing, so that we were forced to travel chiefly on foot, as the road led continually up and down hill and through a dense forest. In the forest we saw wild hogs, which collect in vast herds, and live on the bark of the plane-tree (Tchinar). The latter grow in immense numbers and attain an extraordinary height. The most fatiguing portion of the journey was the passage of the Sbüt Mountain: we were all obliged to scale it on foot, and one of the escort led my horse. I conjectured, and my opinion was subsequently confirmed, that I was purposely led by this fatiguing route: for they suspected that I wanted to make notes of the country and the roads. It was not till the seventh day that we reached the village of Datchen Barsa, where the Naib Duba resides, in whose house I passed the night. In the court-yard I noticed a solitary cannon, which a sentinel was guarding.

"Soon after our arrival, all the inhabitants of the village came to the abode of the Naib, among them Egie Hadji and Tchuka, Duba's father: they seated themselves in the upper story of the house and drank Russian tea beneath an open gallery, which they call here *tchardag*. We were witnesses of the merry behaviour of the Naib's servants towards the crowd of curious natives who filled the house: they eventually armed themselves with sticks, attacked the mob, and drove them away with the words: 'Who are you? what do you want? Did you never see a Russian before?'

"We passed the evening in pleasant conversation; I had excellent food given me, and a separate sleeping apartment. The next morning we started again, passed over terrible mountains, and crossed another branch

of the Argun in the vicinity of Ulaskart, where Tajir resides. We made no stay here, but again passed a hill and arrived at the village of Mchta-jurt. On the other side of the latter we again reached fruitful hills, forests, rocks, and precipices, and all these impediments had to be surmounted before we at last reached an immense valley, in the centre of which is situated the village of Vedanno. To the east, about four versts from this village, we perceived a small opening in the mountains, bounded to the right by wooded hills, on the left by a terrible ravine, through which the Chikla flows. In the centre of this opening a plateau was visible, upon which stood a castle surrounded by various buildings. This inaccessible spot is called Dargy-Vedanno, and is Schamyl's residence.

"In the castle there is only one gate, and opposite this gate within the fortress is a tower with a single gun to defend the entrance. Schamyl's castle is surrounded by two rows of heavy upright posts driven firmly into the soil, between which clay has been stamped in. Somewhat to the right of the fortress is a separate village for the Murides, and at a short distance from that a powder magazine, defended by a guard. Before the fortress lies a small aul, where artisans principally reside, and among them there is even a watchmaker. A stream has been led from the hills into the centre of the fortress, and collected in a huge tank, which is called the 'Bathing-place,' as the men and horses usually bathe in it. The water flows from the tank into a precipitous ravine, and thence to the Chikla stream. At a short distance from this spot is the provision store, filled with a stock of maize, corn, and millet. All this is preserved in large casks.

"I reached Dargy-Vedanno on the evening of the seventh day, and was lodged in the house of Egie Hadji. On the first day Schamyl did not receive me, because no information had yet been collected as to the cause of my arrival, and Schamyl suspected I might have come with some special commission from the subjected auls. This information was being collected during three days, and for the whole of that time I hovered between life and death; because in the event of unfavourable reports about me, my death would have been inevitable. However, I was well treated, as regarded eating and drinking, and although I trembled with apprehension, I retained my external calmness. On the third day Schamyl invited me to supper in his 'Stranger's House,' where those usually dine who are on intimate terms with the Imâm. This house is in the centre of the fortress. Here I was received after the Mussulman fashion in a very hospitable manner. Towards the end of the repast pillau was served up, and I noticed, to my astonishment, that all the guests—and there were a score of them—after eating the pillau, grew very excited, wrinkled their foreheads angrily, and began to regard me in a most hostile fashion. In astonishment and extreme terror I thought to myself: 'Have they treated you so well hitherto in order to cut off your head afterwards?' Still, in spite of these thoughts, I retained my external calm bearing, was silent, regarded my companions, and finally consoled myself with the reflection: 'It is probably the fashion among them to look angry after eating pillau, and whisper in each other's ear.' I attempted to address some questions to my next-hand neighbours, but no one returned me an answer.

"After the pillau, small cakes were handed round, made of maize flour,

and very nicely prepared. These formed the dessert, and while my comrades were still seated with rather gloomy looks, the little cakes were offered me a second time. I declined them with the remark that I had eaten enough, to which the host replied: 'Eat, your cousin prepared them for you!' 'Ah,' I said, 'if that is the case, I shall eat them with pleasure.' I took a considerable quantity, and begged that my cousin should be thanked in my name for her trouble. During all this time my companions sat as gloomy as before: they continued to regard me menacingly, until at last a young Muride entered the room and made some remark in the mountain dialect. Upon this all entirely altered their behaviour towards me, addressed their conversation to me, and even their highest Achund, who sat next to me, acted in a most friendly manner.

"Afterwards I discovered all that had then seemed so enigmatical to me. It appeared that, during the repast, my cousin was led into an adjoining room, regarded me through a window, and had been asked if she recognised me. At first she did not know me, and replied to the questioner: 'Are you out of your senses—that is not my brother!' Then she begged, however, that they should get me to speak, and when I, suspecting nothing, spoke with the person who offered me the cakes, she recognised me by my voice, and then declared I was not her brother,* but her cousin, and at last mentioned my name. My face, which had greatly changed during the eight years of our separation, and my dress resembling that of the mountaineers, naturally led my cousin astray, and had she not hit on the idea of hearing my voice, I should have been taken for a daring impostor, perhaps for a spy, and could not have escaped death.

"After this we remained a long while at table, and the chief Mullah, or Achund, by name Adchioff Kadi, spoke kindly with me, and was evidently cross-questioning me. After supper I went to my lodgings in the house of Egie Hadji, where I remained till the next day. I now felt more confident, and asked Egie to accompany me on a stroll through the village. During this walk we went to the aul, visited all the artisans, and as I wished to try the skill of the watchmaker, I asked him to put a new glass in my watch. He did so in a first-rate manner. From the aul we went to the powder magazine and other buildings, and soon after our return I received an invitation to dine with Schamyl. I fancied that I should see Schamyl on this occasion; but he did not make his appearance, and the guests consisted of some Naïbs who had lately arrived, in number about five-and-twenty. After the meal I turned to the chief Achund with the words: 'If I am not worthy to approach the sublime person of your Imâm, so allow me at least the honour of praying for your intercession that I may see my cousin.' 'God will allow you to see her,' the Achund replied, and then we returned to our quarters. But I had hardly reached Egie Hadji's house, when Schamyl's secretary brought a message to my host to lead me directly to the place where I should see my cousin. Egie Hadji bade me take a dagger, himself carried a musket, and we went to the middle fortress, where the wives and treasure of the Imâm are kept. His two wives live in separate houses, which have balconies after the European fashion. At the gate of the middle fortress, which

* In Russia sisters' children are called brother and sister, but to this is added "of the second generation" (dvojurodny).

must not be confounded with the external fortifications, we found two Murides on guard, one without, the other within, the gateway. Schamyl never neglects any precautionary measures: he never goes to pray in the mosque except in the centre of his Murides, who are drawn up in two ranks and armed with sabres. In the court of the keep I saw four mountain guns, and several similar pieces of artillery on the walls.

"My cousin's apartment was adorned with carpets, and contained chairs and ottomans, resembling the Georgian *tachta*. My cousin came to meet us from another room, accompanied by six females. I bowed to them, and Egie Hadji remained on the threshold. My cousin inquired after my health, then we seated ourselves on the *tachta* and the chairs. In a few minutes my cousin's companions rose one after the other to salute me, but their faces were veiled. After the termination of the mutual salutations they bowed and quitted the room, in which only my cousin, myself, and my companion remained. I then begged her, in Armenian, to unveil; but she replied, in Kumuk, that, although she understood me, she might make some mistake, and therefore begged me to converse with her in Kumuk. I perceived her anxiety lest I might be suspected of imparting some secret to her, and I therefore immediately explained to Egie Hadji that I had begged my cousin, in Armenian, to uncover her face; at the same time I requested him to join his persuasion to mine. Egie walked up to her, and said, in the mountain dialect, 'Mother! as according to our customs a woman may never unveil except before her brothers, so regard me as your younger brother, and unveil your countenance as a recompense to our guest for the fatigue he has undergone in scaling our hills for the purpose of seeing you.' I repeated the same request after Egie, and my cousin decided on removing her veil. Our conversation now became more animated, she asked after all her relations, when suddenly a door opened, my cousin hurriedly resumed her veil—and Schamyl entered the room.

"I sprang up from my chair, Egie Hadji reverentially kissed the Imâm's hand; but when I tried to follow his example, Schamyl would not permit it, but seated himself on a *tachta*, bade me do the same, and then began inquiring about the health of our friends. Schamyl is a stately man, of serious aspect, with bright red hair, and large eyes; on his face I noticed some freckles, and his beard is dyed red. His dress consisted of a dark silk jacket (*beshmet*) and a red cloth cloak, resembling those which the higher Muhammadan clergy wear. On his head he wore a little red fez with a large tassel hanging down on one side. On a previous occasion, when I saw him going to the mosque, I had noticed a large turban on his head.

"As soon as I had seated myself on the *tachta*, Schamyl asked me, in elegant language, if I had arrived without accident, whether the road over the mountains had pleased me, and for what purpose I had come. I replied, that the mountains had certainly been picturesque, but the roads so bad that, if I had known it before, I should not have undertaken the journey. The sole purpose of my journey was to visit my cousin and see how she fared. Schamyl again inquired from whom I had received permission to travel in the Tchetchna?

" 'I was so fortunate,' I said, 'as to receive your own permission to visit you.'

"To this Schamyl remarked, 'I would give many persons such a permission, but I do not know who would dare to undertake the journey.'

" 'May God be with you!' I replied; 'my journey to you depended on myself, but my return will depend on your will and favour.'

"When Schamyl heard this, he smiled and said, 'Well, so be it; but I fancy that no one will have the courage for some time to undertake such an enterprise.'

"Upon this Schamyl made inquiries about the French, Hungary, and our army. I replied as well as I was able, concisely and clearly; then I took courage to ask the Imâm if he would receive a present from me according to our custom? 'Why not?' he replied. I thereon drew a lady's gold watch from my pocket and presented it to my cousin; and then handed a gold chronometer with a chain to Schamyl. But he would not take the present from my hands, and my cousin told me to lay the chronometer on the *tachta*, which I did. 'Is it then really the custom,' Schamyl asked, 'among you to give and receive presents?' I answered in the affirmative. After conversing with me for half an hour in the Kumuk language, Schamyl rose and left the room. My cousin upon this unveiled again. Towards evening a repast was served of tea, apples, pears, and grapes. I was surprised at seeing fresh grapes in the month of May, but my cousin told me they had a manner of preserving them until the next vintage.

"After remaining till nightfall we took leave of my cousin, and I went away, accompanied by Egie, who strictly warned me not to tell any one that I had spoken with the Imâm, adding, 'If any one asks, merely say you have seen your cousin, but when you have quitted us you can say what you like.'

" 'Why so,' I asked; 'do you fancy your companions would laugh at me?'

" 'Not only would they not laugh, but would kill you if you let them know you have met Schamyl.'

"I begged Egie Hadji to explain the meaning of this warning, and he said, 'You have eaten twice with the Naïbs, but why did you not see Schamyl on either occasion at the meal? Because, according to the laws of our clergy, the Imâm dare not sit at table with a Giaour. Now you understand; but if you want to retire with a whole skin, keep a bridle on your tongue for a season.'

"The next day I requested permission to depart, and wished to take leave of my cousin. Instead of any answer to my prayer, I received a horse as a present from Schamyl, and his secretary told me that I should have thirty men as an escort, and the Naïb Duba had received orders to convoy me to the neighbourhood of the fortress. On the following morning we set out, and as my companions on this occasion chose another and much nearer route, I reached my home in comfort on the evening of the same day."

How far Schamyl's fanaticism is carried in its terrible consequences is shown by the following occurrence, which was told a Russian officer by one of Schamyl's most confidential Murides.

In the year 1843 the inhabitants of the greater and smaller Tchetchkna, who were shut in on all sides by the Russians, determined on sending a deputation to Schamyl with the prayer, either to send them a sufficient

number of warriors to expel the Russians out of their country, where they had erected a fort, and were making preparations to settle; or, if this were not possible, to give them authority to become subjects of the Russian Government, as their means for further resistance were utterly exhausted.

For a long while no amateurs were found to undertake such a ticklish task, for it was risking life to appear in Schamyl's presence with a proposition of this nature. The Tchetchenzes were consequently forced to choose the deputation by lot, and this fell on four inhabitants of the village of Gunoi. They commenced their journey boldly, but the nearer they drew to the village of Dargo the higher grew the feeling of self-preservation. They took counsel of each other several times without hitting on any plan which afforded a hope of success. At last the eldest of the deputies said to his companions, "There is only one person, I have heard, who has a decided influence over the Imâm, and dares to utter words before him which would entail death upon any other. This is his mother: my Kunak, Hassim Mullah, in Dargo, will gladly assent to introduce us to her, especially if we give him a portion of the present we have brought." The other deputies were delighted with the proposition, and gave their companion entire liberty of action. On their arrival in Dargo they were hospitably received by their Kunak, who was at first horrified by their proposition, but was mollified by the sight of the hundred pieces of gold they offered him, and eventually consented to speak on the subject with the khanum.

Hassim Mullah went to the khanum, an aged woman, revered universally for her generosity, but who liked money, and she expressed her willingness to speak to her son on the subject, though fully aware of the danger to which she exposed herself. On the same evening she entered her son's apartment, who, with the Koran in his hand, was despatching his Murides with inflammatory messages to some of the tribes. In spite of this pressing business, which he did not like to defer, he gave his mother the audience for which she so earnestly entreated, and retired with her to an apartment, where their conversation lasted till midnight. What actually took place between them was never known, and when Hassim Mullah went the next morning to the khanum to hear what she had effected, he found her pale and with tears in her eyes.

"My son," she said, in a trembling voice, "does not dare to decide himself how he should reply to this question of subjugation to the Giaurs. He has, therefore, gone to the mosque, in order to await with prayers and fasting the moment when the mighty prophet will reveal his pleasure to him by his own lips."

Schamyl had really shut himself up in the mosque, after issuing an order that all the inhabitants of Dargo should assemble round the building, and await there in prayer his reappearance. At this summons the whole village flocked up and surrounded the mosque, praying and weeping. But thrice four-and-twenty hours passed, many of the worshippers sank from hunger and watching, until at length the gates opened, and Schamyl appeared, pale and with careworn features. After whispering a few words to one of the bystanding Murides, he mounted the flat roof of the mosque, whither several Murides accompanied him. Here he remained standing silently for a few minutes, while all the people

looked up to him with timid expectation, and the deputies from the Tchetchna scarcely dared to breathe.

Suddenly, the Muride sent off by Schamyl returned, in the company of the khanum, and led her also on to the roof of the mosque. The Imâm bade her stand opposite to him, and then said, as he raised his swollen eyes to Heaven :

"Mighty Prophet! thrice holy are Thy commands! Thy will be done!"

He then turned to the people, and spoke in a loud and distinct voice :

"Inhabitants of Dargo! Terrible is the decree, what I now have to announce to you. The Tchetchenzes have formed the horrible plan of subjecting themselves to the dominion of the Giaurs, and in their boldness sent deputies hither to demand my consent. These messengers were well aware how villanous their proposition was; hence they did not dare to appear before me, but applied to my unfortunate mother, who, a weak woman, yielded to their entreaties, and informed me of their criminal desire. My tender affection for a beloved mother, and her earnest entreaties, rendered me so bold that I undertook to ask Muhammad himself, the favourite of God, for his decision. I have implored the judgment of the Prophet, fasting and praying for three days and nights. He has vouchsafed me an answer, but what a thunderstroke for me! By Allah's will, the first who announced to me the criminal request of the Tchetchenzes must be punished by one hundred blows of the scourge—and this first person was—alas! that I must say it!—my mother!"

When the poor old woman heard her name mentioned, she uttered a terrible cry; but Schamyl was inexorable. The Muride tore off the khanum's long veil, bound her to a pillar, and Schamyl himself raised the whip to inflict the terrible punishment. At the fifth blow the khanum fell down dead, and Schamyl hurled himself with a heartrending cry at her feet.

Suddenly, however, he sprang up again, and his eyes sparkled with an expression of joy. He then said in a solemn voice :

"God is God and Muhammad is his Prophet! He has heard my fervent prayers, and permits me to take on myself the remainder of the severe punishment to which my poor mother was condemned. I do it joyfully, and recognise in it, oh holy Prophet! an invaluable sign of Thy grace!"

And quickly, and with a smile, he threw off his upper garments, and ordered two of his Murides to give him the remainder of the stripes. They did so, and covered the naked back of their lord with ninety-five bleeding weals without his moving a feature. After the last blow he reassumed his clothing, quickly walked down from the top of the mosque, joined the crowd which was trembling from speechless astonishment and horror, and asked in a calm, measured voice :

"Where are the culprits for whose sake my mother underwent this terrible punishment? Where are the deputies from the Tchetchna?"

"Here, here!" a hundred voices shouted; and the next instant the unhappy victims were dragged to the feet of their fanatic lord.

No one doubted but that a terrible death impended over the four Tchetchenzes, and several Murides had already drawn their heavy sabres, in order to be prepared at the first word of the Imâm to execute the sentence. The Tchetchenzes lay with their faces on the ground: they whispered in the sure expectation of death their dying prayers, and did

not dare to lift their heads and entreat a pardon, which they considered impossible. Schamyl, however, raised them with his own hand, bade them be of good cheer, and said :

“ Return to your people, and in reply to their criminal and unconsidered demand, tell them all you have seen and heard here.”

It need scarcely be stated, that no embassy ever again appeared in Dargo with a similar object, for it was now known what might be expected from a man who did not hesitate to sacrifice the life of a beloved mother, or even his own, to his policy.

The present outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Turkey has again enkindled the war in the Caucasus. Sheikh Schamyl has announced to Omar Pacha that he is ready, at the head of 20,000 warriors, to act in union with him. Simultaneously, Sifar Bey, a celebrated Circassian chief, who was imprisoned for twenty years in Adrianople, has found his way to the coast of the Black Sea, in order to organise an insurrection among his countrymen.

Abd-ul-Medjid, perceiving the error of his predecessors, who, by yielding the coast of the Black Sea to the Russians, decided the fate of the Circassians, has now concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with Schamyl. Guyon has lately captured Fort St. Nicholas, though not without a considerable loss, which was in some measure compensated by the immense amount of stores found in the fortress. If the Turks carry on the war in Georgia strenuously, the Tchetchenzes will undoubtedly play an important part, and affairs in the Caucasus will undergo a change, which will either realise or annihilate for ever the hopes of Schamyl's friends. That the wild Sons of the Mountains have been long prepared for the latter eventuality, is seen from the remarks made to Mr. Bell by Hamsad Bey, Schamyl's predecessor :

“ If Turkey and England desert us—when all our powers of resistance are exhausted, then we will burn our houses and our property, strangle our wives and children, and retire to our precipices, to die there fighting to the very last man !”

TRAVELS IN RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.*

MR. HILL being at that celebrated fair at Nishni Novgorod, the description of which and of the Tartar city of Kazan constitute the staple of one half the books of travel in Russia ; and being on such good terms with the governor of the city—a prince banished from court—as to devour soup of salmon, beer, sorrel, and cucumber together, he bethought himself of asking permission to travel in those vast Russian possessions which lie beyond the Ural, and between that frontier chain of Europe and the Pacific Ocean.

The banished prince expressed the usual amount of well-feigned astonishment at so strange a request. How could an Englishman wish to wander so far from the country which he politely termed the very seat of comfort and intelligence?—what possible objects could he have in

* *Travels in Siberia.* By S. S. Hill, Esq. 2 vols. Longman, Brown, and Co. May—VOL. CL. NO. CCCC.I.

view? he did not say to spy the weakness of the land, make notes of the workings of despotism, sifted from official to official to the last degree of tenuity, to give social pictures of a nation of 65,000,000 of souls, of whom 40,000,000 are in bondage! But he thought of all this, discountenanced the undertaking, and failing in detaching the traveller from his objects, adopted the usual Russian plan of bribing him to a kind and considerate view of the country and its institutions by a succession of civilities and hospitalities. Obstacles to the project also arose in other quarters where such were less to be expected. Nobody could be found daring enough to travel with a native of the foggy isle. Dangers from robbers, bears, wolves, even the chances of imprisonment under suspicion of having covert designs, were not held in so much dread as the effect of *ennui* under which Englishmen labour so grievously, according to all foreigners, that they inevitably perish by blowing out their brains.

At length, however, a companion was found; a tarantass, that is a vehicle in which the traveller, to suffer less from jolting, lies on straw and mattresses, was duly purchased; and after many embraces and much rubbing of mustachoes, a start was fairly effected.

We will pass over the yemstchik, or postilion, so often depicted, the miserable post-house and its perpetual tea-urn—the samovar—which appears to be the only comfort a traveller knows when once he has crossed the Russian frontier—Kazan, with its Russian and Tartar quarters, its mosques and mausolea—peasants with the back part of the head shaven and fore part covered with long matted hair, which they are perpetually throwing off their eyes by a shake of the head, that reminds one of the trundling of a mop, and Perm, with its iron and copper furnaces, to arrive at Ikaterinburg, another of Catherine's foundations, and a seat of government, yet like Perm to the present day, according to Mr. Hill—Prince Urasoff's friend—only in "a vigorous minority designed for mighty development at its mature age."

Little things tell of the state of civilisation of a country. At the city of Ikaterinburg, Mr. Hill describes himself as entering one of the private gardens, of which there are many in the town. "The era," he says, "in the history of other towns, at which exotic fruit-trees are introduced, or at which goodly dames and young ladies water their flowers, has not yet arrived at Ikaterinburg. We found, however, carrots, cabbages, and potatoes, though none were very good, growing in a rich, black mould."

A visit to the gold mines of Neviansk is a scene of true Siberian gloom. First there came a low, marshy country, with wrecks of deserted huts, then a lake, as deserted as the villages, its shores surrounded by dark ground, spruce and stunted fir-trees, without a bird or a bark floating upon its Stygian expanse, and at last some miners' huts, in which three poor girls, as wild and as untutored as fawns of the steppe, seemed to have been the only tenants. Of the miners themselves, some information is given from a French source, slightly corrupted—thus, *talquor* for *talcose*, *serifère* for *ferrifère*, *agiles* for *argiles*, and *feldspathiques* for *feldspathiques*. Out of seven geological words quoted, four are misspelt.

From Ikaterinburg our traveller advanced upon the grand steppe of the Kirghiz. The Mongol features, high cheek-bones and deep-set small eyes, and the miserable dwellings of these Asiatic people, contrasted un-

favourably with the aspect of the Cossacks or Caucasian Tartars, by whom they were kept in control. Their hospitality was, however, a redeeming feature in their character, if not in their Kalmuk physiognomy. The hoar-frost exhibited a magnificent spectacle at sunrise on the steppe; and flocks of geese, difficult roads, accidents to the carriage, rude villagers, and still more ferocious dogs, occasional forests, and rivers difficult of passage, diversified the route to Tomsk; but, arrived at that city, our traveller remarked the many perils which friends at Nishni Novgorod had depicted as in store were inexperienced when in the very heart of dreaded Siberia.

Mr. Hill stayed some time at Tomsk to recruit for further fatigues. The most remarkable character he seems to have met with was an English Albino—a native of Holborn, but who had perforce become a Russian subject. The Russian nobles displayed, however, their usual magnificent hospitality. The rye-bread, beef, and cabbage, and quass, or beer, which are almost the only cheap articles in the way of food in Siberia, were banished from their houses, and their place supplied by wheat bread of imported flour, and the most delicate dishes of the rarer wild birds of the country preserved, and even meats and vegetables, which come from Europe hermetically sealed, and champagne, and the wines of Bordeaux, Oporto, Xeres, and Madeira. Often, indeed, our traveller tells us, upon ordinary occasions, more than a case of sixty bottles of champagne was consumed during the evening, the price of which was twenty rubles assignat the bottle, or about seventeen shillings English. Such an extravagant way of living, Mr. Hill justly remarks, cannot be favourable either to the interests or the morals of the Russians.

The journey from Tomsk to Krasnoyarsk was performed in winter on sledges, and accompanied by no ends of upsets and other mishaps. So it was also in the progress to Irkutsk. The country was, however, now getting wilder, and occasional bears, wolves, and foxes diversified the scene. Nor was the reception met with on the road always of the most hospitable character. At one town the travellers were not only refused admission into the post-house, but after numerous applications and wanderings about on a peculiarly cold night, they were obliged to force their way into a house occupied by females only, and the locality of such an unprotected domicile was discovered by the strangers by inquiring after two imaginary maiden aunts.

The fact is, that hospitality in Russia is chiefly shown by the magnates of the land, and the origin of this questionable hospitality was very plainly announced by a guest at the table of the Governor of Western Siberia, and whom Mr. Hill is pleased to designate as a sort of court jester or cloten.

"Governor," said our cloten, who of course knew that I did not understand the tongue in which he spoke, nor probably that I had an interpreter near me, "I am persuaded that we have one of those English tourists among us that travel the world over and report all they see and hear. We must show ourselves in the best possible light, or we shall be thought in Europe no better than Tatars or Kirgeez. But I will give him a proof that there is civilisation here, as well as in Europe. I will ask him to take wine with me after the fashion of his country. It will go down to posterity that I drank wine with the tourist, after the most civilised mode, at the table of the emperor's representative in Siberia."

A courier, seemingly not unacquainted with the art or the policy of flatter-

ing a favourite, remarked, addressing himself to our cloten, "Your name will go down to posterity for braver actions than this." Then a significant laugh announced to all who had any brains at all in what different senses the speech might be understood.

The honour of the challenge to take wine was duly accepted. And if a copy of this report of it, with the rest of the volume, get behind some public or private shelf, and escape the annual sweeping off of ephemeral octavos for some half-dozen years after its date, myself, at least, will be quite satisfied; and I think the Siberian motley, if he should hear of this, ought to be so likewise.

From Irkutsk, Mr. Hill made decidedly the most interesting trip recorded in his narrative—a visit to the border towns of Siberia and China. To effect this he had to cross the great lake of Baikal on the ice. The ice was about six feet thick, and so smooth that they could not walk a step upon it, and so transparent as to be sometimes indistinguishable from the liquid portion of the element beneath it. "I had been accustomed," says Mr. Hill, who is an old Canadian traveller, "to travel upon ice many years before this; but I never before trod upon an invisible solid that covered the liquid element beneath it." The interest of the scene was enhanced on his return by a very remarkable case of clearness of vision. When scarcely a verst from the land, having the sun at their backs, they were enabled to see the mountains upon the opposite coast, and the scanty dress in which nature has clothed them, as distinctly as if they had only been five versts from their base, although they were sixty!

Kiachta, the Russian, and Maimatchin, the Chinese frontier towns, concerning whose intimacy no inconsiderable commercial jealousy has been entertained in Western Europe, are situated in a valley at a point where the river Selenga forces its way through the great chain of the Altai Mountains. Nothing could be better chosen. Kiachta itself is merely a kind of government dependency on the larger town of Troitskosavsk, and consists of a wide square, the upper part of which is formed by a church, while upon the lower are houses of an inferior grade, between which short streets conduct to the river. On the fourth side is the neutral ground between the two great empires, and a palisade; at the lower end of which there is a gate, and a guard-house marks the boundary. Beyond this frail defence, at the distance of half a verst, appeared the walls of the Chinese town, above which were seen rising two gaudy pagodas, and one or two gilded staffs.

Mr. Hill says he had expected to find here a little Nishni Novgorod. He was, therefore, surprised at the absence of all appearance of business amidst the mightiest commercial transactions, at the very place of exchange of the products of the two empires to the value annually of many millions of rubles. This our traveller informs us is owing to the business being done by agents, whose principals inhabit the larger towns of Siberia and Russia. The Russian tea, which all comes through this gate in the Altai, is well known to be more expensive but much superior to anything that reaches this country. Mr. Hill attributes this, no doubt correctly, to the peculiarity of the regions from whence it is derived, and which are most likely northwards of the tea countries which supply the British and American markets. If Western Europe has experienced some jealousy at the pleasant and ready intercourse enjoyed by the Russians with China at this frontier town, it appears that the Russians also

entertained, on their part, no small suspicions at the presence there of an Englishman.

Mr. Hill did visit Maimatchin, however, mainly owing to his having been mistaken for a sausage merchant. He was even feasted by the Chinese governor, and attended a theatrical performance, accompanied by the usual indecencies of those kind of exhibitions in the flowery land.

The native population of that part of Siberia, which is more particularly comprised in the government of Irkutsk, is composed mainly of a tribe of Mongolian origin, called Buriats or Bouriards, who profess the Buddhist religion, and have their own undying Lama, called Khomba. Mr. Hill repaired from Kiachta to Sugira or Sougira, the residence of this high priest of the Buriats. Nothing, he relates, that he had heard of the Khomba Lama's dimensions had been exaggerated. "I never before saw so monstrous a specimen of humanity. We have had our fat parsons, and many nations have had their fatter still. But the *Khomba Lama*, although—as I learned afterwards—only thirty-three years of age, was at once the tallest, the stoutest, and the fattest, and at the same time the most deformed in feature, of all men I ever beheld. Yet, in spite of this latter defect, which seemed rather the consequence of his fatness than nature's original blemish, there was evidently a predominance of benevolence in his expression, which made his countenance even agreeable when he spoke." Faithful to the tradition of his people—we were going to say of his ancestors, but an immortal Lama is not supposed to have any—the Buriat hierarch lived in summer in a felt tent of large dimensions. An English mission was established some time back among these benighted people, but, although carried on with much zeal and capability, it met with no success. "The missionaries," said a Dutch lady living at Selenginsk to Mr. Hill, "had all the zeal and perseverance of the Apostles, but they wanted their power of working miracles, or the aid of some such startling circumstances as the history of religious revolutions has often presented to us, and without which, all efforts at all times to convert the Buriats will be equally fruitless."

The journey from Irkutsk to Yakutsk—a distance of upwards of a thousand miles—is much facilitated by the river Lena, which, flowing some distance north-west of the first-mentioned city, follows a course a little north of west as far as Yakutsk, after which it takes a more northerly direction. The navigation is performed in square, flat-bottomed craft, having a covering of planks for a roof, and which, on their arrival at their destination, are broken up. It is not, however, all progress in these wild regions of water, any more than by land. First, the raft stuck on a bank, and, beyond Kirensk, it was carried by the current into an inundated forest, from which they had no small difficulty in extricating themselves. The scenery in parts of the river was very magnificent; the villages were inhabited by Tunguese and Yakuts, and sterlet was so abundant that thirty of the size of small cod-fish could be purchased for a pound of tobacco.

Beyond Yakutsk the country was exceedingly swampy, and our traveller became frequently involved in deep morasses, covered with under-wood and full of water, in some places reaching above the horses' knees. In such cases a clump of trees, larger than the remainder, were used as a landmark. Several of these swamps were more than twenty versts in breadth, and had been once crossed by wooden causeways, now broken

up, and rendering the struggle of horses through mud and stakes still more difficult and dangerous. It was on this part of the journey that the want of food came to be first positively felt, and led to an amusing sporting adventure.

Our condition for want of food we could not now disguise from ourselves, was becoming alarming, and as soon as the tent was erected, we held a formal council of all the party, to discuss seriously a question which we had already informally put to one another during the day, whether we should not kill one of the horses, to satisfy our craving appetites and escape all further risks; and I do not believe that any body of councillors of any crowned head in the world, whether full or fasting, or puffing the *chibouck* and dozing, ever discussed more dispassionately any vital question concerning the blood of their own species, than we deliberated upon and discussed this question, touching so nearly our own proper safety and interests, and the blood only of a single quadruped.

The Yakoutes pleaded the cause of the beasts upon the score of humanity, as we could not help thinking, by the manner in which they regarded our shaggy companions, while we talked of shedding the blood of one of them. For themselves, they made us understand, they never killed one of their horses, until they had passed five whole days together without any sort of food. It would be a shame, then, we said to each other, that while we had tea and a morsel of sugar, and the prospect before us of better and more lawful food than horseflesh, to destroy one of the creatures given us to relieve and lighten our labour, and even to refine and embellish civilised life, and not to devour. It seemed as if it would be mere wantonness and gluttony. It would, at least, have been an act of which our semi-barbarous companions were not capable.

This important question being thus set at rest, the merchant and myself took our guns, and stole through the bushes by the side of the stream near which we were encamped, with our thoughts full now of the blood of an enemy instead of a friend of our species, and of that of the water-fowl, both of which could not be but lawful food, and very good if we could get them. And we determined to practise all the cunning we were masters of in this attempt to supply, if it were possible, our natural wants.

As we advanced slowly and cautiously, sometimes approaching the edge of the wood upon our hands and knees, and peeping at intervals between the bushes, to see if anything were floating upon the stream, I thought I never enjoyed sport so keenly before.

When we rise twice or thrice a day from a full meal, we cannot be in a right frame either of body or mind for the proper enjoyments of the chase. Our sluggish spirits then want the true incentive to action, which should be hunger, with the hope before us of filling a craving stomach. I could remember once before being for a time dependent upon the gun for food, and feeling a touch of the charm of savage life—for every condition of humanity has its good as well as its evil—but never till now did I fully comprehend the attachment of the sensitive, not drowsy Indian, to his manner of living, which is found nevertheless to be so great, that though the years of his race, as he cannot but know, are already numbered, by reason of his refusing to adopt the mode of life of the civilised man, yet he will persist rather than sow and reap, or attempt to acquire any of the useful arts which we practise. This, indeed, is a trait in the character of the wild man, which those who labour to reclaim and save his race from extinction, appear to have studied far too little. Tough but the passions which the chase excites, which are the very essence of his being, by other motives to action, and cease at the same time to fill his mind with revolting terrors and with gloomy impressions of futurity, such as are taught by very good, but often, certainly, very weak-minded men, and who shall say that all we wish to effect may not be accomplished?

As we skulked along the banks of the brook, under cover of the bushes, peeping out and surveying the stream at intervals, the slightest noise caused

by the wind, or by the running waters, as it reached our ears, instantly filled our imaginations with the liveliest images that hunger and hope could produce. One minute we thought we heard the splashing of the wings of a whole flock of ducks alighting upon the water, and the next we seemed to perceive, half-concealed by the dusky firs that crowded the shores upon the opposite side of the river, a fine fat bear drinking securely at the stream. The most hungry wolves never sought more eagerly for a lamb quenching his thirst at a brook, nor the wildest snake to catch a nobler prey sleeping, than we now sought, if perchance we might find a bear drinking within our reach, or ducks floating tranquilly upon the surface of the water.

While we were thus intently bent upon our object, suddenly the sound of the voice of some bird or other, whose note we did not recognise, reached our attentive ears. We now pressed the ground yet more gingerly than ever; and presently we observed a blackbird skipping from tree to tree and from branch to branch, among the tall firs around us. Our attention, thus drawn from the pursuit of worthier prey, was now fixed upon this poor bird; and, lest she should escape us, we determined that we would both fire at her together. Whether it were that it was her hour of rest, and we had disturbed her, and she was not yet well awake, we observed that she had not her natural voice, and that she had no fear of us. With a note more like that of the magpie than that common to her own species, she flew towards us, and perched upon a tree within less than half gunshot from the spot upon which we were standing. Yet so eager were we to obtain this delicate morsel for our supper, that we persisted still in firing at the same moment; and the triggers were no sooner pulled than the massacre was accomplished. But in the name of all the spirits of the wood, of what chagrin to us was it not the cause! At the report of our guns, a brace of ducks from beneath the very banks of the river upon which we stood, rose from the water, and passing within shot of us, flew further up the stream. We seemed like merchants who, upon the loss of a ship, should be found to have insured only her jolly-boat, which had floated safely on shore. And again, upon picking up our prey, we had the misfortune to find one-half of the little was shot away into the air, and the other half so mangled, that it would not have made half a meal for a sparrow-hawk; while, without making any account of the Yakoutes, we had to divide it between two men with more eager appetites than the most ravenous eagles.

Renewed hopes and fresh excitement, however, soon possessed us. We had at least seen a brace of fine ducks that, we agreed, appeared, as they flew by us, as fat and plump as if they had been bred in some royal aviary, or park; and they were still, perhaps, not far from us. Thus we loaded again, and renewed our pursuit with increased cunning and caution, excited by fresh and greater hopes. Not a fox in the country could have excelled us in these necessary accomplishments for the ends we had in view. And now, after creeping for a few hundred yards, and peeping out upon the river at every opening, we again espied the object of our renewed labours, the two ducks, floating and stemming the current in the middle of the stream. I never wished to be invisible till now, nor longed to have even such wings only as those of Cupid, or of Ariel, or of some sylph, to lighten a little the pressure of the hands and knees upon the ground.

At length, after creeping on as close to the earth as serpents in sight of their prey, we reached an advantageous spot from which to take our aim, without having caused any alarm. As we were not quite close together, and the ducks were swimming apart from each other, and we dared not speak for fear of disturbing them, we settled by signs which each of us should aim at; and in a minute the triggers were drawn, both shots were fatal, and the ducks turned on their backs.

But our prey was not yet secured. The current which the birds had been stemming while they were swimming was strong, and the instant they turned over they began to drift rapidly down the stream. But at perceiving this, we both plunged into the water, and after wading for a short distance, found our-

selves swimming. However, after a good *ducking*—a very appropriate term, from whatever it may be derived—we finally secured our prey, and we had the satisfaction to find they were two black ducks, and quite as fat as they had seemed. Need it be said, upon what a brave mess of *stchee* we supped this evening, and with what new vigour we were inspired for the prosecution of our next day's journey?

On this part of the journey two of the Yakuti muleteers were killed by the bears.

The tale of woes, as it was related to us, was as follows:—Upon the party, who were all natives, mustering their horses in the morning previous to that of the present day, they found one of them missing, and to search for which one of the men remained behind after the departure of the rest. But as this man did not make his appearance as expected, soon after the departure of the party, two of his companions returned, in order to discover the cause of his detention or aid his search for the missing horse. In the mean time, the rest continued their march until they stopped for their accustomed hour of repose at noon, when, neither of the men that had returned upon their steps appearing, the cause of their absence was discussed, and there being little doubt that some accident or other had happened, three more of the men, as the rest resumed their journey, retraced also the steps of the caravan, determined at all events to solve the mystery. These men saw and heard nothing either of the missing man or the rest, until their arrival at the spot where the caravan had passed the night. But after now commencing a search in the wood around, they very soon stumbled upon an enormous bear, occupied in tearing and eating one of the men. Horrified at the sight, they attacked the ferocious beast without an instant's hesitation, and two of their poniards were fixed in his breast before he had time to spring from his hind legs, upon which he had raised himself to meet his enemies. The bear was no sooner despatched, than they found the body of another of their companions, whose internal parts had been drawn out and devoured. The two slain men proved to be the one that had remained, and one of those that had first returned. Moreover, at a few paces from the spot at which they found one of the men, lay also the carcass of the missing horse. But of the other man of the first two that had returned they found no trace, and no one knew anything about him up to the time we joined them; but it was supposed that he had met the same fate as his companions, from some other bear of parallel strength. Nor had he, indeed, been found, dead or alive, nearly a month after this, when the last detachment of the caravan reached the coast.

After what I had heard of the dexterity of the Yakoutes in their combats with the bear, I was much surprised at this account of the death of two of them, who had evidently not wanted courage, and killed, too, by the same beast. But when the skin of the animal that the conquerors had brought with them was shown to us, it appeared that their enemy was of such an enormous size, that we wondered rather at the courage of any man whatever, in attacking him with nothing but the miserable native weapon. The Yakoutes themselves acknowledged, that this bear was of a size that many among them, single-handed, would not have attacked. But they conjectured, that the first man that was killed, enraged at seeing the animal devouring his horse, had, under too much excitement, used his weapon awkwardly, while the bear was probably more furious than on ordinary occasions, on account of being at the time over his prey; and the same reasons, exaggerated they thought in the case of the second man, by his seeing the animal tearing his companion, had produced similar results. It appeared, however, that the bear had received one wound previously to that by which he was killed.

After we had heard the gloomy tale of this unfortunate accident, we supped with the captain of the party, upon the real luxuries of biscuit and the very same sort of dry chips of mutton which we had despised until we had none

left, and peas ; after which, we pitched our tent near one of the fires that were blazing, and lay down to rest.

The rest of the journey to Ochotsk, whence Mr. Hill took ship to Kamtschatka, was performed without any more misadventures ; and it only remains for us to notice a great peculiarity among the Yakuti—Mr. Hill calls it a disease, but it appears rather to be a nervous manifestation of the results of brutal tyranny on delicate organisations and untutored minds.

The disease is called, in the language of the natives, *merelyachtchit* ; but the Russians merely term it the Yakoute disease. The first of the afflicted persons whom I saw was a native lady, the wife of a merchant of this place. This was not a bad case ; but, as the manner of my introduction to the invalid forms a circumstance in the only account of the complaint which it is in my power to give, it will be first mentioned.

It was a thorough time of merry-making at Ochotsk, on account chiefly of the marriage above mentioned ; and the *soirées* and suppers were nightly, and the strangers in the place were never forgotten. On my arriving one evening at the door of a house of rejoicing, in the company of one of the officers before mentioned, Captain Poplonsky, who had preceded us, and with whom I had previously had some conversation concerning the disease, came out to say that the lady above alluded to was among the guests within, and that he wished me to follow in his "wake," and close to him, in order that he might give me the opportunity, by suddenly introducing me to her, when I had not been previously seen, of witnessing some of the curious effects of the disease. The lady, he informed me, knew very well that there were strangers in the place, and, upon hearing that I was to be one of the guests of the evening, she had become very uneasy, and wished to retire, but had not been allowed so to do. I confess, when I heard this, and remembered what had been related to me concerning the disease, I feared that I should be a general disturber of the harmony of the evening ; and I, therefore, begged I might be rather allowed to return to my quarters, contented with what I had heard, until a better opportunity might occur for observing the effects of the disease. But this was as peremptorily opposed as the request of the lady had been ; and I therefore followed the captain, by whom I was closely covered. The lady, nevertheless, easily perceived the attempted deception ; and, in considering the effects of the introduction that followed, it is necessary to remember this. When we stopped in front of her, the captain bowed politely, and, after one or two words of course, suddenly started on one side, and, in a tolerably loud and rough manner, at the same instant, uttered some interjectional phrase equivalent to, "Behold !" In an instant the lady was absolutely deprived of her senses ; and, with a countenance which exhibited, as it appeared to me, at the same time, the passion of terror and the expression of laughter, she fixed her eyes on me for a few minutes, but neither said nor did anything. This produced, strange as it will appear, until all has been said of the disease that this case and the others to be mentioned suggest, a hearty laugh through the whole room. Upon this, the reason of the lady seemed gradually to return ; and her countenance now expressed neither sorrow nor anger at what had passed, but rather perfect good-humour and simplicity, with smiles, almost like those of approbation. But it will appear doubly strange that this lady was subjected several times during the evening to the same treatment, which had always the same effect.

The next instance of the disease which I had occasion to witness, was a much more confirmed case. The afflicted person was a man of the mingled blood, and was a ship-carpenter in the service of the government. I was led by the commandant and the captain to the spot where the man happened to be working in company with several other men ; and I was told by my conductors, on our way, that I was about to see the disease in its full vigour, and a case in

which the means taken to exhibit it would not only deprive the sufferer of his reason, but reduce him to such a state of subjection as to allow of his being made to perform any act whatever that he was told to do by the party that terrified him, however unlawful or absurd it might be.

When we came to the place where the men were working, the commandant called to the sick man, who was engaged in his ordinary labour among the rest, to approach him, just as if he had merely some instructions to give about the work in hand. The man came from among the rest, and stood in front of us, without seeming to take any notice of the presence of a stranger, which at least seemed to prove that the terror of foreigners that appeared to have had so strange an effect upon the afflicted lady, even before I came into the room, was not a system of the disorder. But while the commandant was conversing with this man, the captain suddenly started as he had done in the case of the lady, and bawled out again some interjectional phrase. At this the man started also, and called out the same or similar words to those used by the captain, and then stood and stared like a madman arrested by his chains. Before, however, the afflicted man had been a minute in this condition, the captain roughly commanded him to beat the commandant, which the man now commenced doing immediately. But the commandant, being on his guard, had scarcely received a blow, and which was luckily not such as a John Bull might have given under similar circumstances, before he started also, and shouted at the same time, and, by a fresh command, set the affrighted man to beat the captain, who, by frightening him again in the same manner, left him stupified and standing inactive. He did not remain, however, in this condition for a longer space of time than about a minute, when, being no further tormented, his senses returned, and he smiled as good-naturedly as if he felt rather satisfaction than anger at the condescension of his officers.

In most cases, when the afflicted person is in the act of doing anything unlawful or ridiculous at the command of another, he will immediately desist if so commanded by the same person; but when the immediate cause of the derangement of the intellect is accidental, the temporary madman is not so manageable. Several children had been killed since the time of the arrival of the officers that were now here, by their mothers letting them fall when they were suddenly alarmed.

Nothing seemed to be here known of the origin, or of the immediate causes, of this disease. It is said to have been prevalent among the natives at the time of the conquest of the country. The Russians, after a few years' residence, are as liable to it as the natives; and its effects upon both races are the same. This seems to indicate that it is at least an impartial endemic, originating most likely in the air and climate; which appears confirmed by the fact that all who are afflicted recover very shortly after leaving the country. Nevertheless, if the observations before made upon the strange contradictions in the Yakoute character be recalled, this may lead to a doubt whether that very submission of this people to their conquerors which has converted them all at once into a semi-civilised people, and the terror of civilised men of which an example has been produced, do not proceed from the prevalence of some sleeping portion of the disease in the very blood of the race. The name, indeed, which has been given to the disease by the Russians, by whom it is called, as before mentioned, the Yakoute disease, seems to indicate that this has at some time been the prevailing opinion among them. As for any such symptoms of the extraordinary malady as might lead the physician to a proper knowledge of it, I am only able to say that I found no one that pretended to know more than might be judged from similar effects to those which have been shown. I heard it, indeed, described while I was here, by some who had not been long in the country, as an affection of the nerves. But unless it were said, at the same time, what it is that affects the nerves, and in what manner these delicate links between the material and immaterial nature of which we appear to be composed are affected, this seems a very unsatisfactory explanation of the mystery.

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. XII.—THEODORE PARKER.

To write about Theodore Parker without trenching on theology, may seem as preposterous as to take up Milton without reference to poetry, or Mozart irrespective of music, or Titian exclusive of art. Nevertheless, we must here omit the capital feature in question, or leave out Mr. Parker from this patchwork series—the pages of this Journal affording no space for Church militant polemics. But a writer so marked in contemporary “American Authorship”—so hotly vituperated on the one hand, and on the other resorted to as a real *Sir Oracle*,—may not be ignored with impunity in any such miscellaneous reviewal. If we do touch on his *Absolute Religion*, it shall be but a touch; and then off at a tangent.

Perhaps we are already convicted, by some judges, of reckless effrontery in introducing at all this writer’s name—a name tantamount, in the estimate of not a few, to the incarnate essence of infidel and heretic. He is regarded in many quarters with the kind, if not degree, of shuddering aversion* expressed by the Jewish high priest in “*Athalie*”—

Vous souffrez qu’il vous parle ? et vous ne craignez pas
Que du fond de l’abîme entr’ouvert sous ses pas
Il ne sorte à l’instant des feux qui vous embrasent,
Ou qu’en tombant sur lui ces murs ne vous écrasent ?
Que veut-il ? De quel front cet ennemi de Dieu
Vient-il infecter l’air qu’on respire en ce lieu ?

* If there be any section of English Churchmen which tolerates, and even views with some improper fractional sort of interest, the writings of this American “theist,” it is that represented, prominently if but partially however, by Mr. ex-Professor Maurice. And here, in consideration of the ferment recently caused by Mr. Maurice’s *yeast*—the little leaven which it is feared may leaven the whole lump of our Churchmanship—we will bestow a few words on what seems to us characteristic (in a literary, not theologico-critical aspect) of that gentleman’s writings.

By that particular “following” of which Mr. F. D. Maurice is the accredited champion, he is pronounced the man of men in these days of trouble, and rebuke, and blasphemy. His influence has been slowly but steadily advancing, since the publication, years ago, of his letters to a Quaker, on the constitution and character of the Church—two volumes which puzzled perhaps every clique of readers, now gratifying them with an assurance that here their own special “interest” (in Nonconformist parlance) might boast of a sterling acquisition to their ranks, and now mortifying them by an abrupt change of tactics all in favour of their foe. Something of the same alternation and antithesis of feeling he has produced, more or less, in all his subsequent (theological) writings. These are so numerous, that, would Mr. Maurice only renounce the single habit of thinking while he writes, and of drawing on that reasoning organ, his brain, as well as on that mechanical agent, the pen of a ready writer, he might positively rival Dr. John Cumming in fecundity. But as he does not make the wrist and fingers his sole agent, his *factotum* in composition, he must be content to lag a little in the rear of the prolific Episcopalian—that G. P. B. James of “religious worldliness”—that indefatigable purveyor of safe light reading to “serious families”—whose “last” exposition is as

Now, Sir Nathaniel maketh humble confession that he is possessed of a morbid interest in the black arts, as comprised in German and American book-work. Show him a branch of the tree of knowledge of good and

complacently canvassed at a Recordite tea-party, as the said novelist's newest tale in a Christmas ball-room.

Guided by the eulogies of his disciples, and by the wonted *promissory* tone of his own preliminary statements, one is impelled to expect a great deal from Mr. Maurice. One is led to expect a rich supply of positive instruction. But, saith the proverb, Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed. That beatitude was not for us, in *our* study, such as it may have been, of his writings. Disappointed we were. But then we had expected much.

With a respectful *O salve!* the inquirer approaches him, like Charinus with his

"Ad te advenio, spem, salutem, auxilium, consilium expetens:"

too often to find that his Pamphilus *might* say,

"Neque pol consilii locum habeo, neque auxilii copiam."

Admirable things there are, beyond question, in Mr. Maurice's books. First and foremost, there is that solemn sincerity of religious feeling, in the sacred presence of which one feels both attracted and awed, and for the sake of which one can still assent to the title of "divine" and "divinity," as applied to a certain class of men and class of writings. There is freshness and freedom of thought; a superiority to the peddling platitudes of routine theology; a candid scrutiny of other-sidedness, in place of a prepossessed devotion to one-sidedness only. There is an outspoken *caveat* against the intellectually conventional when it involves the morally false, an unflinching inquisition of masked pretence, and a resolve to wrest forth the lie from out her right hand. There is a habit of philosophic reflectiveness; there is critical acumen and sensibility; there is scholarship, and steady industry in research. There is an intense yearning after practical results—evident in the political and social schemes which his adversaries rebut as so intensely impractical. And there is a manly, nervous, forcible style—the style of a man who weighs his words, and that too in the balance of the sanctuary.

Nevertheless, his writings leave one strangely dissatisfied. Quite provoking is the alliance they present of lucid premiss with lame and impotent conclusion. The conclusion is often that in which nothing is concluded. When you fancy yourself surest of his drift, presto! he's arguing something else. Those against (or in behalf of) whom his controversial essays are intended, are heard to say, with perfect justice—"He often enters into our difficulties and admits their full force, but then he flies off to some aspect of truth that he thinks we have neglected, and never meets the objection or refers to it again. He flits from side to side, taking first a turn at sympathy with his opponents to show us how well he understands our position, and how true (though one-sided) he esteems it; and then he hurries off to sympathise with an opposite conviction, and leaves us anxiously expecting sentence, or at least a definite issue, which never comes." The faculty of ready sympathy—of taking observations from his foeman's stand-point—is indeed one of his worthiest traits, and the main cause probably of his popularity in *partibus infidelium*. But the very accuracy with which he catches the features of alien creeds, and the ease with which he seems to identify his plastic habit of thought with theirs, only serve to enhance the mortification which ensues when his *finale* comes about. The eager catechumen, hopeful of large results from his instructions, will, in most cases we fear, feel himself at last in the poet's mood, when thus confessing his experience:

"Much I question'd him;
But every word he utter'd, on my ears
Fell flatter than a caged parrot's note,
That answers unexpectedly awry,
And mocks the prompter's listening."

Perhaps it may not be quite superfluous to add to this overgrown note a reminder, that its contents, as affecting an English Churchman, are no way *apropos* of the American author—but that the note is wholly an excrescent *excursus*, due

evil, and forthwith his hand grasps at the forbidden fruit. Not that he is tempted only by the kind of clusters that flourish in the rank orchards of neology and rationalism; only let there be a rumour of some strange fruit, a true exotic, bursting with poisonous seeds within, though alluring as the apples of Sodom without—and, whether it come from Boston or Halle, or be “raised” by a cardinal or a secularist—he is anon restless till he has had a bite. One week his friends apprehend from the books on his table, that he is on the very eve of a junction with the Church of the Seven Hills—so intent appear his researches into the profundities of Father Newman and Mr. Lucas, the *Rambler* and the *Tablet*; the next, he is suspected of an infatuated *penchant* towards Swedenborg, or Quietism, or the “catholic apostolic” excrescences of the new Irvingites; and the week following, of unqualified agreement with some ultra expression of the Straussian spirit—because he has been seen poring over Froude or Francis Newman, R. W. Mackay or James Martineau, perhaps even H. G. Atkinson or G. J. Holyoake. Were he indeed of opinion that any of the diverse authors thus specified are morally insincere, and purposely misleading, in their several teachings, he could not get through a page of their lucubrations; but supposing them to believe themselves in the right, and assuming their anxiety to convince others of its rightness, he is latitudinarian enough, some say “foolhardy” enough, to handle these edge-tools, to see what use they may be put to, and whether their new-fangled make is really calculated to shelve the old patenteed instruments which have lasted the world so long.

This egotistic preamble may be wound up by the acknowledgment, that as he (if “he” can be egotistic) has taken observations of, so he has not been bewitched by, the “new light” of Mr. Theodore Parker. There is the glare of artificial fireworks about it, an upshot of fizzing, skyscraping pyrotechnics. One word as to P.’s Theistic stand-point (albeit a “power of words” might seem indispensable if such a topic is approached at all). It has been said of a brother-theist at home, that he has created a God after his own mind, and that if he could but have created a universe also after his own mind, we should doubtless have been relieved from all our perplexities. This applies with equal force to Mr. Parker. He too has construed (as a German would say) an ideal First Cause from the depths of his “moral consciousness;” but he has not interpreted the facts of this Cosmos of ours, this “visible diurnal sphere,” with its gloomy mysteries and Sphinx-phrased enigmas, into harmony with its supposed Maker. He has cut the Gordian knot of the difficulties of a supernatural revelation; but difficulties of a strikingly cognate aspect, dilemmas of a curiously analogous form, objections of an equally (to say the least) per-

to the wilful vagrancy, the truant disposition, of the note-writer. To infer that Maurice is *bien apropos* of Parker, were a *Malapropism* of the first magnitude. Such a comparison were “odorous” to a degree of rankness which not all the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten. This *cave lector*! is addressed to such as, being uninitiated into the characteristics of both the authors, or of either, might otherwise carry away an impression of homogeneity between them. Between the Thirty-nine Articles and Absolute Religion there is a great gulf fixed—albeit here and there a diver hath been found (*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*) daring enough to cross the dread dreary sea—unappalled, or at least undeterred, by its stormy wind Euroclydon (no ‘*αμφιβρυον γέλασμα* there), or by the “yeasty foam” of its wild waste of waters.

plexing kind, start into being and waylay the theist,—spectral problems, fraught with the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world—awful ghostly visitants, haunting the soul, and not to be “laid” by any known summary of theistic exorcism—the grim offspring of a system which, according to theism, has no place (as well as no explanation) for them—the never-ending still-beginning *autochthones*, aborigines, of that whole creation which groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. Mr. Parker rejects a revelation which contains difficulties irreconcilable with his ideal of Deity. The difficulties inflexibly confronting him in the analogy of nature, he nor any of his order can clear up. Allow that Butler’s argument as Analogy is *not* valid in favour of a revealed religion—it not the less inflicts a fatal back-handed blow on the heart-region of “benignant” theism. A single catastrophe like the earthquake at Lisbon, which so startled and confounded the moral sense of a child Goethe, defies, as though with A-theistic defiance, the glosses of natural-religionists. The style and the tactics of the author of the “Eclipse of Faith” may be open to objection, but at least he has planted his step firmly on this logical stumbling-block, and made a very corner-stone of this rock of offence. How far those escape the perplexity who, with Mr. Lewes, repudiate the notion of “design” in the structure of the universe, or, with Mr. Carlyle, mockingly scout all such speculations with some bold banter about your pan-theisms and pot-theisms,* is another matter. It has not yet been escaped by the school, in any of its types, represented by Newman and Parker; nor is it easy to believe that if ever their school should succeed in dislodging the popular creed from a biblical foundation, the popular opinion should stop short just at *their* frontier-line, and should not pass it as a mere half-way house, to be eyed distrustfully as possibly a second house of bondage to the tramping myriads making their exodus from the first. Surely the absolute religion of Mr. Parker has the air of an absolute failure. If it is disengaged from the difficulties of a revealed religion, it is again self-involved in a tangled web of threefold cords, not easily broken.

It is allowed by writers of his own order, that in metaphysical questions Mr. Parker is “too ardent to preserve self-consistency throughout the parts of a large abstract scheme;” that he is too impetuous for the “free analysis of intricate and evanescent phenomena;” that the *eclectic* tendency of his mind, refusing to let go anything that is true and excellent, takes “insufficient pains,” in adopting it, to “weave it into the fabric of his previous thought, so that the texture of his faith presents a pattern not easy to reduce to symmetry.”† Certainly, by no means easy: capricious eclecticism is apt to generate a highly heterogeneous *ensemble*. If we may credit one of Mr. Parker’s compatriots, and one by no means hostile to him,

His sermons with satire are plenteously verjuiced,
And he talks in one breath of Confutzee, Cass, Zerduscht,
Jack Robinson, Peter the Hermit, Strap, Dathan,
Cush, Pitt (not the bottomless, *that* he’s no faith in),
Pan, Pillicock, Shakspeare, Paul, Toots, Monsieur Tonson,
Aldebaran, Alcander, Ben Khorat, Ben Jonson, &c., &c.‡

* Life of John Sterling.

† *Prospective Review*.

‡ A Fable for Critics.

It seems "his hearers can't tell you on Sunday beforehand, if in that day's discourse they'll be Bibled or Koraned." The religious sentiment of Fetichism is not overlooked or underrated. The Kalmuck Tartar's proprietorship in the Absolute Religion is fervently recognised. And indeed everything is proved to be very Christian but common Christianity, and all religions are welcomed in apparent preference* to the religion of the New Testament. Not that the preference can for a moment be thought more than apparent; but to such appearances does a pique against orthodoxy irritate the preacher—his cue being to depreciate the claims of Christianity as much as possible, in order to rase the boundary-wall between it and circumjacent "paganism." All the discrimination allowable between Christendom and Heathendom is, *au fond*, a distinction without a difference: a distinction in degree, not a difference in kind. The diversity is specific, not generic; phenomenal, not noumenal. So far as Christianity is religion, or involves the religious sentiment, it would seem that the very Thugs and Anthropophagi are "best good Christians" although they know it not, and although a suspicion of that cheering fact never dawned on the mind of the unhappy people they kill and eat.

It is common to hear the uninitiated "general" (whose ignorance of sceptical literature is bliss), when adventuring an opinion on Mr. Theodore Parker at all, assert the identity of his theological status with that of Strauss. They are enviably unversed in the infinite discrepancies that obtain in the schools of the anti-supernaturalists—and have yet to learn that naturalists can be at daggers'-drawn *inter se*, or that there are any noticeable differences between the views of (say) Semler, with his theory of "accommodation," and Paulus, with his unflinching "naturalism," and Strauss, with his universal solvent, the Myth. Now, though Mr. Parker is in the advanced guard of neology, and indeed uses a far more trenchant and sweeping mode of hostility to "revealed religion" than do your sturdiest hyper-borean Germans, still, to suppose him a second-hand Strauss, inoculated throughout with the mythopœic mania, is to misconceive his particular stand-point. On the contrary, he has signalised himself by applying to Strauss's method the *reductio ad absurdum* process, in a way so ingenious and amusing as to warrant present mention. Affirming that, by the Straussian System, any given historical event may be dissolved in a mythical solution, and the "seminal ideas" precipitated in their primitive form—and that any historical characters may thus be changed into an impersonal symbol of "universal humanity"—he proceeds to show, for example, how the whole history of the United States might be pronounced, by future myth detectors, a tissue of mythical stories, borrowed in part from the Old Testament, in part from the Apocalypse, and in part from fancy.

* Such is a common impression on the popular mind, after a perusal of Mr. Parker's homiletics. He seems, it is alleged, to have a spite against Christianity, and against it alone. But it may be answered, that this semblance of antipathy is in reality a necessary resultant from his scope; and that equally he would, if writing as a heterodox Mussulman, seem to hate Islamism with intensest emphasis; or if indoctrinating the Brahmins with Absolute Religion, he would seem to be less tolerant of Brahminism than of any rival system. It is with what lies nearest to him that his polemics are concerned. Valeat quantum.

"The British Government oppressing the Britons is the great 'red dragon' of the Revelation, as it is shown by the national arms and by the British legend of St. George and the Dragon. The splendid career of the new people is borrowed from the persecuted woman's poetical history, her dress—'clothed with the sun.' The stars said to be in the national banner are only the crown of twelve stars on the poetic being's head; the perils of the pilgrims in the Mayflower are only the woman's flight on the wings of a great eagle. The war between the two countries is only the 'practical application' of the flood which the dragon cast out against the woman, &c." So with the story of the Declaration of Independence: The congress was held at a mythical town, whose very name is suspicious—Philadelphia—i. e. brotherly love. "The date is suspicious; it was the *fourth* day of the *fourth* month (reckoning from *April*, as it is probable the Heracidae and Scandinavians, possible that the aboriginal Americans, and certain that the Hebrews did). Now *four* was a sacred number with the Americans; the president was chosen for *four* years; there were *four* departments of affairs; *four* divisions of political power, namely—the people, the congress, the executive, and the judiciary, &c. Besides, which is still more incredible, three of the presidents, two of whom, it is alleged, signed the declaration, died on the *fourth* of July, and the two latter exactly *fifty* years after they had signed it, and about the *same hour* of the day. The year also is suspicious; 1776 is but an ingenious combination of the sacred number, *four*, which is repeated *three* times, and then multiplied by itself to produce the date; thus, $444 \times 4 = 1776$, Q.E.D. Now dividing the first (444) by the second (4), we have *Unity* thrice repeated (111). This is a manifest symbol of the national *oneness* (likewise represented in the motto *ē pluribus unum*), and of the national *religion*, of which the Triform Monad, or 'Trinity in Unity,' and 'Unity in Trinity,' is the well-known sign. . . . Besides, Hualteperah, the great historian of Mexico, a neighbouring state, never mentions this document; and farther still, if this declaration had been made, and accepted by the whole nation, as it is pretended, then we cannot account for the fact, that the fundamental maxim of that paper, namely, the soul's equality to itself,—'all men are born free and equal'—was perpetually lost sight of, and a large portion of the people kept in slavery; still later, petitions,—supported by this fundamental article,—for the abolition of slavery were rejected by Congress with unexampled contempt, when, if the history is not mythical, slavery never had a legal existence after 1776, &c., &c."*

This telling travestie (if that can be travestie which is not caricature) of the Mythists, with the "occasional" side-thrust at the "peculiar institution," affords a favourable illustration of Mr. Parker's quality, when he is in his better moods. His cleverness, his ardour, his power, though distorted and strained, his eloquence, though eccentric and extravagant, and wearisome by its laboured hyperbolisms,—there is no denying. You might detach passages from his rhetorical efforts (such as the "Discourse on Religion," "Atheism, Theism, and the Popular Theology," and his contributions to the *Dial* and other transcendental prints) so kindling to the heart and fancy, so rightfully conceived and so forcibly expressed, that a Jeremy Taylor might have endorsed

* Parker's Critical and Miscellaneous Writings.

sem, an Andrews reiterated them, a Leighton thanked God for them. ut then in the context would be found sentiments of a kind to make ther of the three bishops turn in his grave. Of Mr. Parker's characteristic style, which has found so many eager and enraptured admirers, we n only say, that its monotony of glitter, of effort, of contortion and en grimace, is to us unspeakably tedious. An extract may be piquant ough, but perusal is almost impracticable, so ceaseless is the tension of e writer's anxiety to be striking. It is as though every word began, l for emphasis, with a capital letter, and every sentence set up in italics, d every colon or semi-colon merged in a leash of !!! Every few syllables a sort of *subauditur* seems to be sub-audible, implying, Are you site awake, reader? wide awake? sure of that? did you fully catch e last point? and are you all vigilant to look out for the next? It is ce being run up and down to prevent the catastrophe of sleep, when xion has made you very sleepy, and to sleep is death: no standing ill is allowable for a second—quick step, and right about face, and an approximate realisation of the *perpetuum mobile*, are what you must do r die.

The earnestness of Mr. Parker's writings goes far to balance what is lentifully objectionable in them. This earnestness is said to be curiously effective in his "pulpit" performances:

There he stands, looking more like a ploughman than priest,
If not dreadfully awkward, not graceful at least,
His gestures all downright and same, if you will,
As of brown-fisted Hobnail in hoeing a drill,
But his periods fall on you, stroke after stroke,
Like the blows of a lumberer felling an oak.

The same "fabulous" witness describes the preacher's phiz as recalling

Sophroniscus' son's head o'er the features of Rabelais—

a comparison confirmed (*quâ* Socrates) by Miss Bremer's admiring comment on Mr. Parker's "Socratic head"—*plus* a pair of "large well-formed hands," and ditto of "kind and beautiful eyes." The Swedish lady found him "willing to listen, gentle, earnest, cordial." She adds, "His whole being, expression, gestures, struck me as purely original—the expression of a determined and powerful nature."* Self-sufficingness may be pronounced, according to the critic's point of view, either his foible or his forte, his weakness or his strength. While, compared with the ever sliding scale of rival neologies, and the vari-coloured phases of faith of contemporary creeds, his own creed may be "lighter or darker,"—in one thing at least he admits a fixed duty, an absolute religion, a basis of belief,—*c'est lui-même*—

For, in one thing, 'tis clear, he has faith—namely, Parker.

* Homes of the New World.

THE GULF OF FINLAND.

As in addition to active hostile measures to be carried on by the allied fleets in the Baltic, and the nature of which will no doubt be much influenced by circumstances, it is also apparently intended to blockade all Russian ports; the Gulf of Finland, which is now entirely Russian—being formed by the coasts of Finland, Esthonia, and Ingermanland—will soon become the scene of many remarkable operations. Hence much natural curiosity exists as to the chief stations in that sea, their position, and their resources, and their natural and artificial means of defence.

The first Russian provinces which a fleet sailing up the Baltic comes in contact with, are those of Wilna and Courland, which belonged to Poland until 1795. Neither of these provinces have any ports or naval stations of any consequence. Libau is the principal shipping port, but the harbour, which is a mere salt lagoon, has a bar across the entrance, which opposes the entrance of vessels drawing more than twelve feet of water. Windau, at the mouth of the river of the same name, is a minor port and fortress, which, however, the Tsar once had in view to render the chief maritime station in the Baltic.

Livonia lies away from the Baltic, at the bottom of the gulf of the same name, better known to mariners as that of Riga. Livonia is scarcely likely to attract the naval forces of the allies, except as a matter of blockade: Riga being, after St. Petersburg, the second commercial city in the empire. The distance of the town from the sea render the approaches easy of defence; and the city itself, one of the most important bulwarks of the Russian empire, is surrounded with ramparts and bastions, and is further defended by a strong citadel. Some of the warehouses, as in the case of the Katherinenhof, are actually made bomb-proof.

Riga was founded about the year 1200 by Albert, Bishop of Livonia, who established a German colony there. At the beginning of the sixteenth century it belonged to the Teutonic knights, but it was afterwards forced to submit, first to Poland and then to Sweden. In 1710, after a vigorous defence, it was taken by Peter the Great, and annexed to the Russian empire. In the siege of 1812, the suburbs and a considerable part of the town were destroyed by the French.

The entrance to the Riga river, Duna, or Dwina, is defended by the strong fortress of Dunamünde, also called Dunabourg, which was captured in 1609 and 1618 by the Swedes, and in 1700 by the Saxons, who called it Augustusbourg. There is also the castle of Dahlen, on an island of the Duna.

At the upper end of the Gulf of Riga is Pernau, or Pernalin, in Esthonian language—a fortified port with a citadel.

It is, however, to the interior of the Gulf of Finland that the great efforts of the naval forces of the allies may be expected to be directed. The entrance of this great gulf is guarded, as it were, by the islands of Oesel and Dago, or Dagen, and the ports of Revel and Port Baltic to the south; the island of Åland, and the ports of Åbo, Ekenäs, and Helsingfors, and Sveaborg, in Finland, and the fort of Gustavsvoern at Hango Head, to the north.

A harbour and lighthouse, with some small defences, have been established in Œsel by the Russians, who destroyed, on taking possession of the coast by the treaty of Nystadt, the old castle of Sonnebourg, which had long been the residence of a commander of the Teutonic knights, and which was captured by the Danes in 1678. There is a lighthouse called Dagerorth also on the island of Dago; and in the interior, on the mainland, is the fort and harbour of Hapsal, the seat of the Bishop of Œsel, the castle of the old bishops militant being on a height above. There is little in this part of the Baltic to arrest the attention of a fleet. The islands are most remarkable for their numerous storks, which the Teutonic bishops wore significantly enough on their coats of arms.

Port Baltic and Revel are in reality the great defences of the Gulf of Finland on the south side, as harbours for the Russian fleet and ports of refuge, but not as fortified places. Port Baltic, or Roggerwich, as it is called by the Finnish natives, is well known for its magnitude, depth, and safety. A kind of fatality attended upon the strengthening of this otherwise admirable position. Peter the Great first attempted its fortification, and the works were continued under Elizabeth, but they were abandoned in 1769, from the instability of the foundations. Field-Marshal the Count of Munich constructed a dyke, which also crumbled to pieces. This appears to be the reason why Revel was selected as a port and stronghold on this part of the coast.

Revel—by the Esthonians called Tallin—is a site of some antiquity. The King of Denmark, Waldemar II., laid the foundations of the town and castle in 1218, where stood before the *Castrum Lyndaviense*, which had been erected by King Canute VI. in 1194 or 1196, on the occasion of his military expeditions into Esthonia. Alternately Danish, Polish, Swedish, and ultimately Russian, Revel was also for a long time under the rule of that order of the church militant which founded, in the twelfth century, first as the Knights of the Cross, then, with more propriety, as the Knights of the Sword, to propagate Christianity by force of arms, we have before noticed as incorporated in the Teutonic Order, and ruling over all these regions previous to the encroachments of Russia.

Revel is surrounded by high walls, deep ditches, and strong bastions. It is also commanded by a castle situated on a height. Notwithstanding these fortifications, so formidable in their time, Revel was burnt to ashes in 1433, and as the more modern fortifications are adapted to recent and not precisely existing times, so the same success may attend upon more modern means of assault.

When we say recent, not precisely existing times, we say that which we shall find to apply itself to all the great Russian defences in the Baltic, that they were constructed with a view to the circumstances of approaches furnished by particular states of the tide and wind, both of which circumstances are to a great degree superseded by the addition of the screw to existing ships of war, and which by such means can move against wind and tide, can take up their positions independently of such, and in some cases can even approach forts upon sides which are not even provided with defences for any such an unanticipated onslaught.

The present fortifications at Revel were constructed in 1820, and consist of batteries and advance works which at once command the roads and defend the entrance of the inner harbour. They are by no means,

however, of the same formidable character as the defences of Helsingfors and Cronstadt.

Where the river Narwa, or Narowa, flowing out of Lake Paypus, throw itself into the Gulf of Finland, and below a waterfall which interrupts the navigation of the river, is the city of the same name—a place of great antiquity, considerable commerce, and well fortified. Narwa is divided into old and new towns; the first was built in 1223, by Waldemar II. of Denmark. There is also a suburb called Hakelwerk. Both the new and old towns are fortified, and the citadel is separated from the latter by a ditch. Attached to it is the arsenal. A bridge over the Narwa also connects the old town with the colossal remains of the ancient fortress of Iwangorod, which impends in a picturesque manner over the steep banks of the Narwa. Narwa is renowned for the many combats it has witnessed and the sieges it has sustained; none of which are more familiar to the general reader than the victory gained there by Charles XII. over the Russians in 1700. It was, however, taken by assault in 1558 by the Tsar Iwan Wasiliewitz, who built the fortress of Iwangorod; it was recaptured by the Swedes in 1581, besieged by the Russians in 1590, and once more reduced to ashes in 1659. Like most Russian and Finnish towns that are built mainly of wood, it has also suffered severely from fires, and was almost totally destroyed in 1773.

The great bulwark of Russia, as a naval and military power in the Baltic, is Cronstadt. Here nature and art combine to make of a once desert island a most formidable fortress. Hemmed in by banks of similar origin to the island itself, only as yet in great part submerged, every promontory gained from the sea, and every spit of submarine bank, has alike been made of avail to erect a battery with which to command the narrow and devious channel, by which alone the mouths of the Neva can be reached.

Advancing from the mortar battery-lights and palace of Peterhof, and the imperial palace of Orienbaum, built by an ancestor of Prince Menschikoff, in accordance with the wishes of Peter the Great, the narrow bank of the same name, with the Risbank and other shoals, completely close up the direct route to St. Petersburg, and oblige vessels to take what are called the "Great Road" and the "Little Road," or sometimes "the Narrows," amid the cross fire of six forts and of the batteries of Cronstadt itself. The channel round the north side of the island is rendered impracticable by a double row of piles filled with blocks of granite, which extends, under water, from Cronstadt to Lisi Noss, a headland on the main. It has been said that some attempts have been made to close up in similar manner the Great and Little Roads: if so, the mischief that would follow would fall ultimately upon St. Petersburg itself, which already like Venice, in part built upon piles and land lately reclaimed from the sea, would by every addition to the already rapidly extending delta be only the more removed from all possible maritime communication, and from being once a prosperous seaport and commercial city, would become an inland town of no importance but what adventitious circumstances might confer upon it.

The small island of Cronstadt is called by the Russians Kotnin-Ostrow; it was before called Ritzkar, and it was a desert range of granite, alluvial mud, and sand, till Peter the Great had a harbour constructed there, and

began, in 1710, to build a town, which received the name of Cronstadt in 1721. When Cronstadt was built, it was defended towards the sea by wooden piers projecting into the water, and the fortress of Cronslott and of Iwan, which were likewise built by Peter, were mere wooden buildings surrounded by fortifications of wood. This state of things has naturally been remedied to a great extent; and the fortress of Cronslott, which stands on a small sandy island at the extremity of the spit of Orienbaum, now mounts fifty-six guns in casemates, and thirty-two in barbette, with a sea front of timber, the rest being chiefly granite. This important fortress, with that of Prince Menschikoff, on the great wooden mole outside the harbour, completely command the "Little Road." Fort Menschikoff mounts forty-four guns in four tiers.

The island of Cronstadt is about ten miles in circumference; it is twenty miles from St. Petersburg by water, four from the shore of Ingria, and nine from the coast of Cavelia. The port is built upon the south-eastern extremity of the island, and is divided into three separate havens, one for merchant-vessels to the west, and one for men-of-war in the east—powder-magazines are erected on piles in this haven. The central haven is used for refitting men-of-war, and connected with it are canals and dry docks, which were begun in 1719 by Peter, but were not finished till the time of Elizabeth. At the extremity of these docks is a great reservoir, five hundred and sixty-eight feet in length, containing water sufficient to supply all the docks, and which is pumped out by means of an engine. The length of this work, which is in the form of a cross, from the beginning of the canal to the end of the last dock, is four thousand two hundred and twenty-one feet. The sides of the docks are faced with stone, and the bottom paved with granite; they are forty feet deep, one hundred and five broad, and capable of containing nine men-of-war on the stocks.

It is to be remarked here that the Admiralty, which stands on the south bank of the Neva, opposite the fortress of St. Petersburg, and which was also built by Peter, is also a great receptacle for ships' stores, and contains magazines of cordage, sails, masts, and anchors, which are sent to Cronstadt for the equipment of the fleet. A large area between the front of the building and the Neva is also appropriated for the construction of ships of war.

The water which supplies the havens of Cronstadt, like that of the Neva, and that of the rivulet of Inkerman which supplies the docks at Sebastapol, is fresh, and exceedingly injurious to ships.

Cronstadt itself is a straggling place, occupying, like most Russian towns, a larger space of ground than the number of habitations seems to require; the houses are mostly of wood, excepting a few fronting the harbour, which are of brick stuccoed white; among these are the observatory, the steam-factory, the hospital for sailors, the barracks, and the marine academy. There are five Russian churches, the principal of which is that of St. Andrew's, near the grand canal, and one English Protestant chapel.

Cronstadt is defended to the north by a rampart and bastions, as also twelve batteries within the wall, but it is not known how many are mounted with guns. At the north-east corner is a pier for steamers and drawbridge, and sixteen guns are casemated at the pier-head and gate-

way. There are only from two and a half to half a foot of water within range of the guns to the north.

To the east there is merely a rampart without bastions or batteries, and three feet of water within gun range. To the west, or on the land side, the town is defended by a rampart and ditch: that part of the same side which is open to the sea is defended by seventy guns and twelve mortars open. The south, or sea-side, is defended by a wall and wooden mote with six bastions and a demi-lune. One of the bastions is the before-mentioned Fort Menschikoff, which crosses its fire with Fort Cronslott to defend the Little Road.

The Great Road is defended by Fort Peter I., Fort Alexander, and Fort Constantine to the north, and the Risbank Fort to the south. Fort Peter I., which is constructed of granite, mounts twenty-eight guns in casemates, and fifty in barbette; Fort Alexander, of granite and casemated, mounts 116 guns in four tiers; Fort Constantine mounts twenty-five guns in one tier, with timber casemates. The fort of Risbank, to the south, is said to be unfinished, but has most probably been rendered effective this spring, being calculated for sixty guns in two tiers seawards, casemated with granite and timber.

The land approaches to Cronstadt are defended by, first, Fort Catherine, a small redoubt at the western extremity of the island; next, Fort Alexander and the Mikhail, or Michel redoubts with lines, and Peter Fort and Kesel Battery on the south shores. The defences at Mikhail, where are barracks and arsenal, are of a formidable character. The western extremity of the island is marked by the Tolbukin light, ninety-five feet high. The channels are all carefully buoyed off in times of peace, but as these will be now either removed, or so placed as to mislead, the difficulty of approach will be very materially increased, and replete with danger.*

The most assailable point of Cronstadt, next to the eastern side, which cannot be approached till after the Great and Little Roads have been opened, is the north-west corner of the town itself, at the point where the cross-ditch joins the sea, and where a successful attack might be made by gun-boats or small steamers. A landing might also be effected on almost any portion of the north shore at or near the governor's house, due regard being paid to rocks. All the redoubts and forts in the island might then be taken in reverse. The town or fortress, we have seen, presents an indifferent front in that direction.

Most of the maritime forts might also be taken in rear. It would be necessary to silence Peter first, on the island, before attempting Fort Constantine upon such a principle. Kesel Battery covers the approaches to the rear of Fort Alexander in a similar manner, and that fort is also

* We have made no allusion here to the additional defences said to have been extemporised of enormous floating batteries formed of old ships of the line, and placed at the entrance of the port behind Fort Menschikoff, still less of Professor Jacobi's much-talked-of invention for destroying vessels at sea, by submerged iron chests charged with powder and other explosive materials, which are to go off when touched by the ships' keels when passing through the "Narrows," and of which submarine mines some hundred (!) are said to have been laid down, as no doubt every available means of defence will be resorted to, and to that much that is extravagant and fabulous will be added by excitable newsmongers.

still more closely defended from a similar attack by the so-called Citadel Battery. Fort Peter I. is the only fort that is covered in the rear by the guns of Cronstadt itself. The Fort of Cronslott is armed in three directions, defended in a fourth, that of the gates, by the guns of Cronstadt, and undefended in a fifth, with from one to three-quarters of a bathos of water. Risbank is protected in the rear by the Risbankia Battery, but which, like the Citadel Battery, might be easily silenced. An attack of this kind would have to be performed chiefly by small steamers and gun-boats, and once the maritime forts in our possession, the large ships could attack the fortress of Cronstadt and the fleet in the haven.

Another and more simple course presents itself in this case as well as in others, and that is, a fair fight of floating wooden batteries against stationary stone and wood batteries. The floating batteries would have the advantage of being able to take up that position which might be deemed most advantageous where there is sufficient water, as also of bringing several floating batteries to bear at the same time against one stationary one, and notwithstanding the doubts entertained by some military men of science and experience, and which we have before discussed, as to the success of floating batteries of wood against stone batteries, we have every reason to believe that the heavy armament of some of the ships of the line now in the Baltic would render the reduction of such forts as defend the Great and Little Roads to Cronstadt a matter of engineering certainty. If so, such a mode of proceeding would most probably be attended by less loss of life or chances of reverses than more detailed and more hazardous boating expeditions.

The importance of Cronstadt may be judged of by the circumstance that when, at the end of the last century, the Empress Catherine II., the northern Clytemnestra, rebelled against the king her husband, the first thing Peter did was to send a general officer (Devier) to the maritime fortress. Catherine, with more astuteness, sent an admiral (Taliezen), who, being admitted without opposition, and perceiving that General Devier had made no communication to the garrison, he instantly commanded the arrest of the latter, which was as instantly obeyed; the marines and sailors being more inclined to execute the order of an admiral than those of a general. Having secured the general's person, Taliezen then announced to the garrison that a revolution had taken place at St. Petersburg; the Emperor, he said, was deposed; the army and senate had declared for Catherine; and all opposition would be fruitless and dangerous. These arguments, backed by a plentiful distribution of spirituous liquors, produced the desired effect, and Catherine was proclaimed Empress. Thus a place of so much importance, that its allegiance to the Emperor would have delayed, if not prevented, the final success of the insurrection, was seized without opposition.

On the north side of the Gulf of Finland, and at the entrance of that of Bothnia, is the Aland Archipelago—an almost numberless group of islands which extend hence to Abo, and thence all along the northern shores of the Gulf of Finland, rendering the navigation thereof peculiarly intricate and dangerous. Of these islands some are nothing but rocks and sand—the rock being mainly granitic; others are wooded, or partially pasture and arable land, and inhabited. This is particularly the case with Aland, the chief island, and one or two others. At Bomarsund

is the ruined castle of Castelholm, in which the unfortunate Eric XIV. was confined in 1751. Scarpana, in this sound or *sund*, was chosen by the Russians as the most favourable spot, where, for more than twenty years, extensive works have been carried on, in the building of fortresses and fortified barracks, which extended their powerful arms along the channel between Aland and Wardo. These islands having been evacuated by the Russians, it is anticipated that they will be taken possession of by the allied fleet. Such an occupation is not without its political importance. The fort of Gustavsvorn, at Hango Head, the extreme south-western point of Finland, and the neighbouring port and fortress of Eknas, may be considered as advance posts of this island system, the real difficulties of which lie not only in an intricate navigation, but also in their ready adaptation to a kind of guerilla warfare by gun-boats, of which Russia and Sweden possess whole hosts.

Abo, or Aboa, in Finnish Turku, the capital of Finland, is situated on the Duro, about half a mile from the sea, and is said to have an excellent harbour. The fortress of Abo Slot, or Abo Hous, is on a peninsula at the mouth of the river. This, like Castelholm, has been a royal prison, John III. having been a prisoner within its walls in 1563, and Eric XIV. in 1752. In 1791 this castle was repaired for holding troops, and a station founded for a flotilla of gun-boats. Gun-boats and bomb ketches have been the basis for many years of the system of warfare in use among these innumerable islands, to which they are indeed better adapted than anything else, and they have assumed a remarkable development in modern times.

The University of Abo was founded by Gustavus in 1628, and it was erected into an university by Christina in 1640. The cathedral is a large building of great antiquity, having been founded in 1300. Abo being mainly built of wood, has suffered so much by fires as to have acquired quite a notoriety for such. A most disastrous fire occurred in 1775, and others have happened quite recently.

Helsingfors, in the district of Nyland, so called from its having been peopled not by Finns but by people from Helsingland, was founded by Gustavus I. upon a peninsula, the port having ever been considered to be the best in the Gulf of Finland. This port is encompassed by islands, seven in number—Sveaborg—three of which are joined to each other by bridges. The principal island, originally fortified by Gustavus, and hence still called Gustafholm, or Gustafs Sward, is now perhaps the most formidable fortress in Russia. Casemates are fashioned in it for six thousand muskets, and it is said to be defended by 800 guns and 12,000 men. The garrison of the town and islands generally, now that it has been strengthened by the garrisons of Aland and other places, must be much more considerable. The arsenal, barracks, and magazines for the land forces are on another island. All the islands are defended; some of the defences being cut out of the solid stone, especially a rock which constitutes in reality an eighth island, and from which the fortress might have been bombarded under cover of the rocks. Large ships cannot enter the harbour except by an extremely narrow channel, which is commanded by the guns of the fortress. The harbour itself can hold sixty sail of the line, and it has splendid docks, in which it is said ships can lie under cover, both for the sake of preservation as well as in docks for repairs, between sluices. These docks are cut out of the solid rock. On

the mainland are the forts of Broberg and Ulricabourg, as also barracks and a magazine for field artillery, so that Helsingfors is almost as well prepared to receive an enemy by land as by sea.

At the head of a small gulf, at the north-east extremity of the Gulf of Finland, is the ancient prosperous and fortified town of Viborg—an old bone of contention between Sweden and Russia. Swedish in 1293, part of the province was ceded to Russia in 1338, and the remainder at the treaty of Nystadt, in 1721. At the peace of Abo, in 1743, the fortresses of Frederickshamm and Wilmanstrand followed the fate of Viborg. Gustavus Adolphus reconquered Kexholm, which had been promised by the Tsar Wasili Iwanowitsch to Charles IX., in recompense for services performed, but which promise had never been fulfilled; it was also restored to Russia by the treaty of Nystadt.

Frederickshamm ("the Gate of Frederic"), and Borgo, an ancient episcopal city, are on the coast between Helsingfors and Viborg; but Kexholm, or Karelgorod, that is, the fortress of Karelia, is built inland, on two little islands, where the river Woxen flows into Lake Ladoga. Fort Wilmanstrand stands on a hillock—a rare thing in the marshy neighbourhood in question—near Lake Saima. It was the scene of a bloody battle the 23rd of August, 1741. Frederickshamm has a good harbour, and is well fortified. It was made the frontier town between Russia and Sweden by the treaty of Nystadt. The port of Borgo is shallow and unsafe.

Beyond Borgo is the town of Lowisa, or Louisa, with a good harbour, which is defended by a strong fortress, called Svartholm, at its entrance. This town was the frontier between Russia and Sweden during the treaty of 1745, and was at that time called Degerby. In 1752, King Adolphus Frederic gave to it the name of Lowisa. Fortia, who travelled in 1790-92, described *Louisa* as "a frightful town, with neither gates nor pavement, with a little fort a mile out at sea, but of no great consequence."

There are also several other minor strongholds on the Gulf of Finland. Russian staticians enumerate, indeed, twenty-four kreposts, or fortresses, as defending the empire on the side of the Baltic; but many of these are inland and not maritime, and others that are maritime are of no real importance.

The Russian fleet in the Baltic, it only remains to remark, is estimated by Haxthausen at 27 ships of the line, 18 frigates, and 15 sloops. To this must be added the steamers, all, with the exception of the *Bogatir*, built in England, and the boat fleet, said to comprise more than 500 craft, of a most destructive character when fighting behind rocks and islands in narrow channels. With respect to large and small ships of war, when the allied fleet shall have been reinforced by the squadron which has sailed from Brest, and the additional ships preparing for the same seas, it will be numerically nearly equal to the Russian fleet, and materially much stronger; to which will be added the great advantage of being able to navigate the narrow channels of the coast of the Gulf of Finland, and enter or leave its harbours at times when it is utterly impossible for sailing vessels to attempt putting to sea. The navigation of most of the harbours in the Gulf of Finland, it is to be observed, is generally obstructed by ice till the month of May: Cronstadt is sometimes not free from such obstructions till June.

DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

First Impressions of Rome—St. Peter's—The Corso and the Palaces—The Opera of Mosè—Villa Borghese—Making a Saint—The Capitol and Tarpeian Rock—San Paolo fuori le Mura.

I LIKE Rome less than either Florence or Venice at present—*mais voyons*—I have not been here a week yet. It is painful, however, to see imperial Rome sunk down into a third-rate modern city!

I retract: I have seen more, and Rome is not a third-rate modern city. It has many and peculiar beauties, putting aside all considerations of art or historical antiquity; but, like some fabled hero, its nobler features are marred by faults, defects, and blemishes which, when considered alone, seem fatal. It is a strange medley of the grand, the beautiful, the rich, the great, with dirt, ugliness, squalor, and vulgarity. I have seen St. Peter's, and, truth to say, am sorely disappointed! To arrive there I passed through some of the vilest streets I ever traversed, without exaggeration, recalling nothing but the thoroughfares of St. Giles's. The dirt, the filthy population, the crowds of French soldiers, the street-side kitchens, where fish, flesh, fowl, and fruit are all frying in the open air, form so disgusting an *ensemble*, that a lady feels positively ashamed of being seen on foot in such a bear-garden.

St. Peter's is not situated, as I conceived, *in* the city, but quite in a distant purlieu, at a considerable distance from the Corso, and to reach it these wretched streets must be traversed. Then comes the Tiber, a respectable river after the shallow Arno, and the bridge of San Angelo, swarming with crowds of passengers, carts, carriages, and waggons,—a modern jumble utterly at variance with the exalted state of enthusiastic expectation with which one desires to approach that renowned sanctuary. The Castel San Angelo, about which one has indulged in such romantic ideas, is an ordinary round tower, surmounted by a brazen angel. In looking at it I quite forgot all about Adrian's tomb; for beyond size and massiveness, one never would notice this fortress, under ordinary circumstances, more than the Castle of Milan, or any other fortress. I followed a dirty suburb for some distance, redolent with truly Italian odours, and at last, dusty, weary, and already disheartened, I found myself opposite the great Basilica.

This first feeling was one of decided disappointment! From the immense size of the colonnades, and the rising ground on which the church stands, the whole appears unaccountably small—much less imposing indeed than our own St. Paul's. But the fountains are lovely; of all fountains in this city of flowing waters the grandest and the purest.

As I mounted the steps and approached the façade glowing with expectation and eager curiosity, I was positively blanked at its increasing smallness and the utterly uneccelesiastical appearance it presents, more like the front of a nobleman's mansion than a church. The square windows, stone balconies, and short pillars, are principally to blame for this. The vestibule, in shape like St. Marco's, at Venice, strikes the eye, already accustomed to the colossal proportions of the whole, with no particular wonder. I draw aside the mat that covers the door and enter—

alas! it is all gold, glare, and glitter, all glaring sunshine; no columned aisles, no "dim religious light," no painted glass windows, but gorgeous flaunting colours, such as I have ever disliked in the Genoese churches; **it** is a style I detest, and not all the magnitude of the proportions, not all **the** prestige of that magnificent shrine, can reconcile me to a style fit **only** for a church upholsterer arranging an ecclesiastical drawing-room. **Oh!** give me rather—ten times rather—that chaste, solemn duomo of **Milan** in all its marble purity! Give me that forest of pillars, where the **eye** wanders confused from each marvellously clustered pillar to another, **springing** aloft in snowy splendour to the delicately fretted roof.

Give me those awful windows whereon are so skilfully represented the mysteries of our faith, casting down such broken and mysterious light on the aged monuments around.

All this ran in my mind as I advanced up the nave of St. Peter's, towards the hideous baldacchino in the centre, an eyesore I really find intolerable.

All here is sunlight and garish; all looks modern, and of that most offensive period, the bad French style. Not even the absurdly grotesque black statue of St. Peter sitting in a chair, with his foot extended to be kissed, looks classical, and I could not get up enough faith even to believe it a genuine Jupiter.

Many of the tombs of the Popes are in execrable taste—exceptions, of course, there are—but still generally I felt quite in good humour with our own monstrosities in St. Paul's.

There are no pictures at any of the numerous altars (in Italy most disappointing), but in lieu of them wonderfully beautiful mosaic copies of celebrated originals. Still, admirable as these are as specimens of skill, there is a sameness about stone copies quite wearisome as one wanders from one altar to another. The finest mosaics struck me as those in the corners of the dome representing the four evangelists; there is a spirit and action about them far superior to the glazy look of the copied pictures.

Under the baldacchino, against which I have declared eternal war, is open space railed round, down which one looks on what the faithful believe are the tombs of SS. Peter and Paul, an arrangement precisely similar to the tomb of that good, excellent San Carlo Borromeo, at Milan (who really was the best of modern worthies), with this notable difference, that his body really lies visibly interred in the sepulchre, whereas here the simple unit O expresses the contents of these tombs! Oh, what a thing is faith! There do all true Catholics believe they *lie*, believing which is the truth—forgive the involuntary pun. Around the space burn innumerable golden lamps.

All the choir was blocked up with boards, and carpenters and lampistes preparing for a *fête* next Sunday, when the Pope officiates, and is to create a new saint into the celestial hierarchy.

I have here given my sincere impressions of St. Peter's; and I believe it is only want of moral courage that keeps a great many from saying much the same. I declare, from henceforth I shall cherish a much profounder respect for St. Paul's, seeing that in many respects it is superior to "the most glorious temple ever raised to religion," as Gibbon, to round a period, chooses to say.

Having so much abused the dirty streets, I must do justice to the grandeur and magnificence of the unique Corso—nearly a mile in length—where the eye wanders from palace to palace, in a maze of astonishment as to what size the next stupendous structure will attain. Aladdin's palace, with its four-and-twenty windows in a row, would be quite put to the blush beside those amazing edifices that call the Doria, the Torlonia, the Schiarra, master. Less gloomy than the palaces of either Florence or Venice (both of which have a repulsive prison-aspect, spite of great picturesqueness), they exceed all others in size, splendour, and number. There is more poetry about those beautiful cortiles at Genoa, where the orange-trees, the fountains, and the flowers, blend into the façade of its palaces, giving them a touch of Moorish romance—there is a majesty in those huge mediæval piles at Florence, mounting so high in air as to obscure the very street—such palace-dungeons as the Strozzi and the Pitti, with the heavily-barred windows.

There is a look of French elegance, repair, and finish about the Milanese palazzi, with the *souppçon* of gaudy hangings and rich furniture within—and, last of all, there is a charm peculiarly their own, Byzantine, eccentric, strange, about the picturesque abodes of dear sweet Venice, with their *rounded long*, their ranges of windows, heavily sculptured fronts, looking solemnly down in the bright sea, and the great water-gates, with the gondolas waiting.

But all and *every*, beautiful as they are, and grand each in its peculiar style, cannot match with those unrivalled palaces that follow each other in rapid succession along the Roman Corso, unaccountably uniting the finest points of all the others. This is, indeed, “a street of palaces, a walk of state,” and as the moon rose and coloured the great piles with her silver light, I gazed in rapt wonder at the mighty monument of mediæval feudality around me. Names such as the Colonna—the Doria—the Borghese—are noted in the aristocracy of the universe, and their homes are commensurate to the world-wide fame attained by those historic names. If Rome possessed but this one street it might be called imperial.

The shops are Parisian in their elegance and display. Splendid vehicles chase each other along, and crowds of pedestrians fill the remaining space, recalling the busiest thoroughfares of Paris or London. Here and there a piazza opens, with its lovely fountain, the splashing waters deadening the surrounding noise. All the world knows how Rome is famous for its fountains, but no description can do justice to their number and beauty.

To-night at the Opera to see “Mosè.” The theatre was the Argentina, and a dirtier house and more abounding in bad smells I never entered. The music is grand, but *furieusement rococco*, or, as the Italians have it, “*troppo usata* ;” one recognised tunes of absolute antiquity, which, had I been asked, I never could have conceived from whence they came, and yet I knew them like a spelling-book. The libretto is painfully impious—quite a scandal in this city of priests—it would never be permitted in London. Moses descends from Mount Sinai, bearing the commandments in his arms, and there is the voice of the Almighty behind the scenes in recitativo. The plagues of Egypt were touched on, and the darkness admirably done; the entire house was black as Erebus,

and the wailing of Pharaoh's court very characteristic—it was really “aarkness to be felt.” The whole wound up by the stage being converted into the Red Sea, represented by green calico. The *Israelites*, safely rooped on a rock above, surveyed the destruction of their enemies, who disappeared from mortal ken in an incredibly short time, upon which the curtain dropped.

I was much struck with the pensive, solitary beauty of the Villa Borghese, embosomed in its dark ilex woods, with the spreading pine here and there cutting the landscape, and giving a peculiar and classical character to the scene. The fountains breaking the long vistas through the woods have a charming effect, and are the only artificial feature in an essentially natural whole. Such views, too, towards Albano and Frascati, deepening with rich purple light, are never to be forgotten. The villa itself is a somewhat mean building for such extensive grounds, but, rich in treasures of art, is exclusively occupied as a museum of sculpture.

I was particularly delighted with the Apollo and Daphne of Bernini, one of the most lovely statues I ever beheld. The transformation of Daphne is given with marvellous truth. She is already enclosed within the trunk, mounting, as it seems, momentarily to her breast. Her hair has already thickened into leaves; the fingers are sprouting with wonderful truth; and her toes have turned earthwards in tiny delicate rooty fibres and strings. There is, too, a certain air of desperate satisfaction in her countenance as she feels her escape from Apollo ensured, and yet she is, as it were, still flying on the wings of the wind, though only half animate. Apollo is by no means to be compared with the nymph. There are many other fine sculptures, but nothing impressed me like this.

Pauline Borghese, as the Venus Vincitrix, is too Frenchified and artificial for my taste, and looks unpardonably unclassical. She is only the goddess in nudity. I thought of the story of *the stove*, and smiled!

There is a melancholy grass-grown square behind the house, with fountains surrounded by double rows of ilex, very redolent of malaria I thought.

To-day, Sunday, the 13th November, I saw the progress of making a saint in the nineteenth century, or, speaking more correctly, creating a fresh member into the ecclesiastical house of peers; an edifying sight, truly! At three o'clock we went to St. Peter's, the road from the bridge of San Angelo being beset with cavalry, whose numbers increased as we approached nearer the church. The central space in front was crowded with all classes hurrying onwards up the great steps into the vast *sala* before them, where his Holiness that day “received;” for St. Peter's looks no more like a church than “I to Hercules.”

So immense, however, is the edifice, that inside there appeared but a sprinkling of people, great as was the crowd. A fine yellow-mellowed light prevailed at the hour of the setting sun. The windows, too, had been partly covered with draperies that cast a rich tinge around.

Extending from the Chapel of the Sacrament on the right, about the centre, towards the altar, was a double file of soldiers, mixed with the grotesque Swiss guard stationed at intervals. It was an odd thing to see the military introduced fully armed in the very house of God, and argued a strange state of government, under which the Pope could not

visit St. Peter's in safety without their protection ; but so goes the world at Rome. After a due proportion of waiting, Pius IX. appeared, surrounded by his tonsured court, slowly advancing through the lines of military, who, presenting arms and falling on their knees, woke the deep echoes of the great building.

I stood close to the temporary altar of crimson velvet and gold where the Pope performed his devotions, and saw him admirably. He is a fat, good-natured, or rather a benevolent, soft-looking man ; his expression decidedly prepossessing, but at the same time essentially priestly. His hair is almost white, and he altogether looks older than I had expected. He was dressed principally in white, with a slight mixture of red. A priest, or page, held up his rather short petticoat behind and displayed his legs, which looked absurd. The cardinals and monsignores in red, and the canonici in purple, also repeated their orisons. I thought them a singularly vulgar-looking set in the glance I got. Astute, sharp, peering eyes and long noses, thin, keen faces, desirous of reading into the inmost soul. After his Holiness had said his prayer, he rose and proceeded to the altar behind the central baldacchino. The apsis or choir had been elaborately decorated, and presented a gorgeous *coup-d'œil*. Hundreds of splendid glass candelabra were suspended from the top to the bottom of the walls ; drapery covered all the intermediate space, while at certain distances large pictures represented the notable actions of the hero of the day, San Giovanni Peccador. In the centre of the choir, immediately on St. Peter's chair, in a gigantic gold frame, was displayed his portrait, illuminated from behind. I have seen the Scala at Milan, and many other gorgeous opera-houses, but I never beheld one to compare to this, which resembled nothing else, however—the choir being the stage, and the Pope and cardinals the actors, with ourselves, the mighty mass of spectators, the audience.

As a spectacle, it was beyond words splendid. Millions of candles light up the space now dimmed with the falling day. After the Pope has proclaimed from the altar the name, style, and title of the new beatificato, which was duly recorded on parchment borne by his attendants, he slowly withdrew, casting blessings around as he passed along, which were received, I thought, with tolerable indifference. A small book was thrust into my hand, purporting to be a life of the new saint, a curiosity of superstition, containing accounts of his supposed miracles, which I took the liberty not in the least to believe—nor would any one else in England, had I time to recount them *seriatim*.

I then went to look at the statue of St. Peter (*alias* Jupiter), and scarcely recognised my worthy friend in his holiday garb : he was arrayed in robes of crimson cloth of gold, draped regally about his sable person. The tiara, with its triple crown sparkling with jewels, adorned his head, and a ring of enormous size appeared on his finger. Whether in this guise the image looked most hideous or ludicrous would be hard to say ; such an object I never beheld—anything more grossly grotesque. If it is not image-worship for the people to kneel down and kiss his toe, and pray before him, I know not what is ! It was a grievous, shameful sight, that grim idol, decked out like a frightful black doll, to be kissed and adored ! As I stood staring in wonder, who should I espy, close by, but Charles Dickens, whose sharp, all-seeing eyes were taking in every-

thing wholesale. Wonderful Dickens! If the living representative of the old doll before us had possessed the power they ever crave after, such men as you would never be allowed to wander at large, but would be certain to find a living death in the Inquisition. Men essentially progressive, opening new centuries of thought and feeling, making time fly quicker than it would—men such as he are utterly opposed to the retrograde feelings of this worn-out Church, and are the firm and natural supporters of our Protestant creed, with its accompanying political independence and glorious free press. Long life to the sturdy Protestant daughter of the decrepid Catholic parent! and long life to progression and development, and Dickens, their chosen apostle! say I; and down with old black dolls, ignorance, and superstition!

The view from the Capitol is all that Murray says, and gives one in five minutes a clearer idea of ancient Rome than any description. As a view, it is marvellously varied and beautiful, more picturesque than any other city. The seven hills, to common, ignorant souls like I, are all *bosh*, for hills there are none, except the Quirinale, Celian, and Pincian, with the little mound on which the Capitol stands. But how many things one sees in Rome that are but a name made such a fuss about! The Tarpeian rock, for instance, is a very nasty place, in a garden, from which one looks down into a beastly little court on the backs of some low houses. I don't see why *this* spot is particularly to be fixed on more than any other portion of the rock on which the Capitol stands; the people of the garden of course are positive on the subject, as it brings the *quattrini*. Then the clamorous little beggars, and the dirty steps down into the *piazza* on the Capitol—how steep, dirty, and disagreeable! All the world knows *the thing* in the Museum is the Dying Gladiator; a most wonderful statue indeed; the very life seems ebbing out of the marble—actually dying, and grieving over approaching death. It has more expression than the Apollo, that being a spiritualised statue of a god—this a mortal man, full of the passions and sufferings of humanity. A bust, too, of Julian the Apostate struck me vastly, as bearing just the restless, cunning, unsympathetic countenance I should have fancied, yet with a look of dignity too strangely blended, for he, too, was a nephew of the great Flavian. There is a horrid statue of the Infant Hercules, a swollen, puffy abortion, like an Indian idol—in green bronze too!

An old beggar came limping in, although the custode would fain have excluded him; also a Roman grisette, who frankly confessed, "*Ma guardo e guardo, mapoi non vedo niente.*" She and her companion soon settled down in deep contemplation of a much-mutilated bronze horse, excavated from some part of the city near where they lived, which pleased them far more, as they hung about the custode like bees around the honey, and he made himself great in their ignorance. There are some charming pictures, too, on the opposite side of the building. I like a mixed collection, it is more amusing. Guercino's Sybilla Persica is here; also a splendid picture by him—the Glorification of Santa Petronilla, warm, rich, and Venetian. Some wonderful works of Garofalo's, too, an artist one can only know at Ferrara and Rome, who unites the grander colouring of the Venetian to the conception and drawing of the Tuscan school. The more I see of his works the more I admire them. The Paul Veroneses are fine also, and placed so that they can be seen, which is an

advantage wanting in some of his best works at Venice, where, from the bad light in the churches, they are nearly invisible.

The whole drive to San Paolo fuori le Mura is deeply interesting. After threading dozens of labyrinth-like streets, the road all at once emerges on the broad, majestic Tiber. (N.B. I am fresh from Florence and the Arno.) To the right stands the graceful little temple of Vesta—chaste and refined even in aspect, as her temple should be. Below is another ancient temple, which the guide-books extol, but I thought heavy and clumsy. Then there is the Ponte Rotto, now a spruce iron bridge. Standing on this bridge, one sees right the island of the Tiber, with two ugly old Roman bridges, dear in the eyes of antiquarians, connecting it with the town on either side, which rises in domes and campaniles, and piles of quaint old buildings along the river-side. Beyond the temple of Vesta is the church of the Bocca della Verità, so called from an old masque of Pan with an open mouth, into which the fingers of any one suspected of falsehood were introduced, in the belief that the stone lips would close on them if the person lied. It was a temple dedicated to Ceres, and is surmounted by a fine Gothic campanile in galleries. Behind is a high hill backing all. A procession issued out of the church, with lighted tapers, and a priest under a dirty umbrella, going to administer extreme unction to a dying person. Down dropped all the people on their knees. Among the crowd were some gentlemen, who took especial care to cleanse their nether garments afterwards with handkerchiefs.

A long, flat drive brought us to the church, which outside makes no particular show, standing as it does so badly; but, on entering, what words can describe my astonishment at its stupendous size and splendour. The forty marble columns, in double rows, of the nave, placed like those in San Maria Maggiore, in the true Basilica style, are surpassing in beauty, size, and proportion, melting into the distance most sweetly. Over the apsis and tribune are the superb old mosaics, so fresh and gorgeous of that happy period of Roman style, before it stiffened into Byzantine deadness, only inferior in beauty to those of San Marco at Venice. The light, too, here falls on them so well. I say nothing of the marble, the Egyptian alabaster, and the malachite all round. One gets used to these material displays of magnificence. Under the altar has ever been the traditionary burial-place of Saint Paul; but how his body can be here and at St. Peter's, and his head at the Lateran, I leave for Catholics to determine. A miracle, I presume, will settle the question. The cloisters are very mediæval, resembling those of the Lateran, with a double row of twisted spiral columns, each different in design, all very graceful, with the pretty rose garden in the centre. This convent suffers so dreadfully from malaria the monks can only reside here for six months in the year. They had only just returned when I went there.

As we returned to Rome we entered it by the fine old gate of San Paolo, which has something, I think, to do with Belisarius. There is a splendid old bit of wall too, with high ruined turrets, like an enchanter's castle,—to what age belonging I have no idea. I never volunteer any description of the Roman walls, although, as antiquarians are so uncertain about them, I might as well venture my opinion where doctors so completely disagree. The Pyramid of Caius Cestius close by is as ugly as any other pyramid, they being architectural deformities, only tolerable in the desert, and then solely on account of their vast size.

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. CI.]

JUNE, 1854.*

[NO. CCCII.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE BLACK SEA PROVINCES	127
THE REAL STATE OF THE CASE, SET FORTH BY MRS. MACTURTLE	140
HAKTHAUSEN'S TRANSCAUCASIA	144
THE TURKISH CAMPAIGN OF 1829	152
LITERARY LEAFLETS. BY SIR NATHANIEL. No. XX.—PROFESSOR WILSON	162
THE REVELLIE. BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL	179
A DAY AT MALVERN. A SEQUEL TO "A VISIT TO WORCESTER." BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH"	181
TALES OF MY DRAGOMAN. BY BASIL MAY. No. VII.—BEET-ROOT VERSUS COFFEE-POT	197
HOW DO BRITISH SEAMEN FIGHT? BY NICHOLAS MICHELL	207
A DRIVE TO THE DERBY	209
AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP. BY SIR NATHANIEL. No. XIII.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL	222
DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854. BY FLORENTIA	232

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

To whom all Communications for the Editor are to be addressed.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE BLACK SEA PROVINCES.

THE passage of the Danube may be truly said, after the occupation of the Principalities, to constitute the most marked feature in the recent military operations of the Russians. One moment concentrating large bodies of troops in one direction, next marching them in another; one moment knocking at the iron gates of the Danube, the other evacuating Little Wallachia; one moment threatening a triumphant onslaught upon Rassoia, Silistria, and Rustchuk; another unable to dislodge the Turks from the Karasu and Tchernavoda, still the positive advance made into the Dobrudscha, and the reduction of the Turkish fortresses on the right bank of the Lower Danube, are events full of political as well as of strategical import.

Not the least striking of these result from the position of Russia in the presence of Austria, which rendered any further advance as questionable and as dangerous as carrying on further operations on the extreme right; second to these in importance is the position of Russia with regard to the Christian populations of Turkey, ever looking forward to insurrectionary movements, which, with some slight exceptions, never take place—those very exceptions so remote as scarcely to influence the strategic principles adopted by the hostile armies on the Danube in the slightest degree; trying by march and countermarch to foment rebellions where the very elements of such anarchical auxiliaries of a nefarious warfare do not exist, or awaiting more important uprisings which were stifled in the bud by measures of expulsion in their practical operation much to be regretted, but rendered by circumstances unavoidable and of first necessity. Thirdly, the position of Russia with regard to the enemy, which demanded a feint on the extreme left, to divert his attention to that quarter, while a more serious advance should be made on the centre—a feint which was the more easily unmasked, as the Russians could not, so long as the allies held possession of the sea, advance by the coast of the Euxine. They could only do so under cover of the Dobrudscha, along the banks of the Danube, a movement which has been tried apparently with as yet but indifferent success.

Lastly, the position of Russia with regard to the allies, who, occupying the open waters of the Black Sea, might also materially affect the position of the Russians in the Principalities, cut off communications, interrupt supplies, impede progress in the centre, and threaten at any moment the extreme left of the whole army, by holding the mouths of the Danube,

or advancing across the Dobrudscha from Kustanjah to the banks of the Danube itself.

The line of operations of the Russian army stretches at the present moment over a distance of some 150 miles, from the Aluta to the mouths of the Danube. Its real force may be calculated at between 150,000 and 180,000 men. The centre extends from Giurgevo, opposite to Rustchuk, to Silistria and Rassoava, and, having its reserve at Bucharest, will undoubtedly invest those strongholds, unless diverted by the attitude assumed by Austria in its rear, or by a bold attack made by the allies on its right and left wings.

The right wing is stationed on the borders of Little Wallachia, and it has been lately reinforced by a second corps from Moldavia; its reserve is at Pilesti, or Ploiesti, an important town of Great Wallachia, thirty miles north of Bucharest. The left wing occupies the Dobrudscha and the mouths of the Danube, communicating, by Odessa, with the corps under Osten-Sacken; its reserve occupies Galatz and Ismail.

The Turkish army, which, without the allies, may be estimated at from 120,000 to 130,000 combatants, is opposed right to left and left to right to this disposition of the Russians. The right wing at Trajan's Wall, the left in Little Wallachia, the centre at Rustchuk, Silistria, and Rassoava, with Shumla for head-quarters, and a reserve, now reinforced by the allies, at Adrianople. Many condemn the attitude assumed by Russia, but under the circumstances—threatened by the allies on its extreme left, and by Austria in the rear—it appears to us the most commanding it could assume, at the same time that it preserved its line of retreat.

It would appear, indeed, and the Russians have shown by their acts, that they are perfectly aware of the difficulties that lie before them. They have placed the strongest defences that were available—all the fortresses on the right and left banks of the Danube—between their centre and the allied fleets; they have withdrawn their extreme right, to operate purely defensively, to their centre; and they have thus protected, as well as circumstances and the number of men at their disposal enabled them, their centre of operations. They have at the same time steadily concentrated troops, as far as time would permit, to effect a decisive onward movement upon Silistria, Rustchuk, and Rassoava—the reduction of which fortresses is a necessary preliminary to any further forward movement, and entails the loss to the Turks of their strongest line of defence—that of the Central Danube.*

If, in the face of all difficulties, an onward movement is still determined upon, it is impossible not to concede that the passage of the Lower Danube, and the reduction of the fortresses of Matschin, Tultscha, Isaktchi, and Baba Tagh, thereby securing the possession of both banks of the river at its embouchure, was an act of great prudence; manifestly held in view for a long time previously, as shown by the intentional neglect persevered in, in allowing the river alluvia to accumulate, and impede the navigation of the only mouth open to vessels of any burden. By thus holding both banks of the mouth of the Danube, and impeding its navigation, the

* Rassoava is said to have fallen already, and Silistria, which is the only fortress on the Danube calculated to resist modern tactics for howsoever brief a period, has probably ere this suffered the same fate.

Object has manifestly been to prevent any communication by water between the allies in the Black Sea and the Turks in the central districts.

It must be observed, that the Dobrudscha has always played a very important part in the military operations of Russia against Turkey. This remarkable tract of country is peninsulated by the curve which the Danube takes at Tchernavoda, to regain its original direction at Galatz and Matschin, and the Black Sea on the other side, the neck of the peninsula being defended by Trajan's Wall. To the north, this peculiar tract is intersected by the mouths of the Danube and by marshes and lagoons; some of which, as that of Bassain, are almost inland seas; above which rise the hilly heights of the Baba Tagh, or "Old Father Hills," and the Bash Tuppah, or "Five Hills," here and there picturesquely wooded, and which determined by their existence the devious curve of the Danube. Further to the south, the whole district forms a low, undulating down, which is only a little elevated above the sea-level. The soil consists of a grey sand, which absorbs all moisture. Water, when it falls upon the surface, meets with a substratum of porous limestone, and percolates through this also. It is lost labour to search for rivulets or springs. The little drinking-water there is can only be had at the few villages scattered here and there, at wide intervals, and it has to be drawn from wells that are eighty to a hundred feet deep. On account of this constant drought, and the small population, there is little or no attempt made to reclaim the land; and, indeed, forage is quite as great a rarity as corn. Neither haystacks nor granaries exist in these villages, for the grass and flowering plants alike wither away at the beginning of summer, leaving nothing but a boundless waving plain of dry stalks. The numerous flocks of sheep and herds of buffaloes graze at that season on the flats of the Danube and on its islets. Not a tree, and indeed scarcely a shrub, is to be seen anywhere, not even in the villages.

That part of Bulgaria which lies on the other side of Trajan's Wall is quite as barren and desolate, equally without water and wood. This is the case beyond Bazardjik, even up to the very walls of Varna. Troops preparing to operate in such a region, must be provided with forage as well as means of sustenance—and that by ship. Varna, with barely a hundred houses within its walls, could do nothing towards the sustenance of an army. Buffalo flesh and mutton might be obtained from the neighbouring villages, or from the ports on the coasts of Asia Minor, and these with rice, always to be purchased at a moderate price in the eastern markets, ought to form the staple of the commissariat supplies. Shumla is so near to Varna, that although the town of Paravadi intervenes, fowls and eggs must by this time have become very scarce.

Take it all in all, the allies would operate much more effectually in an economical as well as a military point of view, by concentrating their strength against the Crimea, than by dividing it to operate against the Russians in the Dobrudscha. Once in possession of the Crimea, besides the command given by such a position, the resources placed at their disposal would be immense, and while the position of the Russians on the Danube would be rendered almost untenable, the operations of the allies against them would be greatly facilitated. Under all circumstances, Varna should also be made a chief depôt, more especially for commissariat and hospital stores. The native boats could be made to contribute large

supplies from Harakli, and from other points of the coast of Asia Minor. Harakli itself, from the importance of its neighbouring coal formations and other advantages, should be the seat of a commissary. The whole neighbourhood is rich, fertile, and productive, and as yet unscathed by war, or by the presence of large bodies of troops. In the immediate neighbourhood turkeys and geese—rarities in Asia Minor—abound, and an active commissary could extend his foraging expeditions to the rich, fertile, and populous valleys of Boli on the one side, and of the Parthenius, with the goodly town of Bartin, on the other.

There are, indeed, many capital foraging stations along the northern coasts of Asia Minor, Amasarah—a port beloved by the Genoese—Kidros, Bafra on the Halys, Samsun, a British vice-consulate, and even Sinope, would be very advantageous points. The latter naturally could do nothing of itself, but it still remains an available port from whence to ship supplies from the splendid granaries of Kastamuni and Tash Kupri. The uplands of what was once ancient Paphlagonia are especially rich in corn and other cereal products, hence Zaffaran Boli, Kastamuni, Tash Kupri, and Vizir Kupri are large and wealthy towns. The produce of many productive portions of this district could be shipped from Ineboli. The native boats, which abound at Harakli, Bartin, Ineboli, Samsun, and other ports, would quite suffice for these purposes. Samsun especially might be made to turn to account all the agricultural and pastoral wealth, if wanted, of Tcharchambah, Niksar, Marzirvan, Amasiyah, Tokat, Changri, and Angora, even to Siwas and Kaisariyah. We have a consular establishment to aid at the latter place.

It is almost impossible to operate upon an enemy's lines of communication and at the same time secure a line of retreat in case of attack by a disproportionate force—objects which constitute the basis of all military operations—with only one line of operations, and the enemy blocking up the road to the object held in view by a well-chosen position. Hence, although the Russians make a show of advance through the Dobrudscha, such, if circumstances will allow, will not be their real base of operations. Aware of the importance of this inhospitable line of country as affording to the Turks a means of cutting off their line of retreat, they have never crossed the Danube with their main army before the fortresses of the Dobrudscha were reduced, and they always crossed it at the foot of the peninsula as long as Silistria was still in the hands of the Turks. This was the case in 1773 and 1774, in 1809 near Galatz, in 1810 near Hirsova, in 1828 at the mouth of the Danube, again in 1829, and now in 1854.

Aware of the importance of the Dobrudscha, the Russians, by the peace of Bucharest, the treaty of Ackerman, and the peace of Adrianople, secured for themselves the command of the Danube below Galatz. The Russian fortresses of Ismail and Kilia were rendered superior to the Turkish forts of Matschin, Isaktcha, and Tultscha, even if the latter were not now in the hands of the Russians, the gun-boats or small steamers of the allied fleets could alone oppose the Russian flotilla at Ismail; the old Turkish bridge-heads at Brailow, Giurgevo, and Turno, on the left bank of the Danube, have been demolished; in short, the strength of the Dobrudscha north of the lines of Trajan, and particularly its front towards Russia, has been entirely broken up; the communication by water

between the allied fleet and the Turkish centre interrupted, and the circle of operations much narrowed in compass.

If, instead of contenting themselves with bombarding Odessa, the allied fleets had taken possession of that city, as was done in the instance of Toulon in the first years of the Republic, the position of the Russians would have become one of as great danger as if the allies held possession of Sebastopol itself. So strongly would this have been felt, that it would probably have forced the Russian fleet to leave the latter port and give battle under any circumstances. The flotilla on the Danube is always at the mercy of the power which commands in the Black Sea, but the possession of Odessa would have cut off the base of all military operations in the Danubian Principalities. One of Napoleon's celebrated sayings was, *le secret de la guerre est dans le secret des communications*. The base, the Pruth, and the Danube below Galatz, furnish the Russians with only one line of operations against Constantinople. The base is, therefore, in itself, an inadequate one, requiring in its further development the reduction of Silistria, Varna, and Shumla, Varna being open to the protection of the allied fleets and armies. Should the Russians attempt an onward movement under existing circumstances, they would therefore have to adopt a new line of operations, and the possession of Silistria and Rustchuk will open the passes of Tirnova and Sophia over the Balkan, the nearest road through the valley of the Yantra, into the basin of the Maritza, and to the city of Adrianople, thus avoiding the strongholds of Varna and Shumla. Whatever line of operation the Russians may select, the one leading over Shumla, another over Tirnova, and a third over Sophia, they must take Silistria before they can attempt to cross the Balkan in face of an enemy still able to give battle. In 1773 Ramjanzoff was forced to raise the siege of Silistria, after investing that fortress with 84,000 men and 120 guns. On the other hand, in 1810, Silistria was reduced in seven days. In 1829, Silistria, besieged on the 17th of May, surrendered on the 20th of June.

Under the existing circumstances of the loss to the Turks of their strong positions in the Dobrudscha, the next best operation, after strengthening her defensive position from Varna to Silistria, and at Shumla, being too weak to risk a general battle, is to cross into Little Wallachia, and keep up the old game of defensive-offensive operations by falling on the enemy's lines of retreat. Against this offensive, the Russians have little left but to send part of their forces to Rassova, and expose this detached corps to be destroyed by the superior forces of the enemy, or to abandon their operations against Silistria, and to turn back with the main army to drive the enemy from their lines of communications.

It was not the crossing of the Balkan by which the Russians in 1829 lost an army; it was the contest on the river system of the Kamschik, north of the Balkan, flanked by the fortresses of Shumla and Varna. But a system of defence which can be so easily avoided as that of Shumla and Varna is not of much use, and we must not suppose that the Russians will attempt the same line at a time when the allied fleets hold possession of the Euxine.

But while an advance from the Central Danube over Tirnova or Sophia to Adrianople can also only be effected after the reduction of Silistria, only one corps would require to be detached to cover the captured

fortresses*—supposing the allies to remain inactive or to be occupied elsewhere, as forming a reserve at Adrianople, covering Thrace, or reducing the Crimea—this is the easiest way of getting to Thrace. Having reduced Silistria and Rustchuk, a Russian corps sufficiently strong to cover those fortresses against the assault of a Turkish army that might advance from the side of Shumla, and to protect Wallachia for some time against the excursions of the enemy from Widdin and Kalafat, would sufficiently secure the lines of communication of the Russian main army while marching into Thrace.

Three marches lead from the Danube up the Yantra to Tirnova; one halting day; three marches hence over the Balkan to Kusanlik; one day to clear the passes—supposing them to be inefficiently defended; one halting day; five marches to the basin of the Maritza, and eight days more at Adrianople, for the necessary engagements, the gathering of the troops, rest, re-equipping, and the making further provision for the march into Thrace, make altogether twenty-two days.

If the pass of Tirnova is insufficient, the heavy artillery, the field-trains, and the reserve can take the road to Sophia. This passage is, however, well defended by old castles and modern entrenchments, and would not be won without some expenditure of time and loss of life.

The allies, in fortifying Gallipoli, had in view a possible march of this kind, and an immediate advance from Adrianople to the Dardanelles instead of a march upon Constantinople; but when we consider the position of the army under Diebitsch, almost annihilated by war, famine, and disease, at the time when a treaty of peace enabled them to effect an honourable retreat, we cannot imagine that should the Russians be able to gain the passes of the Balkan and to reach the fertile valley of the Maritza, but that if the allies tendered the least effectual resistance, their position would be one of such extreme danger as to tax all the resources—great as they are—of Russia to enable them to keep their ground, still less to advance a step towards the city of the Sultan.

In mountain warfare superiority of numbers is not of much consequence, as a general cannot deploy his forces. The spirit of the officers and of the troops, great activity and resolution in hand-to-hand combats, supply the want of armies. The *élite* of the Turkish troops might alone and unaided, by sudden and violent attacks directed from their strong positions in the northern slope of the Balkan, detain the Russian superiority for a long time, as they have shown themselves capable of doing at Kalafat, and place them in a very awkward position in regard to the support of their army. Ambuscades and surprises, directed against the cavalry, the artillery, and the train, might inflict upon them irreparable injury.

Supposing even that at the Balkan, not being a high mountain chain, a protracted contest were not possible, still if the struggle be continued even in the manner it has hitherto been carried on, as far as Adrianople, and the Russians are exposed during their advances to sudden and violent attacks, as at Citate and Oltenitza, and impeded by the destruction of bridges and roads, while the last resources, and whatever allies are available, were despatched to Adrianople, the Russians could never arrive

* This duty, it would appear, has been delegated to the corps under General Luders.

before that city in an effective condition—nor would a second or a third corps suffer much better. If Adrianople was entrenched and fortified like Shumla, 30,000 to 50,000 men would suffice not only to arrest the progress of the Russians, but to assume the position of a superior force giving battle to an inferior one reduced by war and sickness.

It must never be lost sight of, that the operations of war, on anything like an efficient scale, are limited by the seasons, and that in most parts of Turkey in Europe the movements of armies are entirely impossible for six or eight months in the year, and even in the dry season are liable to interruptions in parts. The aggressor is also exposed to great difficulties in supporting an army in the interior of Turkey. He enters upon a country already impoverished by the defensive, is obliged to limit all his operations to four or five months in the year, and to discontinue them when the principal resistance of the enemy is overcome; is compelled to forego advantages, the gaining of which will cost time, and exhaust strength at each ensuing campaign. In this respect what is unfavourable to the assailant is so much gain to the defenders. Climate and the circumstances of the ground unite to fight the battles of the Turks, just as they would fight those of the Russians if invaded by an enemy, except when, as in the case of the Crimea, Georgia, or the Danubian provinces, they can be held to advantage by the conqueror, winter or summer.

The comparative inaction of the Russians ever since the passage of the Lower Danube, the reduction of the fortresses of Isaktcha, Tultscha, Matschin, and Hirsova, and the occupying of both banks of the river, with the lower part of the Dobrudscha, has naturally given origin to a variety of surmises.

It is impossible, however, apart from the physical difficulties presented in early spring by swollen rivers, not to see a strategical, as well as a political reason for this inactivity. The position of Russia advancing on the Balkan, with the allied fleets holding the Black Sea, the Austrians threatening the rear, and the armies of the allies advancing on Adrianople, is very different to what it was in 1828-29. A Russian army cannot now advance without a great numerical superiority—such as will be requisite to defeat the allies as well as the Turks, and such as may not, indeed, be assembled this campaign. It is true that if the Western Powers determine not to oppose the Russians with their own troops until they have reached Thrace, the latter might carry the Danube, the strongest system of Turkey, rout the Turkish army with the forces now at their command, and thus effect the occupation of the whole line of the Danube. But the Russian commander has no reason to expect that the Western Powers will act in so inefficient a manner, and he has consequently been waiting for the arrival of such other troops as will enable him to compete, with fair chances of success, against both the Turks and their allies.

If, on the other hand, the latter hastens to forward large bodies of European troops by Varna and Kustanjah to the Danube, they may, with the co-operation of the Turks, be able not only to successfully defend the Danube, but, after having defeated the Russians in a pitched battle, or even without that, with the assistance of a flotilla sent up the Lower Danube, to take the offensive, and to possess themselves of the

Danube and of the fortress of Ismail. The main force of the Russians on the Danube being thus paralysed, the allies might then advance to the recovery of the Danubian Principalities, and of Bessarabia, of which Turkey was so unjustly deprived in the year 1812.

This strip of country, which extends from the Black Sea and the Lower Danube on the one side, to Bukovina, a dependency of Austria, on the other, is divided into two regions, totally distinct in population and in topographical character. The southern part, named, after its Tartar dwellers, Budjiak, is the counterpart of the Dobrudscha on the other side of the Danube—a low, flat region, extending to the sea, between the mouths of the Danube and the lower part of the Dniester. This country, which has all the characteristics of the Russian steppes, possesses but a few insignificant streams, and is chiefly fitted for rearing cattle; it yields little to tillage, except in some localities along the water-courses, where numerous colonies of Germans and Bulgarians are settled. The northern part adjoining Austria is, on the contrary, a hill country, beautifully diversified, covered with magnificent forests, and rich in all the productions of the most favoured temperate climates.

At the period when the Russians appeared on the banks of the Dniester, these steppes were occupied by Nogay Tartars of the tribe of Budjiak—nomades for the most part, who, after having been at first tributary to the khans of the Crimea, had placed themselves under the protection of the Porte; whilst the northern region was possessed by a numerous Moldavian population, essentially agricultural, subjected to the laws of serfdom, and acknowledging the authority of the hospodars of Jassy.

Bessarabia was looked upon at the time that it belonged to Turkey as one of the most fertile and productive provinces of the Black Sea. Ismail and Remy were its two great export markets for corn; Ackerman sent numerous cargoes of fruit and provisions of all kinds yearly to Constantinople; the magazines of the fortresses were profusely filled with wheat and maize; the countless flocks of the Budjiak steppes supplied wool to the East and to Italy; and Austria alone drew from them annually upwards of 60,000 head of cattle. Such were the circumstances of Bessarabia at the time when the Russians, in the worst moment of their disasters, at the very time when Napoleon was entering their ancient capital, had the courageous cleverness to obtain the cession of that province, and advance their frontier to the Danube, at the same time securing the inestimable advantage of being free to withdraw their troops from it, and march them against the invader.

The long-debated question of the Danube—the opening of its ports to the commerce of the Western Powers, of its steam navigation to Austria, of its trade—a vital question to Hungary—and the independence of the Principalities, can never be settled till Russia is once more driven beyond the Dniester. This is as much a *sine quâ non* as the expulsion of the same power from the Transcaucasian provinces, and the tenure of the Crimea by the allies, are necessary to bring the war on the Black Sea to a finite and successful conclusion.

When the Russians took possession of Bessarabia, the Nogays, many tribes of whom had previously emigrated, almost completely forsook their new possessions, and withdrew into the Dobrudscha, and thus there remained in Bessarabia only the Moldavian population, who were Greek

Christians, like the Russians. The conduct of the government towards the Bessarabians was at first as accommodating and liberal as possible. Official pledges were given them that they should retain their own language, laws, tribunals, and administrative forms of all kinds. The governors of the country were chosen from among the natives, and the province remained in the full enjoyment of its commercial immunities and franchises, which were the grand basis of its agricultural prosperity. But these valuable privileges soon begat jealousies, which were especially fomented by the intrigues of Russian *employés*; and an excuse was found for remodelling the constitution, as the Russians declared, to place it more in harmony with the habits, the wants, and the state of civilisation of the country.

The Emperor Alexander himself visited Bessarabia in 1818. He received from the province a national present of 5000 horses, and was quite amazed at the prosperity and the inexhaustible resources of his new conquest. The constitution, however, was not ratified. It was not to be imagined that a Russian despot would allow the subsistence of a conquered province on its extreme frontiers, in contact with Turkey, governing by its own laws, and possessing an administration diametrically opposed to that which controlled the other governments of the empire.

The Moldavian boyars, by the laxity of their principles and corrupt practices, provoked the first blow against their privileges. In accordance with old customs, the government continued to sell the taxes by auction, and they were generally farmed by the great landowners of the province. This vicious system of finance, which had been practised under the Oriental regimen of the hospodars, could not fail to have fatal consequences under the new system of things. Bessarabia had likewise retained her commercial freedom in its full extent after its incorporation into the Russian empire. The extravagant ideas of civilisation and progress that fermented in the brains of the boyars, led to that improvident prodigality which is a characteristic of Russian civilisation in almost all its remote provinces, and had, before the war, affected the social character and institutions of the Moldavians and Wallachians to an almost similar deplorable degree, although its manifestations often partook more of the ridiculous than of the serious. Luxury increased beyond measure among the nobles, and Kichinev, the capital, became famous throughout all the country for its sumptuous festivities, and the display of its warerooms. The consequence was, that the receipts of the treasury proceeded in the inverse ratio of the progress of luxury; and the farmers, whose expenses swallowed up more than the revenue, were at last unable to pay the sums they had contracted for. The commercial franchises of the province were therefore suppressed in 1822, the prohibitive system of the imperial customs was introduced, and the payment of all arrears was rigorously exacted.

Although the ruin of all the principal families was thus accomplished, and the imperial government had only to fix the day when their political influence should follow, the constitution was permitted to exist till the death of Alexander. Nicholas, however, soon after his accession to the throne, completely suppressed the whole thing. The country was deprived of all its privileges and even of its language, and was assimilated in all points of administration to the other provinces of the empire. The boyars made

one more attempt to regain power in 1827, and their factiousness so irritated the Emperor that he resolved to reduce the Moldavians to the most absolute political and administrative nullity, even to the prejudice of the national prosperity, by emancipating the serfs. The consequences of so abrupt a proceeding were most disastrous to agriculture. In the hope of bettering their condition, the peasants abandoned their old abodes to settle elsewhere, and in this way many villages were left deserted, the lands remained untilled, and the landowners found themselves suddenly deprived of the hands necessary for their work.

In order to remedy as far as possible this untoward state of things, the immigration of Bulgarians and Germans was favoured by grants of the most fertile lands in the Budjiak. The Bulgarians were chiefly seduced at the termination of the war of 1828-29, when the consequences of returning to their olden allegiance to the sultan were depicted to them in the most gloomy colours, and contrasted with the treatment they would meet with under the paternal government of their co-religionaries. Their colonies numbered, in 1840, 16,153 families, and those of the Germans, 1736, in nineteen villages. Several villages of Cossacks and of Great Russians were settled in the same regions; and attempts were even made, with some success, to colonise a few tribes of gipsies.

The reader will see from these details how exceedingly mixed is the population of Bessarabia. The Budjiak numbers among its inhabitants, Great Russians, Cossacks, Budjiak Tartars, Germans, Bulgarians, Swiss vine-dressers, gipsies, and Greek and Armenian merchants. The northern part of the province, on the contrary, is occupied almost exclusively by the Moldavian race, whose villages extend along the Dniester even to Ackerman. Jews abound also in the northern part.

Leaving the townspeople out of account, the Bessarabian population may be divided into four great classes: the nobles, the free peasants who possess lands, the newly-emancipated peasants, and the gipsies. The nobles consist of the ancient Moldavian aristocracy, the public functionaries, retired officers, and a great number of Russians, who have become landowners in the province. To this class we must join the Mazils, who are descendants of the ancient boyars, but whom war and the numerous revolutions that have desolated the land have reduced to penury.

In Bessarabia, as throughout Russia and the Principalities of the Danube, the new generation of nobles have completely renounced the habits of former days. They have adopted the straight coat, trousers, cravat, and all the rest of our western costume, and nothing national remains in their outward appearance. The old boyars alone adhere to their ancestral customs; a broad divan, pipes, coffee, sweetmeats, and the kaif after dinner, are still as indispensable to them as loose robes and a capacious head-dress.

The most charming thing in the Bessarabian villages is the extreme cleanliness of the houses, which are generally surrounded by gardens and thriving orchards. Enter the forest dwelling, and you will almost always find a small room perfectly clean, furnished with a bed, and broad wooden divans covered with thick woollen stuffs. Bright parti-coloured carpets, piles of cushions, with open work embroideries, long red and blue napkins, often interwoven with gold and silver thread, are essential requisites in

every household, and form a principal portion of the dowry of young women.

The women are also well treated, and kept in their proper places. Taking little or no part in field labours, they become exceedingly industrious housewives. They are all clever weavers, and display great art and taste in making carpets, articles of dress and linen. The great object of emulation among the women of every village, is to have the neatest and most comfortable house, and the best supplied with linen and household utensils.

The towns are neither large nor numerous. After Kichinev, the capital, the most commercial are Ismail, Remy, Novo Selitz on the Austrian frontier, and Skouleni and Leovo on the Pruth. The Austrians used to draw as many as from 12,000 to 15,000 horses every year from Bessarabia for her cavalry; this fell in 1839 to less than 3000, and latterly has been null.

The fortresses are Ismail and Kilia on the Danube and Khotin, Bender and Ackerman on the Dniester. The fortress of Ismail is famous for the sieges sustained in it by the Turks against Suwarof. Its fortifications have been strengthened by Russia, and she keeps in it generally a numerous garrison, and a well-supplied artillery. The flotilla of the Danube is also generally stationed at the foot of its walls. The fort of Kilia is now quite abandoned.

The fortress of Khotin is half of Genoese, half of Turkish construction. The citadel or castle is an irregular square, flanked by enormous towers. The Turks and the Russians have added new fortifications to the old works, without, it is said, increasing the strength of the position. In the present state of military art, Khotin is of no importance whatever. Commanded on all sides by hills, and situated on the very edge of the Dniester, it would not resist a regular siege of a few hours. The walls consist of courses of brick and cut stone, and bear numerous Genoese inscriptions. Over the principal gate are seen a lion and a leopard, chained beside an elephant bearing a tower. The doors and the uprights of the windows are adorned with verses from the Kuran. The great mosque of the fortress has unfortunately been demolished, and nothing remains of it but its minaret, which stands alone in the midst of the place, as if to protest against the vandalism of the conquerors. On the other side of the Dniester, at a short distance from the river, is Kaminietz, the capital of Podolia.

Bender and Ackerman likewise possess two castles of Genoese and Turkish construction; the latter, situated on the delta of the Dniester, has been abandoned; the former, which stands on the main road to Turkey, is duly garrisoned. Between Bender and Khotin, on the banks of the Dniester, are the ruins of a fortress called Soroka, altogether different from any other in that part of the world. It is a great circular enclosure, having four towers, which project externally in a semi-cylindrical form. Between the two towers, on the river side, there is a fifth, which commands the single gate of the castle. The walls have embrasures in their upper parts, and a few openings at various heights. All round the walls in the inner court there is a circular range of apartments on the ground, in tolerable preservation, and consisting of ten casemates, lighted only from within. Above this range are the remains of an upper

story, which served with the towers for lodging the garrison. The whole building exhibits the greatest solidity, and the mortar is wonderfully hard. The fortress never had ditches; its strength lay in the height and thickness of its walls. The only entrance is towards the Dniester, four or five yards from the scarf, that flanks the river. No inscriptions on the walls, or sculptures of any kind, exist to fix the date of this interesting ruin.

The great tasks to which the allies will have to direct their combined efforts in the existing war with Russia is by common consent the restoration of Finland to Sweden—supposing the Swedes to become active allies in the war—and the expulsion of the Russians from the Danubian Principalities, the mouth of the Danube, from Bessarabia, the Crimea, and the Transcaucasian provinces. In every one of these undertakings the allies are supported by the wishes and desires of the native populations, and unless Russia secures herself by a timely peace, or Austria and Prussia intervene successfully in the Tsar's favour, the result of the war will most undoubtedly be her curtailment of these unjust conquests. It is not indeed desirable, now that war has been entered upon, that peace should be concluded upon any other terms. As to the question of Central Asia, we entertain upon that subject totally different feelings to what generally prevail, more especially among Anglo-Indian Russo-phobists. We cannot but imagine that it will be better for the interests of civilisation and general humanity that such marauding, slave-capturing, and murdering tribes as the Tartars of Khiva and Bokhara should be reduced to some sort of bondage. The Anglo-Indians will not, nor could they, undertake such a task. The Russians, who have already brought the Kirghiz, the Yaiks, and so many other Tartar tribes under the sway of a more or less civilised rule, seem pointed out by Providence as the future rulers of the fertile valleys of the Amu, or Oxus, and of the Syr Darah, or Jaxartes. Already they have their strongholds on the latter river, and the first ships they launched on the Sea of Aral discovered therein a large island, well-stocked with animals, the existence of which was actually unknown to the natives! Are these the people to hold regions so rich in the gifts of Providence, so neglected by man,—the men who put Connolly and Stoddart to the most cruel death, and who hold thousands of Russians in the most degrading bondage!

With regard to the future fate of the Danubian Principalities, the Transcaucasian provinces, and the Crimea, the subject will require further consideration. So many strange and little anticipated incidents will arise out of the war amid the heterogeneous populations of Turkey in Europe, that the less said at the present moment the better. We have, however, indulged in a few words regarding Bessarabia, and it may be as well to remark that the Transcaucasian provinces are by no means Turkish, nor ever were. They are not even Muhammadan. The Gurdji, or Georgians, who occupy almost the whole of the peninsula south of Caucasus, between the Black Sea and the Caspian, are a people of no slight historical and commercial renown, who had their own dynasty at the time of the invasion of the Greeks under Alexander the Great. This dynasty was known by the unpronounceable name of Mtskhethos. Other dynasties succeeded one another till Miriam, son of Khusru, having married a daughter of Aspaghur, the last of an Armenian race of kings, he embraced Chris-

tianity, and his example was generally followed in 318. The first Christian dynasty was followed by that of the Bagratians, under whom Georgia fell successively under the dominion of the Arabs and Persians, the Emperor of Constantinople, Genghis Khan, and Timour. Nevertheless, a king designated as George VII. drove all the Muhammadans out of the country in the fifteenth century, and re-established the Christian religion in his dominions. His second successor, Alexander I., paved the way for the downfall of Georgia, by dividing the kingdom among his sons. The Turks on one side and the Turkmenians on the other, seized upon the frontier territories, and their princes were driven to seek the aid of their co-religionaries the Russians. The latter obtained a further footing in the country by two successive invasions of the Persians, and ultimately succeeded in extending their rule undisputed, except in the Caucasus, to the banks of the Araxes.

It is needless to speak here of the long endurance, tried bravery, and national gallantry of the Caucasian mountaineers. They are deserving of all honour and all praise—as auxiliaries to the Turks they will be invaluable; they have held their own, and proved themselves worthy of their mountain eyries and fastnesses—but neither they nor their country are in the same predicament as Georgia, Imeritia, Gurjel, the Crimea, Bessarabia, and the Danubian Principalities. Of their most gallant tribes, the Tcherkesses, or Attaghais, as the Circassians love to call themselves, Dr. Clarke wrote in his time, “they are a horde of banditti inhabiting the region whence the Cossacks originally descended;” nor can anything much better be said of the other tribes, even of the brave Lezghis, followers of Schamyl. These predatory and warlike habits have gained in dignity by long exercise in a patriotic cause, but would stand much in the way of their ever being permanent and honourable allies in time of peace to powers high in civilisation and punctilious in points of principle. So also of their country, it possesses resources and commands lines of communication, which it would be desirable for the sake of general civilisation to see held by a hardy, generous, honest race of mountaineers like the Swiss; but it has neither the fertility, the climate, nor the capabilities which would render the countries enumerated in connexion with it, under a benign, liberal, enlightened, and yet efficient rule, among the most prosperous and the most flourishing in the world.

No country nor region in the East presents itself more strikingly under the latter aspect than the Crimea. It is a land of peculiar fertility, wondrous fine climate, and unbounded natural resources. Under the Greeks, the Khersonites, and the Genoese, this favoured spot centralised the commerce of the Orient. We must return to a consideration of its peculiarities—its past condition—its strange successive political phases, and its great natural and local capabilities. If the allies must have a material guarantee for indemnification of expenses incurred in staying the unprovoked aggressions of Russia—none so compact, so available, or so useful, in a political, military and naval, as well as in a commercial and economical point of view, present themselves to compare for a moment with the Crimea.

THE REAL STATE OF THE CASE, SET FORTH
BY MRS. MACTURTLE.

I AM of a very kind and conciliating—I may add, of a very patient and forbearing disposition; yet there are *some* things that go far entirely to change one's nature; and mine, perhaps, may have been a little disturbed by the existing state of affairs.

Mr. MacTurtle, my husband, has a very decent income. What with the ten thousand pounds I brought him, five more (in which we have a life-interest) left by Mr. Biggs, of the Treasury, his official salary as Commissioner of—(never mind what Board)—for which he gets the usual twelve hundred a year, and his picking-up as a Director of the Inscrutable and Tremendous Assurance Companies, we make up, clear of income-tax (that is to say, before Mr. Gladstone doubled it), something like two thousand a year.

Upon this, you will say, we ought to live pretty comfortably, and I don't deny that we always have done so, up to a certain point. But when one's girls grow up and don't go off quite so quickly as one expected, and one's boys, though "provided for"—as people say—can't make their pay and allowances suffice, and are always coming down upon "the governor" for something extra, it requires *a little more*, I think, than two thousand a year to make things as pleasant at home as one could wish.

Not that I mean to complain of Mr. MacTurtle. He works hard, as he often tells me, for what he gets (though I never heard of any Government Commissioner sinking under his labours, or of a Director of anything becoming a martyr to his exertions), and, of course, he has "a right to give dinner-parties in his own house" (these are his own words); it may also be desirable for him to subscribe to three different clubs (though one, I think, would be sufficient for *me*, if I were the father of a family); and I never raise any objection to his joining Blackwall parties, or going to Epsom and Ascot (*without us*), or shooting in Scotland (that wretchedly selfish amusement, in which ladies *can* have no share) during the autumn vacation. But these things (as I sometimes observe to Mr. MacTurtle) cost *far more* than the little dance I give at Christmas; the *déjeûner* (*dansant* also) in June (for the *whole* expense of which I *regularly contract* with Gunter); my girls and I *must* have dresses, if we wish to appear *commonly decent* when we go into society (and how necessary society is when one has four girls to marry every mother with a heart well knows); and if Mr. MacTurtle thinks himself *obliged* to keep up his three clubs (though, as I said before, *one* appears to me quite enough,—indeed, I don't see that a married man has any occasion for a club at all—he has the newspapers at his office, gratis), he surely can't refuse me my brougham, or the girls their season-tickets to the Horticultural, the Botanic, the Ancient Music, and one or two other places where, *if we are to live in the world*, we *must* show ourselves now and then. Then I am sure Mr. MacTurtle need not reproach *me* (I don't accuse him of doing so *in direct terms*, but there's a way of saying things) if what one thought was a match falls

to the ground unexpectedly; I am never ungenerous enough to twit him with making a foolish speculation (though it was entirely owing to his rashness that our *promised* tour in Italy never came to anything, and we moped at Boulogne all the last summer,—but not a cross word did I say on the subject, and I don't believe I looked one either).

The sum of all this is (I don't choose to say any more about Mr. MacTurtle's expenses, but I could if I liked, *and a great deal, too*) that, living as we do (with all my economy and careful management), we exceed our income, and instead of putting anything by for a rainy day (which I frequently remind Mr. MacTurtle ought to be *his first consideration*), I am almost afraid to say it, but,—we are a little in debt. This, however, is not much to the purpose at present, because our social position is well known to the persons who supply things in London, and who, making such enormous profits as they do, can, of course, afford to wait for their money. What I have to speak about relates to something that interests me a great deal more than *mere tradesmen's bills*, and is, indeed, of an infinite deal more importance to the community.

I have already alluded to my girls. Let me be something more explicit. It is *not* the blind fondness of a parent which induces me to declare that they are all extremely handsome, perfectly well-bred, thoroughly accomplished (having had the best masters and no expense spared), and in the highest degree amiable. Maternal partiality has nothing to do with this statement, for everybody tells me the same thing, and one has only to look at them to be quite convinced of the fact. I am not misled by the very false system of favouritism, which so often shows off one daughter at the expense of the rest, but am equally attached to them all, and really if the best *parti* in London were to come to me to-morrow for my advice as to which of them he should propose to, I don't think I should be able to give him an answer. I might, perhaps, say, "Ask Georgina" (the eldest), but upon my word it would be merely from habit,—having made it a rule, ever since the girls came out, always to refer every proposal to them, and never say a syllable to bias their inclinations.

I have just said: "If the best *parti* in London were to come to me to-morrow." That expression is my text, the subject of any special grievance. Where is such a *parti*, or indeed any *parti* to be found? It is all nonsense to talk about the War, and "the Guards being gone." The Guards are not a bit better for marrying purposes than other people. Take the three regiments of Foot Guards:—*I am told* that there are eight battalions altogether of these young men; of course I can't say how many that is, but it must be a great number,—more than enough, I dare say, to fill the largest drawing-room in London. Well, out of all this lot, there isn't a single English Peer! There are three or four heirs-apparent; but one of these, I *know*, is married already, and two out of the remainder are either Scotch or Irish! As to Lords (by courtesy) and Honourables, nobody (*in their senses*) reckons them. The Cavalry brigade are, perhaps, a shade better, for they *have* one Peer of Parliament amongst them, but he may be *engaged*, for anything I know; Lord — *has been*, to my certain knowledge, for some time (not that

that is invariably conclusive), and Lord —— has a wife (whom a good many people call pretty; I am not of the number). I don't mean to say that *the other three* (I believe there are no more) think a *great deal of themselves*, but I should not be surprised if it turned out to be the fact.

I hope it will not be supposed that I want my girls to marry titles. Not at all. I haven't the least objection to commoners, or *even Barons*, provided their estates are unencumbered. Neither would I have them marry for money. No! That is the last thing in *my thoughts*—or in *theirs*! Of course people must have *something*, or how can they live? And no parent would be *insane enough* to reject a young man *because* he had money. But, after all, the same question perpetually returns: where are you to find an eligible person? Really, when one thinks—as in my case—that this question has to be asked *four times over* (Lavinia, the youngest, being nineteen), it is enough to drive one distracted. I dined the other day at Lady Turquoise's, and the least I could have expected *there was fortune*! Two very handsome, agreeable young men (something must have been the matter with me not to have seen at once that, *being agreeable*, they couldn't be *worth thinking of*—as husbands), paid a great deal of attention to Georgina and Charlotte, in fact, were quite struck with them. They knew everybody we knew, went into the best society (indeed *belonged to it*), evidently kept yachts and race-horses, and had, in short, all the appearance of being rich and available. Feeling what my dear girls *deserve*, I wouldn't even allow *them* to see that I noticed what was going on, but gave my whole attention to poor Sir William Prowler, who was lamenting all dinner-time, such was the badness of the season, that he had been in town three weeks and had received only one invitation before, and *that to a concert*! After we went up-stairs I took the first opportunity of asking Lady Turquoise *about* the two young men. "Don't you think them charming?" was her reply. "The tallest, with the moustache, is Plantagenet Mowbray, nephew of the Duke of Vair; the other, Somerset Neville, brother to Lord Portoullis. They're quite loves! But, isn't it a pity? They're only clerks in the Treasury, at eighty pounds a year! Think of that!—oldest names in the peerage—and only eighty pounds a year!" After hearing this I need scarcely say that I came to the resolution of quietly dropping the acquaintance of Lady Turquoise. People have no right to lay traps for unsuspecting girls; and as to the young men who lend themselves to this sort of thing, they ought to be perfectly ashamed. There are bills enough brought into Parliament with all kinds of useless objects in view, but if some influential member would seriously take the Unmarried Daughters—of a certain class—into consideration, and get an Act passed for the "Prevention of Social Imposture," he would render the greatest possible service to their anxious (London) mothers!

I may be told, by some unfeeling persons, that London mothers, like farmers, are always complaining, and that what *we* say now was said fifty years ago, and fifty before that; and perhaps something in Latin, to that effect, may be thrown in my teeth. Supposing this to be true (I can only *suppose* it, as my memory does not go *quite so far back*, and if anybody speaks to me in Latin I shall answer in *French*), how does

it mend the matter? Philosophers and other *very* wise people keep filling blue books, to show that everybody and everything are improving. They overwhelm one with figures and statistics; they say that exports and imports are increasing, that *this* interest "flourishes," and *that* is "developing immense progress." I wish they would export all the (honourable) Treasury clerks, and import a few (single) Millionaires, and give their attention less to what they call "the masses," and more to a *certain class of individuals*. They would then be doing *some real good*.

I deny the assertion, however, about improvement. Why shouldn't I be aware of it as well as everybody else if such were the case? Is Mr. MacTurtle's home-temper improved when, owing to the increased price of everything (*there's* an increase if you like), I am forced to ask him for a heavier cheque every month? Are my girls' looks improved by having their feelings trifled with every hour, by being kept out late at balls and parties, *and all for no good*? Is mankind in general improved in *my estimation* by the constant proofs I experience of the irritability of some and the heartlessness of others? Does anybody suppose that I have a better opinion of Mrs. Gimp (my milliner) since she has taken to sending in her bill at Midsummer and asking to be paid? "Away, then" (as the leading-article writers say), "with such shallow sophistry!" If you (I address myself to the philosophers) can't offer me something more substantial than your arguments, I shall be much obliged to you to offer me nothing at all.

So far from "improvement," all that happens only makes matters worse! Admitted that we *don't* depend upon "the Guards" in the way I alluded to, the whole world must agree that sending them out of the country was not the way to improve the season. And if the season is spoiled, what chance is there of anything being done at "St. George's" on this side of Christmas? Already the symptoms of dissolution declare themselves. The few young men there are wander up and down, *I am told*, and drearily ask each other if they are "going anywhere to-night?" and the answer invariably is, "There's nowhere to go to."

Even the signs of the times may be noted in the fact that there is actually just published a set of "Spinsters' Quadrilles," which, of course, no girl with any respect for her own dignity will ever be induced to dance. Indeed, there is nobody to ask her!

And if we are to go on much longer in this way, everything will end in single-blessedness.

This, in my opinion, is the real state of the case.

HAXTHAUSEN'S TRANSCAUCASIA.*

THE Caucasus is the high wall which, according to Muhammad's prophecy, Gog and Magog are to pass to destroy the kingdom of Believers, and put an end to the dominion of Islamism upon it. "There," says the Baron von Haxthausen, "at the present day, at upon his lofty eastern watch-tower the last prophet and hero of Islamism, Schamyl with his Murides, prepared to combat the Unbelievers to the last day, which God from all eternity has pre-ordained, although well knowing that he must eventually yield. Here Islamism is flickering to extinction; its mission ended, the power which arose on it will fall to pieces, and give place to a new order of things in the world's history."

Circumstances, which it was difficult to foresee at the time of the baron's travels, have arisen to place Islamism and its gallant Caucasus representative in a very different position to what they were a few years ago. The cause of Islamism is now "succoured"—it appears that the word "defended" is not accepted by the proud Islamite—by two, if three, of the most powerful nations of Europe. This while, by a curious inconsistency, another prophet-warrior of Islamism moans his sad experience at the hands of one among those who are now Schamyl's the Sultan's allies, at Brusa.

We have not time, however, in these busy days, when events and incidents succeed with the rapidity of telegraphic despatches, to generalise; we want facts, and the work of the clever Prussian political economist abounds in such, as well as in wayside stories and sound relations. And first for Anapa, where our author landed, and which probably will have been bombarded by the Turkish fleet before these pages appear.

At about three o'clock we reached the harbour of the fortress of Anapa, an important military post, the possession of which was long contested by Russians and Turks. From this place the Circassians were formerly supplied by the Turks with arms and ammunition; selling them in return their goods and maidens, and their Russian prisoners. Anapa is poor and wretched built, the only traces of European comfort being the newly-erected houses of the Russian civil and military officers. The commandant, Colonel von B., has laid out a pretty garden, whence the Caucasian range is seen, stretching out as it were in terraces.

Amongst the troops of this garrison was a body of about a hundred Circassians, whom the commandant had disciplined after his own fashion; the corps was composed partly of volunteers and deserters, and partly of prisoners who had taken service. They were fine-looking men, rarely exceeding ordinary stature, and of a slender build, but full of nerve; their noble blood was indicated in the beautiful aristocratic hands and feet; the countenances of these men were handsome and full of expression; but we saw Turkish, Mongol, European, and Asiatic features in great mixture and variety—more blue than black eyes. It is clear that the Circassians are a mixed race.

* Transcaucasia. Sketches of the Nations and Races between the Black Sea and the Caspian. By Baron von Haxthausen, author of "Studien über die in Russland Zustände Russlands." Chapman and Hall.

Colonel von Roth ordered some cavalry exercises. The admirable beauty and lightness of the horses, together with the extraordinary dexterity of the horsemen, equipped in their equestrian dress, presented a strange but noble spectacle. Some sheets of paper were laid upon the ground; and the horsemen, dashing along at full gallop, fired their pistols in passing, and almost every time hit the paper.

Of Sujuk Kalah, "little water castle," the baron says it lies very advantageously, the sea forming a small and deep bay, surrounded by lofty mountains, the narrow entrance being formed by two projecting headlands. As a harbour, however, it possesses little value, the bottom of the sea within it being so rocky that anchors have difficulty in holding. At Bambar an incident occurred which is illustrative of a very striking peculiarity in the character of the Circassian females. There lay in the harbour a small Turkish vessel, which had been seized by the armed boats of a Russian man-of-war steamer, manned by Cossacks.

On board this vessel, beside the Turkish proprietor and some sailors, was a Circassian prince, as a guest, from the neighbourhood of the fortress, accompanied by two of his noble vassals and some servants, a young woman and six Circassian girls, from twelve to fifteen years of age. The master of the vessel was probably a smuggler, conveying food and ammunition to the Circassians, and taking as return freight Circassian girls for the slave-market at Constantinople. This Circassian prince might have wished to make a voyage to Constantinople from political motives. The charge of smuggling ammunition, which the Turk denied, could not be proved; but the forbidden traffic in girls was palpable, and by the Russian laws the vessel was confiscated. I inquired of the general how he intended to dispose of the Circassians; he replied, that they belonged to a race with whom Russia was at peace, and he should therefore set them free, after interposing some trifling difficulties and exhortations.

Meanwhile the son of the prince had arrived, to beg the liberation of his father. I accompanied the Circassian within the *rayon* of the fortress, where an interesting scene followed. In announcing to the girls their liberation, the general ordered them to be informed, that the choice was open to them, to be sent back to their homes with the prince of their own race, or to marry Russians and Cossacks of their free choice, to return with me to Germany, where all the women are free, or lastly to accompany the Turkish captain, who would sell them in the slave-market at Constantinople. The reader will hardly credit that, unanimously and without a moment's consideration, they exclaimed, "To Constantinople—to be sold!" There is scarcely any people more proud and jealous of their liberty, and yet this was the voluntary answer of these women!

The baron's explanation of this, reduced to a few words, is that the Eastern girl sees in her purchase-price the test of her own value,—the higher the offer, the greater her worth. The baron thinks that the Russians and Cossacks should marry Circassian girls to improve their looks and make them as handsome as the Turks;—the difficulty here is, that the said beauties reject the ill-favoured Russ with abhorrence.

Of Sukhum Kalah—ancient Dioscurias—the fortress is described as in ruins. At the time the baron travelled, Russia had not withdrawn her troops from many of the forts along this coast, and she possessed, from Kertsch to Fort Nicolai, seventeen fortified places (Kreposti).

The fortifications (the baron says) are for the most part weak, consisting only of palisades, and surrounded by trenches, not deep, and generally dry.

The garrison numbers from five hundred to a thousand men.* This military force of 10,000 to 25,000 men is a heavy burden—a temporary sacrifice which Russia makes to her future policy, since there is no present advantage to be derived from its maintenance.† Should European civilisation gradually be introduced among the Circassians, these places might become small flourishing towns and marts of commerce, such as have already existed here at two different epochs—first when Greek colonies were planted here, and again in the middle ages, when Genoa had the command of the Black Sea. Under the dominion of Turkey, they sank into complete insignificance; but the Turks obstinately maintained possession, and defended them against the Russians; as from hence their harems and the corps of the Mamelukes were replenished.

Were time and space at our command, we could by the history of past encroachments, and by unfolding the political and mercantile projects of the Russians, as manifested in their ukases as well as in the establishment of lines of communication, more especially the high road from Sukkuma Kalah and Poti to Tiflis, and from Tiflis to Baku, and the foundation of fortresses on the eastern Caspian, more especially at Okh Trappeh, prove that certain deep-laid and widely important political and commercial advantages were entertained by Russia in holding possession of the Transcaucasian provinces, and if they have not succeeded in bringing back in the same line as of old the trade of the East, it has been entirely owing, we could also show, to their own stupid and suicidal commercial policy.

Radut Kalah, generally written *Redout Kalé*, as if it was pronounced like a redoubt or outwork, is described as having a tolerably good harbour. “The aspect of this place is very singular, lying on the river Khopi, which is here navigable for ships at its mouth. A row of houses stand supported behind on piles in the water, and the vessels sail directly up to the wooden balconies which run along the side. Trees and bushes are scattered among the buildings, and the external aspect of the place is quite that of a Dutch village, except that the neatness and elegance of the latter must not be looked for in the interior of these dwellings.”

At Sugdida, our traveller visited the residence of the Dadian, or Prince of Mingrelia, which he tells us is not at all superior to a common European country-house, and is superintended by a French major-domo; yet such is the feudal power of the present descendant of a dynasty that dates from the sixteenth century, that the Russian government offered the prince, we are told (by our Russian authority), two million and a half silver roubles to abdicate his sovereignty without effect.

* In all these fortified places I found a great number of dogs of a strong and powerful breed—well trained, and uncommonly watchful: they have all their appointed watch-posts. They know the Circassians perfectly, and I was told that regular battles take place between them and the Circassian dogs, which belong to another breed, and often band together in great numbers, presenting themselves before the fortresses in a warlike attitude.

† The Transcaucasian province, separated from Russia by the high range of the Caucasus, inhabited by free military mountaineers, and only connected with it by the military road, is at present merely a heavy burden. Any advantages derivable from this noble district are more than counterbalanced by the cost which it entails. Beside the army, which is required constantly to keep the mountaineers in check, another Russian army of twenty-five to thirty thousand men is required, for the secure maintenance of the province. It is asserted that the army loses from fatigue and sickness yearly one-sixth of its forces. In garrisoning, maintaining, and cultivating this district, Russia is preparing the way for the civilisation and future amelioration of the whole of Western Asia.

This Mingrelian prince spends his time in contests with the northern warlike and predatory tribes; he is almost constantly engaged in hostile excursions, with his suite of young nobles and princes, and when not engaged in war, he passes his time in hunting, shooting, and falconry—the life of a feudal lord of the fifteenth century.

Along the road were Cossack stations, ten or twelve miles apart, where six or ten Cossacks are stationed for three years! every here and there also little wooden churches with detached belfries, no windows, and no habitations for miles around, alone in the silence and solitude of the forest. Little is said of Khoni or of Kutais, the latter the chief town of Immiretia, but the entrance into Georgia was marked by the presence of a fine ruined castle, part of a once general system of fortification, and every village has its towers of refuge from the predatory attacks of the Lezghis, Circassians, Ossetes, and other robber mountaineers. At Khori, the summits of Elbrouz (as it is here written), and Kasbek, and the majestic range of glaciers of the Caucasus, were first seen tinged with the rosy morning hues. A pretty sketch of the first-mentioned renowned mountain accompanies the volume, drawn by Herr Graeb, from a drawing by Haxthausen, and printed in colours by Messrs. Leighton. Several interesting traditions are related by the author in connexion with this giant of the Caucasus, whose proper name is Arburz. (See Muller, *Journal Asiatic*, April, 1839; Rawlinson, *Journal Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. xi. part 1.) We should not have stopped to correct this etymology in a book where we find Koor for Kur, the Cyrus, and other Germanic versions of Eastern orthography, but the prefix *ar* is of paramount importance in the whole Semitic languages, whether as in this instance and in that of Ararat, signifying mountain, or in Artaxerxes (Artakshatra), a king, or in Armenia and Arzrum (Erzerum), chief or head. Hence in such truly important instances it is grievous to perpetuate error, whatever may be the received orthography of a name.*

Mzketha, the seat of one of the oldest Georgian dynasties, is described as lying at the head of two connected valleys, and upon a mountain opposite to Armuz are the ruins of a strong fortress, with numerous towers and battlements, and all the surrounding hills are crowned with high watch-towers.

Tiflis is so essentially Russian, that little that is characteristic of the Transcaucasian provinces can be gained from it. Haxthausen justly enough remarks, that the Georgians are the Christian, the Circassians the Muhammadan cavaliers of the Caucasian countries; they stand in the same relative position as the Goths and Moors in Spain. The two other principal peoples are the Armenians, who constitute the mercantile class, and the Tatars or Tartars,† the artisans, coachmen, waggoners, and traders of the interior.

* It is called by the Tatars or Tartars Yaldus, by the Armenians Yalbus, hence probably the common names of Elbrouz, Elbrouz, Elburus, &c.

† Haxthausen adopts the etymology of Tatar, but we believe that Klaproth, De Humboldt, and other Orientalists, have pretty generally agreed that Tatar should be limited to express the nomadic tribes of Mongolian origin, Tartar those of Caucasian. The fact is, that the ethnographic term Tartar has so firmly taken root amongst English writers, that it is now no more possible to eradicate it than the generic term Indian, so universally applied to the aborigines of the American continent.

In Mingrelia, Georgia, and Immiretia (says our author), travelling is tolerably secure, and little is heard of robbery; but as soon as the Tatar population commences, robberies are numerous: it is not safe to venture far from Tiflis without being armed to the teeth. In the absence of historical tradition the people delight in recounting tales of robbery which sound like the last echoes of the heroic age, and often breathe a proud and chivalrous spirit, testifying to the ancient nobility of character of this people. The following story of the robber Arsen may serve as an example.

Arsen was a *duchantschik*, or shopkeeper, in Tiflis, and had the reputation of being a quiet, well-behaved man. He fell in love with the daughter of a bondman of Prince Baratow, who, however, would not consent to the marriage; he therefore resolved to purchase the freedom of the girl. Arsen worked hard for another year, and earned the sum demanded; but the prince made fresh objections and conditions, whereupon Arsen mounted the best steed in the prince's stable, by night, and rode off with the girl to the mountains. He was, however, betrayed, arrested, and thrown into prison. On his release at the expiration of his imprisonment he found that his beloved had been married by the prince to another person. Arsen left the town, went to the mountains, and turned robber; although alone, the whole neighbourhood of Tiflis was rendered unsafe by his daring exploits. Many are the tales related of his proud but generous character: his audacity, obstinate bravery, and gigantic strength were sufficient to disarm any resistance; his name was a terror to the country around. On one occasion he attacked and disarmed a merchant who was travelling with a considerable sum of money: the latter begged for his life,—Arsen merely desired him to go to a certain place, and pay for him four roubles which he owed there. A price was set upon his head, but for a long while no one dared to attempt the capture. At last one of his kinsmen was tempted by the reward: he enticed the robber to his house, under pretext of talking over some family matters. Arsen's *sharska* (sword) was hung up on the wall: the host plied him with drink. "Who is that sneaking outside your house?" said Arsen. The host grew pale. "Treachery!" exclaimed Arsen, and rushing out unarmed, he flung himself upon his horse, which stood fastened at the door, and rode off at a furious pace. The balls whistled around him, he and his steed were wounded, but he escaped. From that day his kinsman lived in concealment, in fear of his life, and only ventured to sleep when protected by the presence of others.

Soon after this adventure came the day of the famous pilgrimage to Martkophii. Arsen suddenly appeared in the midst of the assembled thousands; to at least half the multitude he was personally known, but no one appeared to notice him. Prince Orbellian was there with his family; Arsen went up to him and asked for a draught of wine. The prince handed it to him. "Do you know me?" said Arsen. "Yes, to be sure,—you are Arsen," was the reply. "Tell that man," said Arsen, pointing to an officer, "to give me his sword." "Tell him yourself," answered the prince. The officer indignantly refused to comply with the demand, but the prince stepping up to him, whispered a word in his ear, upon which he instantly handed his sword to Arsen.

Shortly after, Arsen, half intoxicated, again went up to Prince Orbellian and said, "I have taken a fancy to your pistols,—give them to me." The prince cocked a pistol and presented it at Arsen, saying, "Take them!" Arsen advanced; the young princess, throwing herself into the prince's arms, exclaimed, "Do not shed blood on so holy a day as this!" Thereupon Arsen went up to the princess, and said: "You have saved my life, permit me to kiss the hem of your garment and your hand!" In an instant after he disappeared in the crowd. The following day Arsen returned the sword, with this line, "On so holy a day man ought to commit no injustice."

On occasion of his meeting any officers riding to Priut, Arsen never molested them, but, on the contrary, usually gave them an invitation to breakfast, which they frequently accepted.

At length Arsen fell, in single combat. He was sitting one day with some comrades by the roadside, in the neighbourhood of Tiflis, when an Immiretian nobleman with an attendant rode up to him. Arsen invited him to breakfast, but the latter declined, alleging that he had business to transact in haste with the authorities, which rendered it impossible for him to stop. As he rode off, Arsen's friends said, "Do you believe his excuse? depend on it he is ashamed of your company, and therefore will not drink with you." In an instant Arsen flung himself on his horse, and riding after the nobleman, pressed him to return and breakfast with him. "Nay," replied the nobleman, "since you speak in such an authoritative tone, nothing shall induce me to go." Arsen drew his sword, his antagonist did the same, and a furious combat ensued. The attendant meanwhile looked quietly on. The nobleman, who was already bleeding from two wounds, while Arsen was uninjured, called out to his servant, "Fellow, do you look on and see your lord murdered?" whereupon the man took deliberate aim behind Arsen's back, and shot him through the head.

From Tiflis, Haxthausen made an interesting excursion into Armenia, as far as Ararat, Erivan (Arivan), and Etchmiadzin (Atchmiadzin). The account of this journey is unusually diversified by local legends and traditions, for which the baron appears to have been mainly indebted to the eccentric labours of a genius yclept Peter Neu, who, understanding all the languages of the country, collected traditions from the mouths of the peasants. As a specimen, we will select the story of

THE SERPENT MOUNTAIN ON THE ARAXES.

On the Araxes, south of Nakhtchewan, is a mountain called by the Tatars *Ilanetag*, and by the Armenians *Otzezar*, both names signifying *Serpent Mountain*. At certain times of the year serpents collect on this mountain in such numbers, that neither man nor beast dares to approach the spot. But beside the ordinary kinds of serpents, a great many belong to a higher order of creatures. If one of these latter attain the age of twenty-five without having been seen by mortal eye, it is gifted with the power of self-transformation, and becomes a dragon, which is able to change its head into that of any other creature, man or beast, in order to beguile and destroy its victims. If a serpent of this kind reaches the age of sixty years, without having been looked on or disturbed by any man, it is called in Persian *Yukha* ("Outstretching"), and then acquires the power of transforming itself as often and for as long as it pleases into the shape of any man or beast. Now there was once a young herdsman of a nomadic tribe out hunting, who remained behind his companions in the neighbourhood of this mountain. As he was wandering about, lost in thought, he on a sudden descried in the copsewood a beautiful and fascinating maiden, weeping bitterly, and lamenting that she had lost her way, and been parted from her friends. The huntsman took her upon his horse, and rode off in the direction she pointed out. But soon love sprang up between them, and she confessed that she had neither home nor kindred, but had feigned this only to win him, having at first sight conceived an ardent passion for him. Then he took her home with him and married her.

One day a Hindoo fakir came to visit them, who, by the virtue of an onyx-ring upon his finger, at once perceived that the woman was a serpent metamorphosed into this shape, for the onyx loses its colour in the presence of a transformed object. The fakir revealed the circumstance to the husband, and added, "Follow my advice, and you may convince yourself of the truth; desire your wife to cook a dish of which she is particularly fond, and do you secretly put into it a quantity of salt; then shut up the house, to prevent her escape: conceal all trace of water, and feign to fall asleep, but be careful to keep

strict watch." The man did as the fakir desired : in the night he saw his wife get up, and search everywhere for water ; but finding none, her neck became on a sudden lengthened to such a degree that she was presently able to stretch her head out of the chimney-top, and he soon perceived that it must have reached a neighbouring river, for he distinctly heard the gurgling noise as she swallowed the water. The poor man, now convinced of the truth of what the fakir had told him, vented his grief at having a serpent for a wife, and begged the fakir to advise him how to get rid of her. The fakir told him to desire his wife to bake some bread, and when she stooped down to put it into the oven, suddenly to push her into the fire, and close the oven with a stone ; he warned him at the same time not to be moved by her laments or entreaties to set her free, or she would certainly kill him. The man followed the fakir's advice : in vain the woman implored to be set free, and appealed to his love for her as his faithful wife. At last, finding him immovable, she exclaimed, "Aha ! the fakir has betrayed my secret to you,—he wants to have my ashes ; true it is you would have been lost had I ever perceived your knowledge of the secret !" When she was dead, however, despair seized upon the man, for he loved his wife passionately ; he wandered about the world, and has never been heard of since. But the fakir carefully collected the ashes, which still retained the power of transmutation, and by their means he acquired the secret of changing all metals into gold.

This story is, with certain local variations, common throughout Western Asia. Ilani Taghs, or Serpent Mountains, abound everywhere, and in Cilicia we have a Shah Miran Kalahsi, or "Castle of the King of the Serpents." Of higher historical value, and greater interest at this present moment, is the account given of the gallant defence of Akhalzik by the Turks, in 1829.

I may insert here, as the most convenient place, an anecdote of the war with the Turks in 1828, with a few remarks on Akhalzik, by a person who took part in the campaign. The advanced guard of the Russian army reached the little Turkish fortress of Akalkalaki ; the fortifications were bad and untenable ; the garrison consisted of a thousand men, with fourteen cannon. As the Russians advanced there was a deathlike silence. Two staff-officers, with two Russian trumpeters, rode forward, and an interpreter summoned the Turks to open the gates. On a sudden two red standards were displayed on the walls : the Turkish commander appeared, and called aloud to the Russians, "We are not soldiers like those of Erivan and Kars ; we are warriors of Akhalzik. Here are neither women nor children ; we will die on the ramparts of our fortress, but we will not surrender it without a struggle. An old proverb says, one soldier of Akhalzik is equal to two of Kars and three from Erivan ; we will not belie the proverb !" The Russians commenced the assault ; the mournful death-songs of the Turks were distinctly audible, whilst they made the responses to the prayers of the Moollah. After a murderous defence, the Russians forced an entrance into the place. Not one Turk accepted his life—every man remained dead upon the spot.

Akhalzik was a point of the greatest importance to the Turks ; established here, they ruled and plundered all the districts south of the western Caucasus, and issuing from hence their emissaries sustained the warlike spirit of the Circassians and Lesghis. Rallying under the standard of the Pasha of Akhalzik, the Lesghis robbed and devastated the rich country of Georgia. The Ossetians, Didos, and Djares, overran unchecked the beautiful banks and valleys of the Koor and Allasan. Kidnapped boys and girls were at that time a sort of merchandise in request, and were brought to Akhalzik, where the great fair for this traffic was held. From this place the boys and girls were transported to Erzeroum, Trebizond, Teheran, and Constantinople. The Armenians had an especial privilege for this trade, and Akhalzik was of equal importance to

the Russians, who, after a sanguinary defence, took the fortress. The Turks had held possession of this important place for two centuries and a half. They all emigrated to Asia Minor. The town is said to contain sixteen thousand inhabitants, eight churches, a synagogue of the Jews, and a Mohammedan mosque.

On his return to Tiflis, Baron Haxthausen made an excursion among the Ossetes, a Caucasian tribe, who call themselves Ir, and their country Ironistan. They are nominally Christians, but they offer sacrifices of bread and flesh upon altars in sacred groves. A tradition, well known in connexion with Mount Carmel, is to be met with among these mountaineers, transported to the grove of Lamadon in the Caucasus.

The cave of the prophet Elijah (Asilja-leget), the guardian and patron of the Ossetes, is in this grove. Profound peace reigns around it; the shepherds pasture their flocks in silence, and neither turmoil, strife, nor rapine dare disturb the calm of these holy precincts. Once, says the legend, a holy man was taken prisoner and carried off to a strange country in the west; when an eagle, bearing him aloft over high mountains and broad seas, deposited him here, and he passed the remainder of his life in performing religious service in the cave of Elijah. This service became hereditary in his family. The eldest descendant, dressed in a coat of his own weaving, once a year ascends the sacred rock alone, and having entered the cave, offers up a mystic sacrifice. No one else is permitted to approach: an attempt to climb the rock would be punished with blindness, and instant death would be the penalty for entering the cave. The interior is said to be composed of emerald; in the centre stands an altar of rock, bearing a golden goblet filled with beer. As soon as the priest enters, he receives the gift of prophecy for the ensuing year. If the beer is agitated in the goblet and runs over, there will be peace and an abundant harvest; but if the beer does not move, there will be war and famine. On the following day a great banquet, to which every one in the neighbourhood contributes, is held in the village of Lamadon, and there the priest of Elijah makes known the events of the coming year.

A minute and detailed account of the social habits and manners of these curious people, some account of the Kara-bagh, and of the Yezidis, or Isidis—the devil propitiators—not worshippers—a distinction after all probably without a difference, established by the critical acumen of modern travellers; and an account of the fire-worshippers at the natural fountains of fire near Baku, on the Caspian—the analogies of the fire fountains of Kirkuk—the Babylonian Ecbatana, complete a work which could not be better timed than at the present crisis. Nothing can exceed the avidity with which we looked through its pages for new information regarding the little known, little understood, and still less appreciated races of the Transcaucasian provinces. We feel the deepest interest in the fate of these gallant Christian nations, although from the nature of their country they have been less successful in self-defence than the Muhammadan mountaineers, and we feel assured that Haxthausen's beautifully illustrated work will, at the present conjuncture, command thousands of readers, and will assist materially in making the character and position of these people better known throughout the country at large.

THE TURKISH CAMPAIGN OF 1829.*

THE Baron von Callot, an Austrian officer, possessing birth, fortune, and a considerable share of talent, was, in 1828, a decided Philhellenist. Like many other greater men than himself, he fondly believed in the possible regeneration of Greece, and determined on forming one of the sacred band who proceeded to expel the Turks from Hellas. Circumstances, however, prevented him from carrying out his original design, and he contributed his mite to the war by joining the Russian forces at that time engaged on the Danube. Encouraged by the public craving for everything relative to the seat of war, he has now thrown his experiences into the shape of reminiscences and sketches of travel.

He quitted Cronstadt, in Transylvania, on the 1st of May, 1829, en route to join the Russian army of the left bank of the Danube, *viâ* Wallachia. The difficulties he encountered on the road were sufficient to deter any one but an old campaigner—among them want of food and shelter were the slightest. The whole province was overrun by bands of marauders, who plundered every one who fell into their hands, and laid claim to their gratitude for not murdering them as well. He managed, however, to stow his traps upon a train of heavily-laden baggage-waggon for carriage to Bucharest, and at the same time hired a seat for himself, upon which to rest his wearied limbs. Here, however, he had reckoned without his host: the road, which was carried along for some time on Austrian territory, was so frightfully bad that he really believed the immense holes into which horses and wheels sank every moment, and with which the whole of this *soi-disant* road was strewn, were traps purposely made by the borderers to prevent any possible inroad from Wallachia, as guns and cavalry could not progress in the face of these natural, or rather artificial, impediments. Every fifty paces a halt was made, and the horses fed, to give them some relaxation from the almost killing exertions in dragging the carts out of the ruts. Tired with watching the progress of the waggons after enduring it for a whole day, our traveller set out before them, only accompanied by his dog, and the following pleasant little adventure befel him :

It was about three in the morning when my waggoner made his preparations for starting. While he was feeding and harnessing his team, I walked on in front. I had gone about 600 paces, when my dog began barking violently ; almost at the same moment five well-armed fellows sprang out of the thicket, one of whom held a long Turkish pistol at my head, and demanded my money. " Hang it ! " I thought to myself, " not breakfasted, and yet the people come and want money from me." At the same moment Wachtel seized the fellow by the throat and dragged him to the ground ; I guarded off the pistol with the left hand, with my right tore the second pistol from the villain's belt, and fired it at the nearest man, who fell with a loud yell to the ground. I drew my sabre and sprang upon my three other foes, and, while Wachtel seized another by the throat and worried him like he would have done a sheep, I gave the other such a tremendous blow with my trusty sabre that I cut his head open.

All three had fired their muskets at me, but, losing their presence of mind by my quick manœuvres, they had missed me, although one bullet struck the hilt of my sabre, and a second passed through my cap. As I rushed upon

* Der Orient und Europa. Erinnerungen von Land und Meer. Von Eduard, Freiherrn von Callot. 2 vols. Williams and Norgate.

the third robber, he quickly ran off, after throwing away his musket. I recalled Wachtel, who was close at his heels, as I remembered that it is better to build a golden bridge for a flying enemy, and returned to the field of battle.

There four men lay stretched out on the ground, who but a moment before had been in full possession of their faculties, the victims of a desperate struggle in self-defence. What had I done to these fellows that they strove to take my life? By God, not the slightest injury; but they conjectured I had money, and wished to appropriate it by murder. *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames!*

I was just examining whether there were not some signs of life among the villains, in order to save them, now that I had rendered them harmless, when my waggoner came up. He had heard the shots, but when he perceived that I was master of the field he hurried up to secure the booty. He was just going to examine the pockets of the fallen, when, to his great dissatisfaction, I would not permit it. He tried to raise some objects, but I ordered him to collect all the arms and ammunition of the robbers and throw them into the deepest part of the Praova, but to leave the dead as a meal for the wolves, as we could not prevent it, and many a brave man who died for his honour and his fatherland on the battle-field found no better grave.

After this adventure our author was naturally not sorry when he arrived at Bucharest, where he could console himself for the privations he had endured while traversing the plains of Wallachia. He stopped at the Hôtel Français, in the German street. The apartment he occupied was not peculiarly prepossessing: bare, dirty walls, which in former times might have been white, met his view; a few lame chairs stood in the corners; a broken table, with a partly open drawer, in which pieces of stale bread, fragments of paper, dust, and filth were amicably settled, stood in the centre of the room; and a bed, of which it was impossible to distinguish the colour, was ranged along one side. Our author's first inquiry was for water and clean sheets; but the host, a stout little Frenchman, was not easily disconcerted; he replied that water was very dear, as it was drawn from the filthy stream Dumbovizta, purified with alum, or filtered through sand-stone; for there was not a single well in the whole of Bucharest, except the fountain of Philarete, which was a long distance off; and as for clean sheets, they were articles of luxury which could not be found in the palaces of the richest boyars; and, indeed, the host only spoke the fact, for the author at a later date had opportunity to verify the truth of his remarks.

The town itself is dirty in the extreme, and there are only two streets paved with round pebbles: the other streets are loosely covered with boards, and beneath runs a broad, deep ditch, where murdered men are frequently found: dead animals are also thrown in, and this is the case at times with the bodies of the dead, if the family is poor or miserly. In this case it often occurs that the dead are laid in a state of nudity in the doorway, with a lighted candle and a dish by their side, in order to collect alms from the passers by, as the Pope will not bury any one unless his fees are paid. Is it extraordinary that the plague should rage in this town?

The population of Bucharest are a rough, treacherous, and thriving set of fellows. The boyars are not much better than the lower classes as regards their general character, but their moral corruption is still greater: they unite Oriental laziness and sensuality with European vice, and, consequently, are far below the Turks. Diseased cattle are universally sold

in long pieces of flesh, called pastram. In the winter, the wolves come into the very heart of the town at night, and our author had a shot at one from his window during his stay. The mode of punishment practised on criminals is terrible.

A tradesman convicted of fraud is fastened by the ear to a high post, and forced to stand on tiptoes. His upper garments are taken off, and he is bedaubed with honey, which collects an immense quantity of wasps, hornets, and flies. In this position he remains from morning till sunset.

The bastinado is inflicted on a large scale: ten to twenty convicted prisoners are laid on the ground side by side, a double cord is then fastened across their knees, through which their feet are thrust in such a manner that the soles are raised to the skies. Then a shower of blows falls, amounting to a thousand for each convict. Once every year, all the prisoners in the Pushkeria, or police-station, are driven in pairs, with naked backs, through all the streets of the town; with the exception of the first pair, all are armed with canes. At the rear walk a couple of officers, who are also provided with rods. The rear men now strike those in front of them with all their strength, till the blood pours down their backs, and this pleasing procession lasts from morning till sunset.

This affords a great delight to the boyars, and entire families, ladies and gentlemen, accompany the procession in their carriages for the whole of the day to enjoy the sight. Robbers and assassins have their hands and feet cut off at the joints, and they are then turned loose in the streets, when they crawl about and beg at the corners of the streets.

After a short stay in Bucharest, our author was glad to receive a message from General Kisseleff that he was expected at Giurgevo, and he set off at full speed to join the army, where he was most kindly and hospitably treated. After a short stay here, he was informed by General Kisseleff that the command of a body of Pandours was given him, and he was to join General Schiermann at Turno, a fort on the Danube, opposite the Turkish redoubt of Nicopolis. On his arrival the general ordered out his Pandour corps for his inspection, who were really miserable objects: the author fancied that he had New Zealanders before him: they did not display the least sign of military spirit, of martial temper, or love of their fatherland; but, on the contrary, visible signs of cowardice and attachment to robbery, and the first impression was not deceptive. Their long hair, probably uncombed for years, hung down in masses, floating in the breeze around their ugly, distorted features, which were embrowned and dried by the sun. Their clothing consisted of all sorts of rags, which were the sport of the breeze; many wore old Russian uniforms, which had belonged to all sorts of regiments, but these also hung in fragments around them. Not a single one possessed a cloak, that indispensable article of clothing for a light cavalry soldier. Their shoes consisted of the Opintsh, so general among the Wallachians—a piece of untanned hide, or rags, which extended up to the knees, and were fastened with pieces of tarred rope. The arms of this irregular body of cavalry were in as equally bad a condition as their persons. One carried a long lance made out of a fir pole, and on which an old rusty spike was fastened; another, a long Turkish gun; a third, a cavalry pistol without a lock; a fourth, a Russian sabre, with a broken guard; but the majority were only armed with Yataghans and Turkish pistols. All the arms were in such a dilapidated and useless condition, that the best thing to have done with them would have been to collect them in a heap and burn them.

The Russian soldiers in Turno, who could not be quartered in houses

built barracks of strong wicker-work, in which doors and windows were made. All the troops were divided into companies with the same regularity as if they had been in barracks. The beds were composed of straw, and the soldiers' cloaks were the blankets. The Russians possess extraordinary skill in building huts of this sort, and they are always used when they encamp for any length of time. Even General Kisseleff resided in one of them, which was excessively comfortable. Round the walls posts are driven into the ground, on which benches are placed, and tables are made in the middle of the hut in the same manner, as well as bedsteads.

The Turks had been forced to surrender Turno to the Russians, in consequence of nearly 500 of their troops having died from sickness and wounds : these had been buried after the Mussulman fashion, just under the surface of the ground, and on any violent shower the bodies were uncovered, and the stench poisoned the atmosphere. There was besides only one well in the fortress, and this want of water and the unhealthy atmosphere had a most ruinous effect on the health of the Russians. All were attacked by the Danube fever, our author among the number. The countless gnats also, which utterly prevented sleep, did their part in producing illness. The following is the description of the Russian troops given by the baron :

The meals of the Russian soldiers are prepared by companies, in an immense kettle, generally in the open air. Into it are thrown some meat, quass, salt, and kasha, or husked barley, and this thick soup does not look at all bad. In the same manner, one immense loaf of bread is baked daily for each company : this bread is rather less black than the Austrian ammunition bread, but considerably pleasanter, and contains a large amount of nutritious matter. Three times, weekly, each soldier receives about three-quarters of a pint of excellent brandy, but he must swallow his allowance at once, through fear that he may save a portion, in order to have more opportunities for intoxication, for this is the highest enjoyment he knows, and causes him to forget his sorrows. He must serve twenty-five years, and frequently, when beginning to grow old and having a wife and family, he is obliged to enlist. For instance, he is born in Irkutsk, and is sent to join a regiment stationed in Wallachia or the Crimea, there is then little hope that he will ever again see his family ; and, indeed, they take a last farewell of him on his departure. But he possesses one consolation, a sweet expectation ; for he believes that, if he die in the field of battle, he will be born again in his own home : hence he despises death, and firmly holds his ground in the most terrible shower of bullets.

The soldiers are hungry every hour of the day, and if they reach a field where cucumbers, water-melons, or gourds are growing, these are devoured, hark and all, without being washed : if the poor fellow has a pinch of salt or a draught of spirits, he would not exchange places with a prince. These fellows are like children ; they must be guided ; but they obey gladly and willingly. They receive every four months three paper roubles as pay, which are sufficient for the purchase of chalk, pipeclay, and other regimental requirements. The officers' very moderate pay is also given them every four months, and is then staked at faro or lansquenet, on a cloak in the tent : the winner always regales the others with champagne. But the majority of the officers possess private fortunes, and are never sparing of their money. A captain of cavalry receives in peace 650 paper roubles ; but in time of war this sum in silver or gold, which is worth four times the value. Hence they are always delighted when a war breaks out. When an officer dies or is killed, his arrears of pay revert to government, as well as provisions and forage not drawn in proper time. The accoutrements and arms of the soldiers are excellent. The colonel of the regiment makes the contracts with the manufacturers. Shoes

and accoutrements are also made in the regiment, which contains every description of workmen. The soldier wears when not on duty, both winter and summer, his cloak ; it is his clothing and his bed. It is of a mixed, grey-reddish colour, and is made of cow-hair, and the soldier has a new one every year. He receives in addition to this every year, three pairs of opanks, or half-boots, of excellent leather, with famous soles. The broad belts are always brilliantly white and splendidly polished. Their arms are very carefully cleaned, and in the best possible condition.

The officers of the Russian army also wear a brilliant uniform ; gold and silver epaulettes, scarfs, and sword-belts—frequently aiguillettes and embroidery, according to their rank ; but all this gold and silver is only lacquered copper, which is so artistically prepared in St. Petersburg that it can hardly be detected till the gloss is worn off, which takes place in about six months. The generals and officers, when not on duty, generally wear an undress uniform and cap, without side-arms, and usually without epaulettes. Each has a *dentchik*, or servant, who cooks, washes, and arranges everything for him ; he can trust with confidence to him, and a servant never robs his master ; but he lays himself, whenever he thinks proper, on his master's bed, and eats his provisions without any *gêne*, just as if he was his brother, and considers this perfectly natural. The officers put up with it all, just as if it must be so. Every officer has a horse, and a black leathern cushion on the saddle, which at night serves him for a pillow. On the other hand, every infantry officer must, when in the ranks, wear a little knapsack. Every regiment has its regular train and hospital waggons, both for officers and men, which are kept in very good order, and, like the guns, painted of a pale green colour.

During the campaign, the colonel sent our author with a message to Ali Mehemet, the Pacha of Nicopolis, of which he gives the following description :

After crossing the Danube I stepped ashore, and asked the officer in command, " Good morning, captain ; where is the Pacha's residence ? " He answered, very politely, " I thank you, sir ; just above ; walk in front, and I will follow you." We mounted a steep path, close to a deep ravine, which led us to the gate of the fortress. We walked through it, and I saw two batteries of Russian guns, sixteen in number, drawn up. We then proceeded to the Pacha's residence, before which a guard of honour was drawn up, and a dozen splendid Arabian horses, with bridles and saddles glistening with gold and pearls, were held by richly-dressed servants. The Pacha received me in a most courteous manner ; in his countenance there was no trace of hostility, but rather of kindness and friendliness. He heard my message with great respect, praised the bravery of our troops, and their splendid, soldier-like bearing. He invited me to dinner, and ordered a *yuzbaschi* to lead me round the whole fortress during the interval. After dinner I took leave of the Pacha and returned to my boat, where I found a present awaiting me, consisting of a splendid green and gold embroidered piece of cloth, which I afterwards presented to a boyar, who was delighted with it, more especially as it was worth at least 500 piastres.

After various skirmishes, in which neither side gained a decisive victory, peace was proclaimed and Turno evacuated, after the walls and fortifications had been blown up by the Russians. Our author was then, by the kindness of Herr von Kisseleff, attached to the commission which was to settle the boundaries of the Turkish and Wallachian territory. The members of the commission met at Crajova ; they consisted of one commissioner for Russia, one for Wallachia, one for Moldavia, and two for

Turkey; they then set out for New Orsova, where they were to take ship. After going through the usual ceremonies, they set out in a boat to visit Omar Pacha, at Ada Calè, our author's dog being of the company. They were received in the most hospitable manner by the Pacha, drank coffee and smoked the pipe of peace with him. He displayed an extraordinary affection for the dog, and when informed of his heroic deeds, caressed him in a manner unusual with the Turks.

Omar Pacha treated me in the most condescending manner, and entered into a far from uninteresting conversation about the strength of the fortress, during which I discussed all the advantages and disadvantages of its position. After concluding my remarks, by stating that Ada Calè could be taken by bombardment with Paixhan mortars, the pacha suddenly cried in amazement, "Allah we Türksche kilidsch!" God and the Turkish sabre! Then he added, in a calmer tone, "We would be buried beneath the ruins of Ada Calè." I perceived that Omar Pacha was a man of courage and determination, as well as of considerable acquirements, who would defend the post entrusted to him to the last. After taking a very cordial farewell, we returned to our boat, and, within a few minutes, again reached the left bank of the Danube.

The next day a chavass brought our author a splendid chibouk as a present from the Pacha, consisting of an immensely long and thick cherry stick, with an amber mouthpiece, and richly adorned with gold and lapis-lazuli. At the same time, he intimated the Pacha's desire that he should send him his dog. He, however, declared that it was impossible for him to part from such a faithful companion, and added, that if this was to be the price of the handsome chibouk, he could take it back again. The chavass, however, declared that he could not carry a present back, and if he did not feel inclined to give the dog, the Pacha would not be angry.

At Widdin the commissioners' Greek cook was stabbed by one of the Turkish soldiers, and although the pacha offered them satisfaction by punishing the offender, they declined it. The Turkish soldiers at that time were young fellows of fifteen or sixteen, almost children, who were very undisciplined, and their muskets, though good, were in a very dirty condition; it would take some time, our author expresses his opinion, to teach the new army even to march properly, without thinking of their manœuvring like other European troops. Still he believed in the possibility of their perfect military organisation if they were to be put in the hands of European instructors; but they must entirely give up their old habits.

The island of Kalafat, which the commission passed on the next day, our author remarks, would be a most important place in time of war, where troops could be entrenched, the communication kept up with Little Wallachia in the rear by means of bridges of boats, and the road to Crajova and Karakal be protected. The island should be converted into a *tête-du-pont*, and the whole of the outworks of Widdin along the Danube could be destroyed. Widdin is a tolerably strong fortress, but if the island of Kalafat, which lies rather high, were in the hands of the enemy, the commandant of Widdin would soon be in a state of great danger. All this we have lately seen verified. On the 31st of August a Wallachian watchmaker, whom our author had met the previous day, conducted him to Omer Aga. This officer was a Croatian renegade, by name Michael Lätos, who had formerly served as a cadet in a frontier regiment, and had then been attached to the engineer's commission.

Growing tired of waiting for promotion, he had decided on becoming : Muhammadan, obtained the rank of a captain, and instructed the sons of Ibrahim Pacha in modern languages and military science. It would have scarcely been believed at that time that this tall young man, who did not appear to be in the most flourishing circumstances, would eventually become the celebrated Omar Pacha, commander-in-chief of the Osmanli army, and whose bravery and strategic talent are recognised by the whole of Europe.

The continued insults to which our author was subjected by his superior officer in the commission, and the impossibility of obtaining redress, decided him on throwing up his charge, and he determined on proceeding, *via* Rustchuk, to Stamboul. He therefore went on board a sailing vessel, which bore him to Rustchuk. His first business was to call on the Pacha, and obtain permission to continue his journey to Constantinople. The Pacha promised him a firman and post-horses to carry him to Varna, whence he could take ship to Stamboul. After some days delay he again called on the pacha on the subject, but all the answer he could obtain was, "Bakalym, Inshallah—Allah Kerim !" At last, however, he succeeded, and with a piece of cold mutton and some bread in one saddle-bag, and several bottles of wine in the other, he passed through the gate of Rustchuk, *en route* for Schumla and the Balkan.

The Balkan, called by the Greeks Hæmus, by the Turks Eminèh Dag, the chief chain of mountains in European Turkey, is a continuation of the Dinaric Alps, which themselves are a continuation of the Julian, which extend from Teriglou to the neighbourhood of Zeng ; to the Balkan, also, belongs the mountain range to the west of Dupnitza in Rumelia. From this point a branch, known by the name of Bora, anciently Bernus, runs southwards, and forms the frontier between Macedonia and Albania. A second branch of the Balkan divides itself from the main range at Pristina in Servia, forms the Servian Highlands, and ends near Belgrade on the Danube. A third runs from Orbelo to Orsova. A fourth also runs in a southerly direction to Salonichi in Macedonia, and forms Athos or Monte Santo in the Archipelago. A fifth extends from Dubnitza, in a south-western direction, to the Archipelago, and terminates near the Maritza, the ancient Hebrus. The sixth, the little Balkan, separates at no great distance from Gabrova, the former Nicopolis ad Hæmum, from the main range, and runs in a north-western direction towards Varna, and then in a northern to Isaktji, where it terminates near the mouths of the Danube. A seventh, commencing at Selimno in Rumelia, runs south-west, and divides at Burgos into two branches, of which one, known by the name of Tekiri, turns towards the south-west, and terminates at Sestos in the Dardanelles ; while the other, under the name of Strandjea, extends to Constantinople and the Bosphorus. The principal chain of the Balkan, which extends constantly from east to west, terminates in Cape Eminèh to the north of Misivria in Rumelia, upon the Black Sea. In the west it terminates in the promontory of San Stephano, on the Adriatic Gulf.

The whole range of the Balkan forms a chain of precipitous rocky walls, full of terrible abysses and deep ravines, and presents the greatest difficulties to the passage of troops and artillery. The Balkan is most passable over the Eminèh Dag towards the coast of the Euxine, but the roads there are merely rough footpaths, as indeed they are throughout the whole chain : the one, however, leading from Varna to Constantinople is

practicable for infantry and cavalry, as far as the village of Belgrade, fifteen miles from the capital. There are in the whole six roads across the Balkan, of which two lead to Stamboul, and are not everywhere practicable for artillery: the chief pass is near Schumla.

The Balkan affords an endless variety of natural beauties. The traveller passes first through gloomy valleys, which are inclosed by perpendicular walls of rock, then past terrible abysses, in whose depth a wild mountain stream frets and foams; then he arrives among shadowy forests, behind which the valley suddenly extends into a wide mirror-like lake, which is surrounded by wooded hills, with their dark green foliage; then the road turns, you climb a wooded path, and when you have surmounted the peak, the Black Sea is visible in the distant mist. The path again descends, and a pleasant valley is reached, when the rising smoke and the barking of dogs announce the presence of human beings, who are found in a little sequestered village, surrounded by cultivated land and meadows. But the scene is soon changed into a romantic rocky district, with waterfalls and cascades. The whole is continually adorned with a luxuriant growth of forest vegetation.

After a pleasant ride through the Balkan the baron reached Schumla, a place at present so celebrated in the bulletins from the seat of war. We find the following description of it:

In and round Schumla there are a number of mesonais, or cemeteries, which in the distance look like gardens, so thickly are they strewn with gravestones, of which the majority are plain. To the left of the town there is a large magazine, built of brick, before which piles of cannon-balls and other ammunition are collected. There are a great number of such buildings, which have considerable claim to architectural beauty; they belong to the government, and serve for military or civil purposes. The streets are very uneven, extremely badly paved, and in a most dirty condition. Robberies take place in the most impudent fashion, and the kadi conceals himself in the Djamia that he may not be pestered by complaints. It seems as if the Turks of Schumla were different from the inhabitants of other Osmanli towns; cheating and villany, bigotry and hypocrisy, are in great fashion here. I made quite sufficient experience on this subject. The impertinence, begging, and curiosity of the lower classes is prevalent in all Turkish towns, but here they pass all bounds.

In our author's day the whole fortifications of Schumla consisted of a poor glacis surrounded with palisades and a moat with a few bastions, which are in communication with the entrenched lines of the camp; all the heights around Schumla are fortified, but the loose nature of the soil does not permit any permanent earthworks. Schumla, through its position, is remarkably valuable to the Osmanli, as its loss would open the passage over the Balkan, and consequently the road to the heart of the empire and Stamboul. Under the direction of an experienced engineer, who would take some of the commanding heights into the line of defence, and if the Osmanli government would defray the necessary expenses for erecting the works of stone, it might be rendered one of the strongest fortresses in the world, and almost impregnable. In addition to this, the situation is very healthy, and there is an abundance of good drinking water.

On arriving at Varna, nothing was to be seen all around except the Russian encampments—barracks intermixed with tents, broken carts and other vehicles in the wildest confusion. Destruction everywhere prevailed; the fortifications of Varna had been blown up by the Russians, and most of the houses had fallen in, partly from the terrible explosion, partly from their vicinity to the walls. It was a melancholy and a disgusting

sight; for all was full of filth, and even at a distance the olfactory nerves were painfully affected by the pestilential stench. Wherever a Russian regiment has been encamped for a month the atmosphere is corrupted for a long time; and an old Russian soldier's proverb says, that no grass will grow there for two years. As our author rode through the gate he witnessed the following scene, which gives a good idea of the Russian character: The Russian sentinel had stopped a Turk who carried a large basket of pomegranates on his head; while the two were talking, another Russian was standing behind the Turk and lightening his basket by allowing one pomegranate after the other to slip into the pocket of his coarse cloak; when the thief had retired a sufficient distance not to excite suspicion, the sentry suffered the Turk to pass, who, in the zeal of his objections, had not noticed what had occurred.

What I saw in the interior of Varna made no pleasing impression upon me; these soldiers who, when off duty, wear their cloak winter and summer, and a cap without a peak, in which they look as if they were sewn up in a long hair sack—these officers, whose uniforms the long campaign and the bivouac had ruined, in their dark short undress coats, full of stains, frequently with holes at the elbows, with the high, stiff red collar up to the ears, fastened up to the chin, with copper epaulettes, whose gilding had been tarnished by wind and rain—with their worn-out ragged trousers, and the waists of their coats between their shoulders—these men, who seemed quite worn out by privations, long marches, and disease—the few sorrowful Turks—the destroyed and ruined houses—the desolated gardens—the narrow and dirty streets, made by no means a pleasant impression on me.

On the road to the town commandant's house the baron met a young man in European dress, of whom he inquired the way. It was a Greek, and as talkative as the rest of his countrymen; so our author soon discovered that his name was Leontides; that he belonged to Missivira, on the western shores of the Black Sea, and had come across to speculate in wood, which the Russians sold here for a mere trifle. He then begged him most earnestly to live with him in a house which had been half-destroyed by the explosions; the house was quite uninhabited. This offer the baron accepted. The whole house was a picture of destruction and disorder; the walls and stairs shook at each wave as if it were an earthquake, for not only the wall of the fortress, which kept out the sea, but the front wall of the house had fallen into the sea at the time when the fortifications were blown up. Each of the two rooms in the first floor had consequently a window which was as broad and high as the entire room. They lived there as if in a large open lantern, into which the south-east wind blew violently, and they were washed by the spray of the sea.

During the following days the departure of the Russian troops was expedited, which the author discovered by the loss of a new pair of boots:

I was sleeping on my blanket over the trap-door when I was suddenly wakened by loud steps coming up the stairs; the thief did not even take the trouble to walk on tip-toe, as the cunning vagabonds are generally accustomed to do. My sabre always lay ready by my side, and when I heard the trap-door opened I growled out a dozen Russian oaths and stabbed away at the opening beneath me. The trap-door again closed, and I fancied I had frightened away the robber; but I had reckoned without my host, and forgot that the thief could easily get out of the way of my blows, which were given in the dark. It would have been the wisest plan to follow, seize him by the collar, and blow out his brains, but I was sleepy and tired. The approaching dawn furnished the

best proof of this. The worst was, that there was a silver *étui* in the boots, for I had not a better place, as I thought, to hide it.

At last the majority of the troops had departed, and the only restaurateur in the town, a Greek, who probably in the consciousness of his guilt would not await the return of the Turks, went with them. The consequence of this was, that nothing eatable could be procured for love or money, and our author was forced to live on water-melons and hard cheese, which did not at all agree with him. This, together with the pestilential air, brought on a violent attack of cholera.

I struggled against it as long as I could, and visited several Russian surgeons. But there was no chance of procuring any medicine. The gentlemen pretended that the apothecaries' stores had been sent on in advance; and in addition these are not in such a condition that everything could be found in them suitable for such a critical disease as mine. Nor could I expect any assistance from the Russian surgeons, for the most of them, with the exception of those lately brought-up at Dorpat, are only rough practitioners, with whom the only cure for a fever is sour decoction of barley: at any rate, it has the advantage of being cheap. In the principal hospital of Bucharest I saw the sick soldiers walking about in long dressing-gowns and immense nightcaps, apparently because the doctors ascribe a secret curative power to the latter. But the Russians generally have a great opinion of dressing-gowns. Every officer has two or three, which he wears in barracks, or even underneath his cloak. If cold supervenes, they wrap several great shawls round their necks, and so walk about the town.

Monsieur Leontides, as soon as he heard of the nocturnal theft, had immediately removed to other lodgings, for he was terribly alarmed, and thus proved the truth of the proverb prevalent in Stamboul about the New Greeks:

Σαραντα παλλικάρια αρματομένα

ἔσκοτώσαναι μία χρομίδα γαστρομένα—

or "forty armed Pallikari have killed a seedy onion." After a long and harassing illness, through which the baron's strong constitution carried him in safety, he at length summoned up sufficient strength to crawl to the harbour to look for a ship to carry him to Stamboul; he eventually found a passage in a wood-ship, of which the skipper was a Turk, but the crew Greek. He was so weak that he had to be carried on board, and the Greeks took advantage of his weakness to steal his meat and his few bottles of rum, instead of which they placed half a bottle of English blacking. In the night he woke and thought a draught of rum would do him no harm; we can imagine how he felt when he had taken it. This, however, fills the measure of the baron's fury against the Greeks, and he ends his book with the following tremendous diatribe:

Had I not been fully convinced of the fact before, this would have furnished a fresh proof what a bad, miserable character these *soi-disant* descendants of Epaminondas, Socrates, Aristides, and other great men, possess. They are robbers by sea and land. Cheats and thieves. With them there is no magnanimity, no heroism, not even simple honesty, but cowardice, hypocrisy, and wickedness, in conjunction with the most unbounded impudence. And for such a nation Byron died! for the unbridled pirate and robber liberty of such men, so many worthy Germans quitted their happy homes, and rushed to battle! Yes, I too was such an idiot, and could believe that I was about to lend my arm to a noble, worthy, and unjustly oppressed nation. Truly does Schiller say:

Doch der schrecklichste der Schrecken
Das ist der Mensch in seiner Wahn!

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. XX.—PROFESSOR WILSON.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH dead! The old man eloquent, dumb henceforth and for aye! Consigned to the dishonours of the grave yet another of the old familiar faces! O passing bell, too often of late have we heard thee ring out the old—telling how one generation passeth away—how the strong man boweth down, and how Time changeth his countenance, and Death takes him away—even Death the Skeleton, and Time the Shadow.

“I sometimes wunner,” said once the Shepherd of the *Noctes*, speaking the thoughts of a higher than himself (for what is Hogg but for Wilson, except in a few fragments of verse?)—“I sometimes wunner how the warld will gang on when I’m dead. It’s no vanity, or ony notion that I gar the wheels o’ the warld wark, that makes me think sae, but just an incapacity to separate my life frae the rest o’ creation. Suns settin’ and risin’, and me no there to glower! Birds singin’, the mavis in the wood, and the laverock in the lift, and me no there to list—list—listen! . . . Some ane lovelier than the lave, singin’ ane o’ my ain sangs, and me in the unbearin’ grave!”

Never lived there, surely, a man more keenly susceptible to emotions of this kind, and more skilled in expressing their power, in tones that go straight to the heart of others, than was the largely-gifted John Wilson. Few have equalled him in the mastery, at will, of human feelings—in opening, by a touch of his rod, the sacred source of sympathetic tears. And he too is gone; whose hand was so familiar with our heartstrings. Twenty, thirty years ago, he played at being a very aged man; twenty years passed on, and the play was no longer a jest—thirty years, and it was no more a make-believe;—and at last we read in the common obituary of the daily press, on such a day, and in his sixty-ninth year, the name of John Wilson.

What a fervid life was his—what a luxuriant nature—how richly endowed, how broadly developed, how finely strung! We love to think of him in what he calls “bold, beautiful boyhood”—in the “stormy sunshine” of his tumultuous youth—when first he wandered from the conventionalities of town life into the strange world of Nature—when, “like a roe,”

—He bounded o’er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led :—

when

The sounding cataract
Haunted him like a passion : the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms,

were to him surcharged with almost “aching joys” and “dizzy raptures.” Mr. de Quincey says, in his “Lake Reminiscences” (bearing date 1834),

"I have a brilliant Scotch friend, who cannot walk on the sea-shore—within sight of its ἀνθηθμον γέλασμα, the multitudinous laughter of its waves, or within hearing of its resounding uproar, because they bring up, by links of old associations, too insupportably to his mind, the agitations of his glittering, but too fervid youth." Be the allusion, as a "private interpretation," of this passage to whom it may, the scope of it is thoroughly applicable to Wilson's highly-wrought and profoundly sensitive nature. Illustrations of this abound in his prose poetry. "Oh! there are places on this earth that we shudder to revisit even in a waking dream, beneath the meridian sunshine. They are haunted by images too beautiful to be endured, and the pangs are dismal that clutch the heart when approaching their bewildering boundaries! for there it was we roamed in the glorious novelty of nature, when we were innocent and uncorrupted. There it was that we lived in a world without shadows—almost without tears; and after grief and guilt have made visitations to the soul, she looks back in agony to those blissful regions of time and space, when she lived in Paradise." Elsewhere he says, but regarding the past from another stand-point—"Oh! blessed, thrice blessed years of youth! would we choose to live over again all your forgotten and unforgotten nights and days? Blessed, thrice blessed we call you, although, as we then felt, often darkened almost into insanity by self-sown sorrows springing into our very soul! No, we would not again face such troubles, not even for the glorious apparitions that familiarly haunted us in glens, and forests, on mountains, and on the great sea." Yet ever does his heart leap up when he remembers him of "fearless, beautiful boyhood! beloved of nature, who, like a kind schoolmistress, sits upon the hills and claps her hands in joy at his pastime, giving him the earth and all its landscapes at once, for his school and playground—and then in thoughtful silence wandering away, the quiet nooks enclose him with their greenness, making companions of everything animate and inanimate—endowed with beauty; searching with a worshipping curiosity into every leaf and flower about his path, while the boughs bend to him and touch him with their sunshine; picking up lessons of present delight and future wisdom, by rivers' sides, by brooks, in the glens, and in the fields; inhaling, in every breath he draws, intelligence and health." We here recognise the joyous, inspiring, healthful spirit—strong, sound, sane—but for which that tendency to indulge in the luxury of emotion, that temptation to toy with cherished regrets and to "hug darkness as a bride," would have become morbid and blighting. But, with all his exquisitely refined sensitiveness—with a nature trembling like an aspen-leaf when moved by airs from heaven—John Wilson was as far as farthest can be from *larmoyant* sentimentalism. If there was in him the tenderness of gentlest womanhood, so was there the massive robustness, hale and hearty, of manhood, in its burliest types. If he could coo like a dove, anon he could fret and fume like a ramping and a roaring lion. If he could rival the poor sequestered stag in Arden, in sobbing and tears "wept in the needless stream," yet a little while and he would rush at a Cockney with the rage and momentum of a fat bull of Bashan, intent on tossing and goring all Hampstead man by man. If addicted to the melting mood, and a very master in depicting solitary pinings and pastoral melancholy,—how uproariously would he lead off the revellers at midnight

in witty devices and boisterous glee—what a broad, big, sunny nature he would display, nobly in keeping with that glorious personal presence of his, so well-braced, so stoutly organised, so exuberant with animal spirits, so *alive* to dear life! For, by his vigorous *physique*, and his impressionable temperament, he was qualified, and disposed, to enter “with a will” into whatever of pleasurable excitement the world had to show. Every fibre of his stalwart frame seemed awake to joyous sensation—every pulse to beat in quick sympathy with May-tide nature. Many a story is told, whether *vero*, or only (more or less) *ben trovato*, of his adventurous doings, and wayward pranks along the highways and byways of society:—how he threw himself, soul and body, into the company of gipsies and tinkers, and cast in his lot with potters and strolling players; how he acted the part of waiter at a village inn, and acted it so well that mine host wouldn’t hear of his leaving, for any consideration; how he boxed, and what leaps he could take, and what a runner he was,—so that he has been likened to Malcolm in the “Lady of the Lake,” for his capacity to run up a steep hill-side without drawing breath,

Right up Ben Lomond would he press,
And not a sob his toil confess.

It is not to be assumed, indeed, as some have done, that whatever feats of personal prowess, or eccentricities of personal habit, Christopher North may affect, John Wilson might also claim: nevertheless, the autobiographic memorabilia of the old man of Buchanan Lodge are intimations of the life and manners of the professor of moral philosophy. Sir Kit is but an enlarged portrait of Wilson, painted with breadth and heightened colour and quaint accessories for the sake of effect. The mask only exaggerates the features of the man in the mask. And thus when we are reading North’s riotous effusions of wanton health and exuberant animal spirits, we are *en rapport* with “the Professor” in his heyday of buoyant strength. Physical health is a “great fact” in constituting, and perhaps an essential condition to the understanding, the “Recreations of Christopher North.” How he glories in his hale and springy framework! How joyously the strong man glories in his strength! What a fine contempt he shows for your puny people, your “feeble folk,” your “poor creatures!” How heartily he cuts up, for *his* part, your Dr. Kitchiners and their invalid dietetics! Hear him, for example, give *his* notions on the subject of dyspeptic symptoms—*à propos* of the Doctor’s caution that if we wish to “prevent illness,” we must ward off, by refreshment and repose, the too possible consequences of “low spirits and dejection,” “yawning and drowsiness,” “bitter taste in the mouth,” &c., &c. “Why,” exclaims most eupeptic Christopher, in sheer amazement—“why, illness in such a deplorable case as this, is just about to end, and death is beginning to take place. Thank God, it is a condition to which *we* do not remember ever being very nearly approximated. Who ever saw us yawn? or drowsy? or with our appetite impaired, except on the withdrawal of the tablecloth? or low-spirited, but when the Glenlivat was at ebb? Who dare declare that he ever saw our mouth dry? or sensible of a bitter taste, since we gave over munching rowans? Put your finger on our wrists at any moment you choose, from June to January, from January to June, and by its pulsation you may rectify Harrison’s or

al's chronometer." And then in huge amusement at Dr. Kitchiner's notion of "broth-diet" and a "teaspoonful of Epsom salts in half of warm water," the rollicking veteran goes on *more suo*. "There is great harm in acting as above; although we should recommend a little of the Epsoms. A teaspoonful of Epsom salts in half a pint of water, reminds one, somehow, of Tims. A small matter works a great way. It is not so easy—that the Cockneys well know—to move the wheels of old Christopher North. We do not believe that a teaspoonful of anything in this world would have any serious effect on the contents of this Magazine. We should have no hesitation to back him with so much corrosive sublimate. He would dine out on the day he ordered that quantity of arsenic;—and would, we verily believe, rise up as a phantasm from a teaspoonful of Prussic acid." And then he proposes a plan for dispersing symptoms of cold and catarrh, &c., out of a thousand measures he could prescribe more efficacious than the ineffably despicable notion of broth diet, a warm room, a teaspoonful of Epsom salts, and roosting. "What say you," he asks, in his gleeful sanguine benevolence, "to half a dozen tumblers of hot toddy? Your share of a brown shilling the same amount? Or an equal quantity, that in its gradual action, reveals deeper and deeper still the romantic Highland scenery of Devil's Punch Bowl? *Adde tot* small bearded oysters, all redolent of salt sea foam, and worthy, as they stud the Ambrosial brodd, to be devoured off all at once by the lambent tongue of Neptune. That antiquated notion against the character of toasted cheese—that, forsooth, it is indigestible—has been trampled under the march of mind; and, therefore, may tuck in a pound or so of double Gloucester. Other patients suffering under catarrh, may, very possibly, prefer the roasted howey—or the green goose from his first stubble-field—or why not, by way of a little variety, a roasted mawkin, midway between hare and rabbit, tempting as maiden between woman and girl, or, as the Eastern says, between a frock and a gown. Go to bed—no need of warming—about a quarter before one—you will not hear that small hour—yourself will sleep sound till sunrise, sound as the Black stone at Stonehenge; on which the Kings of Scotland were crowned of old. And if you contrive to carry a cold about you next day, you deserve to be sent to the ventricle by all sensible people—and may, if you choose, begin taking, Tims, a teaspoonful of Epsom salts in a half-pint of warm water—but if you *do*, be your sex, politics, or religion, what they may, shall you be suffered again to contribute even a bit of Balaam to this Magazine."

And an author of this calibre you were not staggered by the heartiest sportsman for the roughest of old English sports. Whether you assented to it, you could not withhold your admiration of such a frank and high-going champion of national pluck, such an outspoken hater of everything that is petty, emasculate, finical, man-millinerish. You might agree with Dr. Chalmers in his sermon against fox-hunting, enforced on the ground of "cruelty to animals,"—but you could not read Christopher North's sporting articles without being caught by the *furor* which inspired them: "Cruelty!" he shouts, "is there cruelty in laying the reins on the necks, and delivering them up to the transport of their high spirits—for every throbbing vein is visible—at the first full burst of that

maddening cry, and letting loose to their delight the living thunderbolts? Danger? What danger but of breaking their own legs, necks, or backs, and those of their riders? And what right have you to complain of that, lying all your length, a huge hulking fellow, snoring and snorting half asleep on a sofa, sufficient to sicken a whole street? What though it be but a smallish, reddish-brown, sharp-nosed animal, with pricked-up ears, and passionately fond of poultry, that they pursue? After the first Tally-ho, Reynard is rarely seen, till he is run in upon—once perhaps in the whole run, skirting a wood, or crossing a common. It is an idea that is pursued, on a whirlwind of horses to a storm of canine music,—worthy, both, of the largest lion that ever leaped among a band of Moors, sleeping at midnight by an extinguished fire, on the African sands. There is, we verily believe it, nothing Foxy in the Fancy of one man in all that glorious field of Three Hundred . . . There they go,—prince and peer, baronet and squire—the nobility and gentry of England, the flower of the men of the earth, each on such steed as Pollux never reined, nor Philip's warlike son—for could we imagine Bucephalus here, ridden by his own tamer, Alexander would be thrown out during the very first burst, and glad to find his way dismounted to a village alehouse for a pail of meal and water." Or again, you might say ditto to Mr. Leigh Hunt and others in their protest against angling; but you could not read Christopher North's wondrous rhapsodies "beside all waters,"—whether shining Tweed, or still St. Mary's Lake, or rueful Yarrow, or that dearest to him of all the lochs of Scotland (and they were all dear), "mountain-crowned, cliff-guarded, isle-zoned, grove-girdled, wide-winding, and far-stretching" Loch Awe, "glory of Argyleshire," "rill and river-fed, sea-arm-like," with its many-bayed banks and braes of brushwood, fern, broom, and heather—these rhapsodies, to the tune of "Reel music for ever!" you could hardly read without longing to tickle a trout or land a salmon. Or once again,—even with your prompt aversion from the scenes of the Ring, you could read with a certain askant indulgence the old man's vindication of the art of self-defence as a noble art—his panegyric on Chief Justice Best's panegyric on pugilism—in which science the Newdigate prize poet had long before approved himself a graduate, as an Oxford shoemaker in particular and other "base mechanicals" in general could testify.

In the same lusty way, just as he scouts whatever seems old-womanish among men, so he cannot away with what is girlish among boys. "What! surely if you have the happiness of being a parent," he urges, "you would not wish your only boy—your son and heir—the blended image of his mother's loveliness and his father's manly beauty—to be a smug, smooth, prim, and proper prig, with his hair always combed down on his forehead, hands always unglauered, and without spot or blemish on his white-thread stockings? You would not wish him, surely, to be always moping and musing in a corner with a good book held close to his nose—botanising with his maiden aunts—doing the pretty at tea-tables with tabbies, in handing round the short-bread, taking cups, and attending to the kettle—telling tales on all naughty boys and girls—laying up his penny-a-week pocket money in a penny pig—keeping all his clothes neatly folded up in an untumbled drawer—having his own peg for his uncrushed hat—saying his prayers precisely as the clock

as nine, while his companions are yet at blindman's-buff—and ad up every Sabbath-eve by the Parson's praises of his uncommon story for a sermon—while all the other boys are scolded for having asleep before Tenthly? You would not wish him, surely, to write himself at his tender years, nay—even to be able to give you ter and verse for every quotation from the Bible? No. Better far he should begin early to break your heart, by taking no care even is Sunday clothes—blotting his copy—impiously pinning pieces of r to the Dominic's tail, who to him was a second father—going to fishing not only without leave but against orders—bathing in the dden pool, where the tailor was drowned—drying powder before the x-room fire, and blowing himself and two crack-skulled cronies to sailing—tying kettles to the tails of dogs—shooting an old woman's g hen—galloping bare-backed shelties down stony steeps," &c., &c., —all this being *à propos* of schoolboys' cat-hunting, a sport in which re told Wilson indulged largely in his Highland school-days, under Dr. M'Intyre, of Glenorchy, and which even Christopher in his ang-jacket could not refer to without renewal of the ancient fire, so he launches out into full details of the chase,—puss stretching her-p with crooked back, as if taking a yawn,—then off, with tremen-spangs, and tail, thickened with fear and anger, perpendicular—, youf! youf! youf! go the terriers, head over heels perhaps in their and soon bringing her to bay at the hedge-root, all ablaze and the. "A she-devil incarnate!—Hark, all at once now strikes up a —Catalani caterwauling the treble—Glowerer taking the bass—and or the tenor—a cruel concert cut short by a squalling throttler. f—away along the holm—and over the knowe—and into the wood r lo! the gudewife, brandishing a besom, comes flying demented out her mutch, down to the murder of her tabby,—her son, a stout ling, is seen skirting the potato-field to intercept our flight,—and, formidable of all, the Man of the House himself, in his shirt-sleeves ail in his hand, bolts from the barn, down the croft, across the burn, up the brae, to cut us off from the Manse. The hunt's up—and 'tis vital steeple-chase. Disperse—disperse! Down the hill, Jack—up hill, Gill—dive the dell, Kit—thread the wood, Pat—a hundred s' start is a great matter—a stern chase is always a long chase—lboys are generally in prime wind—the old man begins to puff, and , and snort, and put his paws to his paunch—the son is thrown out double of dainty Davy's—and the 'sair begrutten mither' is gather-up the torn and tattered remains of Tortoise-shell Tabby, and invoke the vengeance of heaven and earth on her pitiless murderers." which picturesque bit of felicide, the narrator, by one of his abrupt itions, turns to bid alarmed and reverend seniors fear not for the hunters, but trust to the genial, gracious, and benign *vis medicatrix ræ*, and believe, though a few clouds may bedim and deform

The innocent brightness of the new-born day,

splendid will be, nevertheless, the meridian ether; and that although rters of the sullen fen seems to pollute the snow of the swan, they ff from her expanded wings, when, pure as a spirit, she soars away, ascends into her own silver lake, stainless as the water-lilies floating

round her breast. As for young Kit himself, if this minute he was fleeing at full pelt from the ban and besom of the mutchless crone, the next, or the next but one, he would be rapt into a dreamland calm (cat, carle, and crone forgotten quite)—

Losing his fire and active might
In a silent meditation,
Falling into a still delight
And luxury of contemplation—

in one of those moods when, as he would tell the Shepherd, “a sudden hush used to still the beatings of his wild heart—and whether with his playmates, or slipping away by himself, he used to return from the brae or the glen to the Manse, with a divine melancholy in his mind.” For, remembering such moods, it was his faith that every thought, feeling, image, or description, poured out by poet from within the sanctuary of his spirit, was brought from out a hidden store, that had been gathered by himself unconsciously during the heavenly era of early life. And therefore says he, “O call not the little laddie idle that is strolling by some trotting burn’s meander, all in aimless joy by his happy self—or angling, perhaps, as if angling were the sole end of life, and all the world a world of clear running waters—or bird-nesting by bank and brae and hedge-row and forest-side, with more imaginative passion than ever impelled men of old to voyage to golden lands—or stringing blackberries on a thread, far in the bosom of woods, where sometimes to his quaking heart and his startled eyes, the stems of the aged mossy trees seemed to glimmer like ghosts, and then in a sudden gust of the young emotion of beauty, that small wild fruitage blushed with deeper and deeper purple, as if indeed gathered in Paradise—or pulling up by the roots,—that the sky-blue flowers might not droop their dewy clusters, when gently the stalk should be replanted in the rich mould of the nook of the garden, beside the murmuring hives,—the lovely Harebells, the Blue Bells of Scotland—or tearing a rainbow branch of broom from the Hesperides—or purer, softer, brighter far than any pearls ever dived for in Indian seas, with fingers trembling in eagerest passion, yet half-restrained by a reverential wonder at their surpassing loveliness, plucking from the mossy stones primroses and violets!”—but we must set bounds to our citations, lest we oppress the reader, at second-hand, with those *longueurs* which so often spoil the effect of Wilson’s most beautiful passages of sentiment and description.

And in speaking of his poetry, we may at once remark that this same feeling of tedium, this irksome sense *des longueurs*, is, in all his longer pieces, a presence not to be put by. The sentiment and the versification are sweet, but ’tis a sweetness that palls on the taste. We read a few score lines at a time, and are charmed and melted by the exquisite tenderness, the serene purity, the etherealised feeling of the strain; but if the reading is extended much beyond this, our attention declines, there is a collapse of the energies, and the spell is broken. In sooth, there is a tone of unreality about these poems, which makes repeated or protracted study of them as unattractive as though they were allegory outright. Unreality might seem no very plausible charge, as preferred against the author of the *Noctes*—so full are the Ambrosial Nights, in their happiest hours at least (in their “very witching time”), of concrete life and dra-

matic individuality; but it is a charge to which not only the elaborate poems, but also the Scottish tales and prose idyls of Professor Wilson are prominently open. Elaborate, perhaps, is a wrong epithet to use of poems which one of the most genial of his admirers has pronounced to be chiefly marred by "fatal facility"—the florid voluntaries of youthful genius, when earth was a wilderness of sweets and life a scene of enchantments, and "language syllabled itself into music," so that improvisation rather than composition is the name for such outpourings. His later verses, however, are more carefully finished. But all, early and late, are productive of languor and satiety, unless dipped into at intervals only, when one is rewarded by many a *bonne bouche*, beautiful exceedingly. It is significant of the very limited number of his readers, that one so seldom meets with a quotation from his poetical works; finely stored as they are with materials for quotation. Take a shred or two torn away at random:—here is a bit of shipwreck history, telling how "five hundred souls in one instant of dread were hurried o'er the deck," to the coral rocks below :

Oh ! many a dream was in the ship
 An hour before her death ;
 And sights of home with sighs disturbed
 The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
 Instead of the murmur of the sea,
 The sailor heard the humming tree
 Alive through all its leaves,
 The hum of the spreading sycamore
 That grows before his cottage door,
 And the swallow's song in the eaves.
 His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
 Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
 To the dangers his father had passed ;
 And his wife by turns she wept and smiled,
 As she looked on the father of her child,
 Returned to her heart at last.
 He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
 And the rush of the waters is in his soul.
 Astounded, the reeling deck he paces,
 Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces ;
 The whole ship's crew are there !
 Wailings around and overhead,
 Brave spirits stupified or dead,
 And madness and despair.—*Isle of Palms.*

The whole description of this wreck is a very stirring one, and of unusually sustained animation—from our first glimpse of the gallant ship, at peaceful sunrise, "so stately her bearing, so proud her array," to our last glimpse of her crashing masts and brine-draggled sails, succeeded by a solemn vision of "ocean's bosom bare, unbroken as the floating air." Here again is a morning picture—the child spoken of, an "orphan shepherdess," pure and winsome as bonny Kilmeny's self :

— 'Tis a lonely glen ! but the happy child
 Hath friends whom she meets in the morning wild.
 As on she trips, her native stream,
 Like her, hath awoke from a joyful dream,
 And glides away by her twinkling feet,
 With a face as bright and a voice as sweet.

In the osier bank the ouzel sitting
 Hath heard her steps, and away is flitting
 From stone to stone, as she glides along,
 And then sinks in the stream with a broken song.
 The lapwing, fearless of his nest,
 Stands looking around with his delicate crest ;
 For a love-like joy is in his cry,
 As he wheels and darts and glances by.

Is the heron asleep on the silvery sand
 Of his little lake? Lo! his wings expand
 As a dreamy thought, and withouten dread
 Cloud-like he floats o'er the maiden's head.
 She looks to the birch-wood glade, and lo!
 There is browsing there the mountain roe,
 Who lifts up her gentle eyes, nor moves,
 As on glides the form whom all nature loves.
 Having spent in heaven an hour of mirth,
 The lark drops down to the dewy earth,
 And a silence smooths his yearning breast
 In the gentle fold of his lowly nest ;
 The linnet takes up the hymn, unseen
 In the yellow broom, or the bracken green ;
 And now, as the morning hours are glowing,
 From the hill-side cots the cocks are crowing,
 And the shepherd's dog is barking shrill
 From the mist fast rising from the hill,
 And the shepherd's self, with locks of grey,
 Hath bless'd the maiden on her way!
 And now she sees her own dear flock
 On a verdant mound beneath the rock,
 All close together in beauty and love,
 Like the small fair clouds in heaven above,
 And her innocent soul, at the peaceful sight,
 Is swimming o'er with a still delight.—*Edith and Nora.*

Another tender passage of tearful retrospect and meek longings :

- MAGDALENE. Sweet Rydal lake!
 Am I again to visit thee? to hear
 Thy glad waves murmuring all around my soul?
- ISABEL. Methinks I see us in a cheerful group
 Walking along the margin of the bay,
 Where our lone summer-house——
- MAGD. Sweet mossy cell!
 So cool—so shady—silent and composed!
 A constant evening full of gentle dreams!
 Where joy was felt like sadness, and our grief
 A melancholy pleasant to be borne.
 Hath the green linnet built her nest this spring
 In her own rose-bush near the quiet door?
 Bright solitary bird! she oft will miss
 Her human friends; our orchard now must be
 A wilderness of sweets, by none beloved.
- ISABEL. One blessed week would soon restore its beauty,
 Were we at home. Nature can work no wrong.
 The very weeds how lovely! the confusion
 Doth speak of breezes, sunshine, and the dew.
- MAGD. I hear the murmuring of a thousand bees

In that bright odorous honeysuckle wall
 That once enclosed the happiest family
 That ever lived beneath the blessed skies.
 Where is that family now? O Isabel,
 I feel my soul descending to the grave,
 And all these loveliest rural images
 Fade, like waves breaking on a dreary shore!
 ISABEL. Even now I see a stream of sunshine bathing
 The bright moss-roses round our parlour window!
 Oh, were we sitting in that room once more!
 MAGD. 'Twould seem inhuman to be happy there,
 And both my parents dead. How could I walk
 On what I used to call my father's walk,
 He in his grave! or look upon that tree,
 Each year so full of blossoms or of fruit,
 Planted by my mother, and her holy name
 Graven on its stem by mine own infant hands!

City of the Plague.

Would not the memory of this passage, and its local associations, bring,
 after days, the tear into the eye of the sometime master of Elleray?
 One more extract—this time in blank verse:

. It was that hour
 When Gloaming comes on hand in hand with Night,
 Like dark twin-sisters, and the fairer Day
 Is loath to disappear; when all three meet,
 Gloaming, and Day, and Night, with dewdrops crown'd,
 And veil'd, half-veil'd, each with her shadowy hair;
 When all three meet
 In the uncertain dimness of the sky,
 Each with a beauty of her own combined
 Into harmonious colouring, like a tune
 Sung by three angel voices, up in heaven,
 Unto the rapt ear of the listening earth.
 In such an hour
 Some pensive passage in our Book of Life,
 Restored to its original characters,
 Gleams on our eyes again, until we wish,
 In love and pity for the yearned-for dead,
 So passionate our desolate spirit's throes,
 That we had ne'er been born, or even now
 Were with th' invisible in weal or woe
 To all eternity!

An Evening in Furness Abbey.

The "Isle of Palms" is probably the most luxuriant and richly-
 tured of Wilson's poems—the spilt of lavish fancy in its young May-
 m. The "City of the Plague," had the poet introduced that objec-
 power of which in prose he proved himself master, might have been
 iderfully striking; but as it is, the objective interest is feeble, and
 se details suggested by the story, which might so easily have been
 le even too appalling, are, in reality, too much toned down to answer
 ir end. Southey was shocked at Wilson's choice of such a subject at
 : "Surely it is out-Germanising the Germans," he writes, in a letter
 Mr. Wynn. "It is like bringing rack, wheels, and pincers upon the
 go to excite pathos. No doubt but a very pathetic tragedy might be
 ten upon 'the Chamber of the Amputation,' cutting for the stone, or

the Cæsarean operation; but actual and tangible horrors do not belong to poetry. We do not exhibit George Barnwell upon the ladder to affect the gallery now, as was originally done; and the best picture of Apollo slaying Marsyas, or of the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, would be regarded as more disgusting than one of a slaughter-house or of a dissecting-room." Yet who has read the "City of the Plague," and felt aught of this disgust? or has not, indeed, rather felt that the poet was almost unwisely chary of the effects within his command? It is neither objective nor subjective enough. It wants the movement and action and circumstance which Byron or Scott would have given it; and, on the other hand, it is unredeemed by that pervading reflective element, that moral emphasis, that philosophy at once divine and humane, with which Wordsworth would, or might, have consecrated such a theme.

Of the Professor's other poems, "Unimore," and "An Evening in Furness Abbey," are the most admired. The "Lays from Fairyland" are attuned to the dreamy music which had such a charm for him; echo strains of which he

———had delight in singing, though none heard
Besides the singer.

"The Angler's Tent" may be well pitched, but it must strike before the prose advent of Christopher under Canvass. Among the minor poems, the most effective, perhaps, is the "Address to a Wild Deer," in which the minstrel shows himself fit laureate to that "king of the wild and the beautiful," whose throne is piled high and lone "o'er the black silent forest," and whose "bold antlers call on the hunter afar with a haughty defiance," and whose feet, that leave the laggardly gaze-hound toiling behind, "draw power from the touch of the heath," as they touch it and no more.

That in any one instance Professor Wilson produced a poem such as it was in his power to write, one may reasonably doubt. He seems never to have screwed his energy to the sticking-point—else (surely else) he'd not fail. But in all his compositions he would appear to have been very much the creature of impulse, and perhaps loved and was proud to have it so. Years that matured the philosophic mind, and disciplined his intellectual and moral being, might have altered the case; but 'tis now futile to discuss this potential mood. He said of himself when at his prime, "We love to do our work by fits and starts. We hate to keep fiddling away, an hour or two at a time, at one article for weeks. So, off with our coat, and at it like a blacksmith. When we once get the way of it, hand over hip, we laugh at Vulcan and all his Cyclops. From nine of the morning till nine at night, we keep hammering away at the metal, iron or gold, till we produce a most beautiful article. A biscuit and a glass of Madeira, twice or thrice at the most,—and then to a well-won dinner. In three days, gentle reader, have We, Christopher North, often produced a whole Magazine—a most splendid Number. For the next three weeks we were as idle as a desert, and as vast as an antre—and thus on we go, alternately labouring like an ant, and relaxing, in the sunny air, like a dragon-fly, enamoured of extremes,"—nor does he omit in the same breath a rattling outbreak against "your regular people," smug and smooth "wretches," who go out and come in to a minute, and are well to do in the world, and get "Maga" from a circulating library when she is a

month old, and were never known in all their lives to make a party to Newhaven or Leith for a fish dinner. North's prodigious powers of speed in composition when the steam was fairly up, were proverbial; but he must choose his own when, and what, and how. "Does your body, sir," asks the Shepherd in the fortieth *Noctes*, "ever get wearied wi' writin'?" for as to your mind, ane micht as weel ask if the *vis generatrix Naturæ* ever got wearied." "I write, James, by *screeds*," replies the symposiarch:—"Whenever I feel the fit coming on, which it often does about ten in the morning—never sooner—I encourage it by a caulker—a mere nutshell, which my dear friend, the English Opium-eater, would toss off in laudanum; as soon as I feel there is no danger of a relapse—that my demon will be with me during the whole day—I order dinner at nine—shut myself up within triple doors—and as I look at the inner one in its green-baized brass-knobbedness, there comes upon me an inspiring sense of security from all interruption," &c. In paragraphs like these, North may safely enough stand for Wilson—the same wayward being whom Mrs. Grant of Laggan had, years before, called "the most provoking creature imaginable." "He is young," she writes, "handsome, wealthy, witty; has great learning, exuberant spirits, a wife and children that he dotes on (circumstances one would think consolidating), and no vice that I know, but, on the contrary, virtuous principles and feelings. Yet his wonderful eccentricity would put anybody but his wife wild. She, I am convinced, was actually made on purpose for her husband, and has that kind of indescribable controlling influence over him that Catherine is said to have had over that wonderful savage the Czar Peter." In thus illustrating the temperament of the man, we are not seeking to imply its essential incompatibility with the conditions of high poetic achievement, but to intimate the obstruction it presented, in this particular case, to such perseverant toil, self-restraint, and condensed strength, as were demanded from one of his mettle.

Who, in reading his verses, would suppose them to come from a man so flighty and wilful—from so many-sided a being, a latter-day Titan, burly and hearty as the Homeric heroes of yore? And who, again, would suppose it, in reading his prose fictions—"Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," "The Forresters," and "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay." These tales are marked by the same languid beauty as the poems. Sometimes they are suffused by a "pastoral melancholy" touchingly fine. Tenderness and grace characterise them all. But there is a kind of *intoning* accent in the narrator's voice, which savours of the unreal, and suggests fatigue. He seems to indulge unconsciously in falsetto. We see his actors through a veil of gauze. His shepherds and shepherdesses are hardly more alive to us than are the Chloes and Strephons of the eighteenth century, or the pseudo-pastoral beaux and belles of Watteau. The rough scenes of Scottish life were seen by Burns, says Mr. Carlyle, "not in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality." Wilson, as well as Burns, was from boyhood familiar with "huts where poor men lie:" but his pictures of them are "Arcadian illusions," rose-coloured and idealised. Yet a charm there is about some of these stories that clings to memory and heart; and moods of mind there are when one of them is more lovingly dwelt upon than fictions of far higher and broader power. "The Covenanter's

"Marriage Day" has brought tears to eyes bright with youth and dim with age; and many hearts have burned within them at the tale of "The Family Tryst," and the blood in them run cold at the sweep of "The Snow-storm."

And near the poor man's couch what thoughts arise
 'Mid tearful prayers, as yon grey Elder dies!
 How rock and cliff resound the shepherd's lays!
 How earth seems vocal with her Maker's praise!
 Whether with Hannah Lee we wander slow,
 Through the thick midnight and the drifting snow;
 Or with lone Margaret every pang endure,
 Which makes his own pure heart more heavenly pure.

But it was with his connexion with *Blackwood's Magazine* that Wilson's true fame was to arise and culminate. As a poet, by comparison, he is almost unrecognised; as a novelist, little read out of his own country, and not very largely even there. But as Christopher North his renown is world-wide. No such influence as his has been exercised on our popular periodical literature. In "*Maga*" were displayed those versatile talents, that manifold invention, for which none but his closest intimates had hitherto given him credit. As yet he had seemed to play on one string: now he showed himself a proficient on cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music. Hitherto his voice had been a subdued monstone—

A noise like of a hidden brook in the leafy month of June,
 That to the sleeping woods all night singeth a quiet tune:—

now, it swelled and rolled through broad champignons with the sound of many waters. Hitherto, as bard and story-teller, his audiences had been scant and somewhat listless. Now, as critic, essayist, rhapsodist, his audiences counted by tens of thousands, from Cornwall to Caithness, all eager for the first of the month to meet their old friend with a new face. If sameness had once, prodigious variety now characterised him. Into a single article he would crowd a profusion of changeful styles, discursive thoughts, sudden transitions of fancy,—wit, humour, imagination, philosophy, logic, rhetoric,—reflections grave as Seneca, badinage light as Plautus. Such an article is that intitled "Old North and Young North" (1828), wherein he discourses on his own *personnel*, on youth and age, on his sauntering down Princes-street, his visits to the Edinburgh theatre, his nights at Ambrose's,—on Fashion, nationality, Auld Reekie, Cockaigne, Oxford, the House of Commons, the French Revolution, the Sabbath-day, the Church of England, the Kirk of Scotland, the poetry and philosophy of Life. Such too the famous papers on "Cottages" and "Streams"—studded with wild conceits, and bright images, and touching illusions, and unbridled fun, and descriptive beauties. Such too that strange mingle-mangle of multifarious topics, "A Glance over Selby's Ornithology" (1826),—with its story of "that foolish Quaker" whom the ravens devoured on Helvellyn: who but the writer would have indited the imaginary details of that supper—the birds "all in glossy black feather coats and dark grey breeches, with waistcoats

inclining to blue, pulley-hawleying away at the unresisting figure of the follower of Fox," and getting irritated at the amount of drab duffle, and drab broadcloth, and drabbish linen, to be got rid of before the company could sit down comfortably to supper! To the same composite order belong the "Hints for the Holidays" (1826), "Christmas Dreams" and "Christmas Presents" (1828), "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket" (1828), "Winter Rhapsody" (1830), "The Moors" (1830), "Christopher at the Lakes" (1832), "Christopher on Colonsay" (1834), "Christopher among the Mountains" (1838), &c. Some of the best of these were re-produced in the selected "Recreations of Christopher North," a few years since,—a little pruned and weeded, as was meet and right. For it must surely be allowed by the sturdiest of the Clan North, that their Chieftain was often sadly addicted to whole pages of twaddle—and that indeed he was apt now and then to take advantage of the good-nature of his public, by inflicting on them merciless floods of vapid, mawkish composition—sometimes bubbling with frothy rodomontade, sometimes stagnating in dull and dreary platitudes. What could be expected when a single man would charge himself with the production of a whole monthly number, and make his penmanship the staple of a double number to boot?

In referring to his critical essays, we may venture to demur, in part, to an assumption in the *éloge* in his own magazine, that to Wilson belongs the merit of purifying criticism from vicious partisanship, and of introducing a broad, catholic, tolerant spirit into our literary reviews, freed for the first time from the prejudices of clique or political sect. In some measure this is true, and a noble truth. But it is hard to read certain criticisms of his on the "Cockney" school, and Whig or Radical Authorship, without marking the distinct influence of political and social prejudice on his literary taste. That he gradually and signally disenthralled himself from such trammels, may be frankly and admiringly conceded; but from the beginning it was not so. Compare his tone towards Leigh Hunt in 1842 with that in 1827. The Christopher of the *Dies Boreales* would have written very differently from him of the early *Noctes* on such poets as Keats and Shelley,—or Keates and Shelly, as he used to spell their names—(accuracy in nomenclature not being among his accomplishments, great as he might be in "calling names"—for constantly we meet with bits of heterography such as De Quincy, Macauley, Keeble, Miss Jewesbury, George Cruickshanks, Thomas Carlisle, &c.;—and Wordsworth, it is said, often expressed his annoyance at the systematic perversion of Grasmere into Grassmere). In unsparing satire and reckless invective, Wilson has probably never been matched: fairly roused, he would stick at nothing in the heat of assault; whatever his hand found to fling, he flung it with all his might—whether paving-stone from the causeway, or mud from the kennel. Woe to the wight whom he devoted to the Furies—to cockneys and bagmen poetasters all and sundry, who well might

—cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair! . . .
Close your eyes with quivering dread,
For he on mountain-dew hath fed,

and its inspiration shall be manifest to your cost on the first of the month. As specimens of his manner in "cutting up," we need but allude to his reviews of Atherstone's *Fall of Nineveh*, Stokes's *Lay of the Desert*, Leigh Hunt's *Byron* and his *Contemporaries*, The *Age*, Michell's *Living Poets*, The *Man of Ton*, &c., &c. But after all, and his victims knew it, his bark was worse than his bite; at least there was no venom in his tooth; his abuse was hearty—his denunciation was vehement—his Billingsgate was pitched *altissimo*—but he bore no malice or hatred in his heart, and anon would squeeze your hand as crushingly as he had just squeezed your throat.

'Αλλ' ἦλθε μὲν δὴ τοῦτο τῶναιδος τάχ' ἄν
'Οργῇ βιασθὲν μᾶλλον ἢ γνώμῃ φρενῶν.

Being in a rage with you at the moment, he would bate no jot of whatever bad thing he could bring against you. *Il avait le don de la parole, et ce qui se jouait et se peignait dans son esprit ne faisait qu'un bond sur le papier.* But he is no longer remembered by his lampoons and philippics; and the leader of the Whigs set a gracious and graceful example when he ignored the heated Tory partisan, and gave the poet and critic a pension. In the thirty-sixth of the *Noctes*, North declared, "In the present state of this country—I don't mean to disguise my sentiments—the man who condescends to pocket either pension or sinecure, unless he has earned them by public service, and moreover can't live without the money, that man, be he high or low, deserves to bear any name but that of Tory; for that, sir, is only a synonym for Patriot—and Patriot, if I have any skill in such affairs, means Honest Man." That was in 1828, when as yet the Whigs were not in. It is pleasant to think that in 1851, when the Whigs *were* in, the "old man eloquent" was put on the pension list. And it was pleasant in 1852 to see him, though alas! at some physical cost (indeed they say it was virtually his last appearance in public), make his way to the Edinburgh polling-booths, from his invalid's retirement at Dalkeith, to vote for so thorough-paced a Whig, and erst so hotly-vituperated an opponent, as Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Give him, on the other hand, a book to review which he really liked, and with what warmth would he greet it, with what felicity interpret its merits! There are criticisms from his pen hardly to be surpassed in our literature—so richly stored are they with original thought, lofty imagination, subtle insight, humorous illustration, generous sympathy, and imposing diction. Wordsworth found in him an expositor genial and courageous, in the midst of a faithless generation. Admirably has he commented on Byron—on Moore—on Burns. In passages innumerable, sometimes fragmentary, and sometimes in prolonged detail, he has discussed as only genius can the powers of Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Collins, Cowper, Southey, Coleridge, Crabbe, Heber, Montgomery (James and Robert both), Bowles, Elliott, Motherwell. His readings in Spenser—a long series—enticed many to read, who had contented themselves with panegyrising, the Bard of Mulla. His vivacious essays on Homer were followed with keen enjoyment by old *Masters of Arts* and young misses in their teens. So were the expositions of the Greek Drama, of Hesiod, &c. And what shall be said of the *Noctes*

Ambrosiana—wonderful repertory of an almost exhaustless productive faculty—not unfrequently offending us with volleys of slang, gratuitous coarseness, and intolerable prolixity—but overflowing with humour so unctuous, and animated by a dramatic life so hearty, and made the vehicle of sentiments and opinions often so deep and fresh, that they make up a prominent chapter in the literary history of our own time, and well deserve (as they infallibly would require) to be duly weeded, pruned, and re-produced—in a carefully-selected and greatly-abridged form. A few of them, perhaps, might be retained entire, or nearly so: for instance, No. 39 (including a contribution by Hartley Coleridge on Retzsch's *Hamlet*), a long two-haunded crack between North and the Shepherd, who commonly enough get on best *tête-à-tête*; No. 40 (barring the politics and personality), in which Tickler also figures, and in which occurs the memorable deluge of the Haggis, forcing long Timothy to mount the mantelpiece, and North the shoulders of the Shepherd on a chair; the 34th, again, opening with Hogg and Tickler bathing at Portobello, changing thence to Mrs. Gentle and Mary in the Portobello Fly, and ending with North and his familiars in Picardy-place; nor needs the 35th any large elimination, being one of the finest and most characteristic of the series; nor the 26th, which begins with a grand “incremation” of the contents of the Balaam Box;—while we should stickle for the parrot, raven, and starling scene (No. 41),—the installation at Ambrose's of the English Opium-eater, his philosophical discourse, and his share in the High Jinks of the club (Nos. 48—50),—the brilliant gathering at the new house-warming of Old Ebony, at which, in addition to the *habitués*, there “assist” such notables as James Ballantyne, Macnish, Moir, Watson Gordon, De Quincey, and a power of others (No. 51),—some of the encounters between the Shepherd and Tickler (as in No. 59), of the literary conversaziones (as No. 61), of the recreations at Altrive (No. 68), and of—but no: pause we must somewhere, and why not here?

Hartley Coleridge—some of whose happiest hours were spent at Elleray, and of whom, dead, Wilson wrote, “*Dear Hartley!* yes, ever dear to me!”—in his delightful preface to Massinger has said, “A collection of the *genuine* NOCTES (for there are some spurious, in which the real Christopher had little or no concern) would not only afford to future historians a true feeling of the spirit of the times, and to all readers a *shoeing-horn* to thought or to laughter, but would form a valuable addition to dramatic literature. Barring an occasional irregularity of plot, they are perfect specimens of *comedy*. Indeed, I know not of any comedy in which actual conversation is so naturally imitated, without ever stiffening into *debate* or *amœbean* oratory, or slipping into morning-call twaddle. Whatever the strain—whether wit, or fun, or pathos, or philosophy—it arises spontaneously, as the tones of an *Æolian* harp; you never feel that the party are met to discuss anything. One topic succeeds another, with the same apparent casualty, and the same under-current of suggestion, as in the Odes of Pindar. The characters are sustained with consummate skill and consistency. Christopher North himself is, perhaps, the happiest speaking mask since *My Father Shandy* and *My Uncle Toby* were silent (for Elia is Charles himself). To be sure, the compotators have no bowels for Cockneys or Whigs. Yet I like their Toryism, because it is of the old, hearty, fox-hunting, beef and port

kidney, such as Ben, and Shakspeare, and Dick Corbet (pride of the *lawn*) would have chimed in with. Tories, of the *Ambrosial* sect, understood, that in order to be a gentleman it is necessary to be a *man*." The dramatic individuality of the compotators is certainly, in the main, most distinctly pronounced, and surprisingly well kept up. Wilson plumed himself upon it: "In those divine dialogues, the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*," he says (reviewing Davy's *Salmonia*, where the interlocutors have no individuality at all), "you could not change the name of one speaker for another, even for one retort courteous, or quip modest, without the misnomer being instantly detected by the dullest ear." The scope of the *Dies Boreales* may preclude the same felicitous effect; at any rate it is no longer patent in the graver debates in which to Hogg, and Tickler, and Mullion, have succeeded Seward, and Buller, and Talboys. Alas! though, that the *Dies* should so soon have finished their course. How gratefully welcome they were; and how cordially we looked forward to each new session of Christopher under Canvass, and to a prolonged continuance of the series. They were worthy of the ripe, yet green old age which had haunted Ambrose's in its prime:—sobered, solemnised, saddened—"but that not much"—mellow with rich but unusual tints, with the soft western glow of a large soul's sunset. Who would have thought the two last of all were penned by a hand trembling with paralysis, and almost illegible to the compositor, though so readily perused by his friends and students. In reading them we were reminded of the elder Humboldt's saying, "I have always contemplated old age as a more pleasing, more charming period of life than youth; and now that I have reached this term of life, I find my expectations almost surpassed by the reality. . . . Meditation becomes purer, stronger, and more continuous." The meditative character of the *Dies* is full of winning tenderness and manly strength combined; the buoyant, often boisterous spirits of midnight revelries have been toned down, and chastened, and a little dulled—as became one who felt that, in his own case, 'η ΝΥΞ προέκοψεν, 'η δὲ 'ΗΜΕΡΑ ἥγγυμεν. Highly therefore we prize these the last records of his literary career—to which we may apply lines of his, and call them

—— Days divine,
Closing on NIGHTS diviner still, that leave
New treasures to augment th' unbounded store
Of golden thoughts, and fancies squander'd free
As dewdrops by the morn.

An Evening in Furness Abbey (1829).

Professor Wilson had well-nigh fulfilled his threescore years and ten when he died. By man's prevision, he might, with his constitution, have been expected to reach fourscore, without his strength even then being labour and sorrow. But it was not so to be. A quarter of a century ago, he playfully canvassed the term of human life, and declared the limit of threescore and ten to be "quite long enough." "If a man," said he, "will but be busy, and not idle away his time, he may do wonders within that period. . . . Let us die at a moderate age, and be thankful. Why this vain longing for longevity? Why seek to rob human life of its melancholy moral—namely, its shortness?" And again, elsewhere, but in the same year: "Oh! who can complain of the shortness of human life that can re-travel all the windings, and wanderings, and mazes

hat his feet have trodden since the farthest back hour at which memory pauses?"—and after passionately recalling the joys and sorrows of those few years, "which we now call transitory, but which our Boyhood felt as if they would be endless"—and the season of youth, "with its insupportable sunshine, and its magnificent storms,"—and that meridian Life, which "seems, now that it is gone, to have been of a thousand years"—he adds: "Is it gone? Its skirts are yet hovering on the horizon—and is there yet another Life destined for us? That Life which we fear to lose—Age, Old Age? Four dreams within a dream, and then we may wake in Heaven!" The four dreams are over now, and we trust the waking is as he would have it. In that trust, and awed by the associations it excites, we shrink from discussing what some of his critics are disputing about—*viz.*, the measure of his fidelity in doing the earthly work appointed him.

He his worldly task has done,
Home is gone, and ta'en his wages.

It is for his Taskmaster to decide, and for none other, whether he did it all as in his Taskmaster's eye. *We* can but murmur over his grave, from the same sylvan chant,

Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan

Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Prolix as our prosing has been, we have omitted many points to which allusion was proposed. But there will be a Biography ere long, we presume, that *ought* to be passingly rich in interest; and until its appearance the reader will, without much pressing, allow us to defer any further discourse.

THE REVEILLIE.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

Rouse thee! life is daily dying,
By the pulses in thy heart
Thou canst feel the seconds flying,
Thou mayst count them as they part.

Over Time's deep solemn ocean
Currents flow that bear our fate,
Launch thee on the favouring motion,
Thou art lost if then too late.

When thine angel, ever waking,
Stirs the hidden springs for thee,
Hail and seize the brightly breaking
Tide and opportunity!

God in mercy gave his blessing
 To his judgment, as its seal—
 Raised the curse on labour pressing,
 Labour changed from wo to weal.

Wert thou born to wealth and station?
 From a proud ancestral train?
 Keep thy place—the rising nation
 Measure minds, and guage the brain.

Let them say, who hear thy dirges,
 “This man hath been all he might,
 Like the beacon o’er the surges
 Highly placed, a guide and light.”

Hast thou genius?—Coin thy treasure,
 Cheer or help thy fellow-man,
 Lapse not in a life of leisure,
 Take thy place in God’s great plan.

Free thy gift! it passes glowing
 From the light of Heaven to thee!
 Not through human parents flowing
 Down a genealogy.

Thou, within thy chamber writing,
 Minds unknown mayst move and bend,
 Beauteous thought, and brave inditing,
 Making all mankind thy friend.

Feelings raised by thee and bidden,
 Mingle with thy reader’s will,
 Wake that music sweet and hidden,
 Let the living key-notes thrill!

Bless’d if Thou shalt strike one fetter
 From the souls that yearn to rise;
 If to higher things and better
 Thou mayst lift another’s eyes.

Work while it is day, my brothers!
 God commissions such as ye—
 Lighten, clear the way for others,
 Human faith must feel and see.

Naked goes the soul and lonely
 Where our thoughts and labours cease,
 Taking with her, taking only
 Deeds of mercy—hopes of peace!

A DAY AT MALVERN.

THE SEQUEL TO "A VISIT TO WORCESTER."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

SOME two months ago, good reader, I asked you if you had ever paid a visit to Worcester: I would now ask, but that I deem the question superfluous, if you have ever sojourned at that beautiful part of its county, Malvern. I am going to take you thither for a day presently. Not to Malvern, as it is now, but as it was, some twenty or thirty years back. You never saw a greater change than has taken place in the village; than is taking place in it, year by year. It was a lovely little spot in days gone by, romantic, secluded, and beautiful. Not a shop to be seen in it, save the cake-shop by the steep, leading down towards the abbey, and the library. It was no gay place, no rendezvous for travellers in fine clothes, eager for pleasure and society, but the few visitors seeking it were really invalids, requiring pure air and peace. It was half soothing, half painful, to sit on these beautiful hills, somewhere about St. Ann's Well, and watch the scanty stock of visitors toiling up, one by one. Soothing to recline there, undisturbed, on the green moss, soft as velvet, looking round at that immense extent of landscape, so calm and still, where the only noise to break the quiet would be a distant sheep-bell; painful to gaze at the pale faces of the invalids, supporting themselves up the hill by the help of a stick, and to listen to their troubled breathing as they gained the Well-room, and held the goblet-glass under the spring. I have sat there many a day as a child, finding no occupation but this watching and sympathy: picturing to my curious mind the outward and inward histories of these sick strangers: wondering where they came from, where they were going to next, where they lodged in the village. On some bright day the monotonous scene would be varied. A picnic party from Worcester, all gaiety and laughter and baskets of provisions, would crowd merrily up the hill, and fixing upon a level convenient spot, encamp themselves and their dishes on it, preferring this free, gipsy-mode of enjoying a repast, to paying in gold for a dinner at the hotels. Sometimes the day would pass on in almost complete solitude, no parties and no invalids, and then there was nothing to do but lie on the grass and build castles in the air, or to find a fairy-tale book, and be rapt in a child's Elysium.

Oh the retrospect of these early days, our life's morning! when it seems that there is no care or sorrow in the world, or that if there is, it cannot come near us; when we dream not that existence, the mysterious future so eagerly longed for, can be otherwise than it seems to us in those day-visions, sunny as the charming landscape around, bright as the blue sky above: to recal life as it looked then, with its glorious hopes and expectations, and to dwell on the troubled waters that have come rushing on since, well-nigh overwhelming heart and existence—Let us get on.

Many a merry donkey-party you might see then, toiling up the hills

or cantering about the village. I think I must tell you an anecdote of one: it has this instant come into my memory. A joyous crew of us, twelve or fourteen, careless boys and girls together, got the donkeys hired for us, and mounting in the village, just by the Unicorn, cantered off for a ride towards the Link; the old, sober heads of the company bringing up the rear at a sober pace. The turnpike-gate was open—you know it, near the new church and the buildings they call West Malvern now—and through it we dashed. But out came the turnpike-man, tearing after us, shouting and screaming. We all reined in, and stopped. What was the matter? Matter indeed! we had gone through the gate without paying. It was certainly true: and what was quite as true, upon searching our pockets, those who had any, there was not a single halfpenny to be found in one of them; it had all gone in “Malvern cakes.” In vain we represented to the man that “those behind” were coming up, with pockets full of money, and *they* were the paymasters. He preferred being on the safe side, was surly and inexorable; so he made us all dismount, and took off the white cloths of the donkeys. What cared we? we remounted without them, and scampered on down the Link, leaving our astonished old relatives to redeem the calico. Lodgings at Malvern were within the bounds of a cautious purse then, and there was many an unpretending cottage, picturesque without, clean within, which would let you its best sitting-room, and a bedroom or two, for less than a sovereign per week, and give you pleasant looks and civil attendance besides. Go and try them now, these Malvern lodgings: when you hear what they ask, you will stand aghast and involuntarily button up your breeches-pocket. But for the matter of that, there are no cottages left, that I can see, and I was there last summer: they have all been turned, with the addition of a new room or so, into “Montpellier Villas,” “Agapemone Bowers,” “Gloria Lodges.” I looked out for one I had formerly cause to know well, a pretty cottage standing in a little garden, on the road that leads up the hill, and I could not find it. The road was there and the spot, but the abode was gone.

“What has become of the cottage that formerly stood here?” I asked of a mason, who was passing.

“A cottage!” was the answer; “oh, ay, I think I do recollect: a little bit of a place it was. It have been pulled down.”

“And there was another close by, where that fine place stands now,” I continued, pointing to a flashy-looking house with a great white terrace.

“That *be* the other cottage,” replied my informant: “they did not demolish that, but they made it larger, and smartened it up, and built the terrace and the new door. You see the visitors, what comes here now, be too grand to live in cottages; they wants bigger and finer places.”

Who wonders? when Malvern has become the emporium of the fashionable, invalid world, at least, all of it who get talked into trying the “Water Cure.” Who wonders? when patients write their experiences and laud the system; when our greatest living novelist published an account of the marvellous blessings it had wrought on *him*, and said it had made him young again! I don’t know how many doctors the place boasts of now, “water” and dry, or how many splendid establish-

seems have not risen for the reception of the hy—something—patients, the word's too long for me : where, for the consideration of five guineas per week, more or less, you are rolled daily in as many folds of linen as would pack an Egyptian mummy, and are pumped upon *ad libitum*. So here is little marvel that cottages have fallen to a discount, and "villas" risen to a premium. But the romantic quiet of the place is gone for ever, and in its stead there are popular lectures, and geographical meetings—say, I think it's geological—and "select" schools, and stylish balls, and not dinner-parties, and calling at houses with turned-down cards, and fine haps, and great expense. And I do believe it has had a "poultry-bow." I know I read something about one in the county paper, and hink it took place at Malvern : those Cochins-China fowls, you know. And now it is going to have a railroad from Worcester ! But we shall not get to the end of our story at this rate. And to accomplish that, I must take you for a little while back to Worcester : it is only eight miles distant, you know.

You remember the point we had previously reached. Florence Erskine had won the gentleman, so far as his love went, leaving poor Georgy Juniper at the distance-post, though she did not yet know it. And, strange to say, now that the danger was a confirmed one, the Miss Junipers had grown less cautious in guarding against it. The cessation of De Courcy's visits to Captain Erskine's house had calmed their fears, and his renewed attentions to Georgianna, during that cessation, had quite disarmed them. So they thought they might invite Florence there again ; for she was an agreeable companion, and they missed her society ; and young Dick took up a note, asking her to tea, the very day after those impassioned words had been spoken by De Courcy.

Of course she went : she would have gone to the end of the earth for the prospect of meeting him : and while they were seated round the tea-table, Mrs. Juniper began talking about Malvern.

"Guess what I have been a thinking, all of you," she began.

"How should we know, mamma ?" asked the young ladies.

"Why I was a saying to myself that we were perillous folk, all of us, to have had Mr. de Courcy this long time in our house, and we never yet to have took him to Malvan."

"How could we forget it ?" exclaimed the girls.

"It has been remiss, certainly," observed Mr. Juniper. "You children ought to think of these sort of things ; my time is too fully taken up. You have never seen Malvern, De Courcy ?"

De Courcy had not : and said so.

"Then you've got a great treat in store," observed Mrs. Juniper. "And how we came to neglect it so long, I can't make out. Why the first thing we think of doing for a stranger friend—any one from London, perhaps, or from far away on t'other side somewhere—is to take 'em to Malvan."

Mrs. Juniper's geographical knowledge was rather confused, especially in the map of England and Wales.

"Let us make up a picnic and go," exclaimed Georgianna. "And take our provisions, and dine on the hill."

"With all my heart," said Mrs. Juniper. "You must come with us, Miss Florence."

She looked up with an eager eye, and caught De Courcy's glance. Oh the rapture of a whole day spent on the Malvern Hills with him !

"When shall it be?" cried one of the girls. "To-morrow, papa?"

"If you like, child. Ask your mamma."

"To-morrow!" echoed Mrs. Juniper, sharply. "Hadn't you better start to-night? Some of you children have got about as much brains as thought—and your pa too, in some things. Who is to get up a picnic party at an hour's notice? There's the people to be invited, and got together; and there's the eatables. You'll want cold fowls, and biled tongue, and alimode beef; and some of you perhaps will be a calling out for fruit pies; and how can you have all this if you don't give time to cook and prepare it?"

Mrs. Juniper's remonstrance was unanswerable; so one of the girls dismally proposed the day after.

"That's as bad," observed Mrs. Juniper. "Nobody goes a picnicking of a Saturday."

Finally, Monday was fixed upon. But all this time, while they were talking, Florence was ransacking her brains as to how she could gain her father's consent.

We must now go to another subject. Just at this period, Worcester—at least a great portion of it—was thrown into much wonderment and commotion by the strange predictions of a man, who alighted one morning in the faithful city for a brief sojourn (as it proved), and forthwith set about telling people "their fortunes." The commotion was caused, not by the simple fact of his setting up in the trade, for in that lay nothing extraordinary, but in sundry predictions uttered by this man being fulfilled in, to say the least of it, an unaccountable manner; and scores of people declared, with their eyes dilating, and their hair standing on end, especially on the side of the head where lies the bump of MARVEL, that he had told them things which nobody ever knew, or ever could know, save themselves and Heaven. No end of people flocked to him, the wizard he was called, and was never known by any other name: those with the said bump much developed went first, and they sent others. The young and the poor crowded thither in shoals; the staid and the rich went likewise: more, I can assure you, of the latter stole thither in secret, than would choose to acknowledge it now. Ask them if they did not. What marvel, then, that the Juniper girls, who were always ready for any exciting spree, made up their minds to pay him a visit? And one of them, taking Florence aside on this same evening, told her of their plans, after enjoining her to secrecy. It was Cicely.

Florence laughed. She had heard a good deal about this old wizard, but she had no faith. "Are you all going?" she asked.

"Not at once: the number might betray us, for where's there such a family of grown-up girls as ours? I and Georgy are going first, and the other three some later night. Suppose you come with us?"

"No," said Florence.

"It will be such fun," urged Cicely. "We are dying to go. They do say the most extraordinary things of him."

"Suppose you get found out? Suppose your papa hears of it?"

"Stuff! how can he?" retorted Cicely. "The maids are going to lend us their things, so that we may pass off for servant-girls. Why if

papa—or mamma, and she's sharper—were to meet us in the street they could not recognise us."

"When do you go?" asked Florence.

"We have fixed on Saturday night, because then the common people are occupied, and there will be less chance of our meeting any one at the wizard's. Mamma won't miss us; we shall soon be there and back; and the others have promised to stop with her in the drawing-room. If she asks anything, they are going to say we are up-stairs, brushing each other's hair. Do come, Florence."

"I don't believe in it," returned the young lady, waveringly.

"Why they say he will describe one's future husband," exclaimed Cicely, "and so accurately, that if you were not to meet with him, even for years to come, you could not fail instantly to recognise him."

A quick, burning colour rushed over the face of Florence Erskine. If the wise man could indeed do this, she should know whether she was destined for De Courcy, and all her doubts and her fears would be set at rest. And yet, the next moment, she laughed at the absurdity of her thoughts. But she half decided to go, for all that. "Perhaps I will," she said to Cicely.

"Don't 'perhaps' about it: make up your mind at once. Come in to tea, and we three will steal away afterwards. You will not have such another opportunity. And remember, Florence, it is no such weighty matter after all, for if it does no good—if we don't hear anything worthy of belief, I mean—it can do no harm."

"I will go with you; but mind, I have no superstition about me," exclaimed Florence, looking suddenly up. "I never had faith in these things, and never shall have. If I had faith or superstition, I should stop away."

"Oh, ah!" laughed Cicely, "that's what everybody says."

"For when I was a child," proceeded Florence, speaking as if she were in a reverie, "a woman who pretended to the gift of prophecy, as this man now does, foretold that if ever I should have my 'fate cast,' I should be at the end of my life."

Cicely gave a subdued scream. "Then for the love of Heaven stay away from him!" she uttered.

"Absurd!" cried Florence, her lip curling. "Would you believe that God gives, or ever will give, His attributes to any living mortal?"

"If He has given the power to one, He can have given it to another," remarked Cicely. "Either all are impostors, or none—understand, I speak only of these extraordinary characters that are heard of perhaps once in a century. If this strange man, astrologer, or whatever he may call himself, who has set himself down in Worcester, no one knowing 'whence he cometh, or whither he goeth,' like the wind—if it is given to him to discern and foretell the future, it may have been also given to her, who you say prophesied of your fate when you were a child. Do not go, Florence."

"And we are living in the enlightened nineteenth century, and you think it necessary to give me this advice gravely?" exclaimed Florence, mockingly. "Oh, Cicely!"

"But if you are so scornfully incredulous, why go at all?" persisted Cicely.

"You don't suppose I go to have *my* fortune told?" cried Miss Erskine. "Nonsense! I go for the fun, the excitement of the thing; to hear how far your credulity will allow him to dupe you. It will be a novel mode of spending an evening."

On the following day, Friday, Florence proffered the request to her father to be allowed to accompany the party to Malvern. The Captain was in an extraordinarily good humour, with himself and with everybody about him, for his relative, Mr. Stanton, had distinctly intimated to him that he was substantially remembered in his will, and the Captain foresaw an end to the worst of his pinching poverty. So he hesitated: had it not been for this exuberance of spirits he would have denied her at once.

"Who is going?" he inquired.

"Mrs. Juniper and the young ladies," replied Florence, not daring to intimate that any strangers were to be invited. "Mr. Juniper will ride over in the afternoon, if he has time."

"Juniper's carriage will not hold them all," cried Gentleman Erskine. "And who's to drive it?"

"I believe they are going to have a post-carriage from the Crown," answered Florence. "It is two years since I saw Malvern, papa."

"But the going with these Junipers, Florence! I don't like that."

"I do not know any one else to go with," she timidly observed.

"Well, Florence," he growled, "for this once you may join them. But afterwards I do insist that you set yourself resolutely to break up the intimacy. It is beneath you. I am going out myself for a few hours," he added, pompously.

Gentleman Erskine was going fishing. It was an amusement he delighted in. Sometimes he would be seen with his rod and basket, bearing off towards the Wear, at Powick; sometimes in the direction of Bransford; sometimes in a totally opposite route. And there, arrived at the stream, he would sit with exemplary patience for hours, in breathless silence, staring at the float, his line in the water, a worm at one end and a—what is it?—at the other, waiting for the fish to bite; his brain filled all the time with the greatness of the grandeur of all the Erskines.

So Florence, you see, obtained leave.

II.

It was getting towards sunset on Saturday evening, when three figures, attired in cotton dresses, faded shawls, and plain straw bonnets with muslin borders, slouched over their faces, in short, looking like decent servant-girls, stole out of Surgeon Juniper's house, and walked quickly along the street, turning their heads from the gaze of the passers by. You know who they were: they would fain have waited for twilight, but had not dared to make it so late. Fortune seemed to have favoured them, for an old friend of Mrs. Juniper's had dropped in to spend the evening with her, and she never gave a thought to what the girls might be at; whilst Mr. Juniper and De Courcy were gone to some famous medical lecture that was being held at the town-hall.

On went their steps in the direction of Lowesmoor, in an obscure neighbourhood of which sojourned the soothsayer.

"There's the house," exclaimed Cicely, in a whisper, pointing to four ~~ow~~ ones, in a row, with green shutters and narrow deerways.

"Which of the four?" asked Florence.

"The last but one from here. We were coming by it with papa the other Sunday, I and Ju, and he laughingly showed it to us: little thinking we should ever make use of his information in this way."

As Cicely spoke, they halted before the door, hesitating and deliberating, half fearful, now it was so near, of going on with the adventure.

"You knock, Georgy," continued Cicely.

"Knock yourself," retorted Georgy. "You have the use of your ~~sense~~."

"Shall we go in, or go back?" asked Florence.

"Why if we go back," argued Cicely, "they will laugh at us so dreadfully. Unless we say he had such a lot with him he could not see us. Are you afraid?"

"I afraid," retorted Florence, disdainfully. "But we had better do ~~me~~ or the other, for we may attract attention standing here."

"Oh courage, courage," exclaimed Georgianna, giving a smart rap at the door. And before they had time to draw back, which perhaps they would have done, a boy opened it, and they were shown into the presence of the wizard.

He looked as little like a wizard, that is, like their ideas of one, as he could well look. A thin old gentleman of sixty, dressed in black, with a white cravat, and leaning comfortably in an arm-chair: they might have taken him for one of the minor canons sitting at his ease after dinner. The room had nothing in it but chairs, tables, a carpet, and such like ordinary furniture; but of all apparatus usually supposed to be consecrated to the black art, the place was void.

"Is it the wrong house?" whispered Georgianna to her sister.

"No, it is the right house," said the master, answering her thoughts, ~~for her speech he could not have heard~~. "Which of you shall I speak with first? Let the other two take a seat."

He rose as he spoke, and motioned towards the chairs. But all three flustered round the table, on which stood a curiously-constructed lamp, not known in those days, but common enough now. It gave a great light, and Georgianna, shrinking from its glare, pushed, almost imperceptibly, her sister towards the soothsayer. He resumed his seat, and looked at them, one by one.

"Why did you come to me in disguise?" he asked: "with me it avails not. Take those clumsy gloves off," he continued to Cicely; "you have adopted them that your lady-hands may be hidden from me: not until I have examined those hands, I cannot answer you a single question, or tell aught that you seek to know."

She removed obediently the beaver gloves, almost reverently, as if she were in the presence of a master-spirit—perhaps she thought she *was*. Before looking at her hands, he gave her a pack of cards to shuffle and ~~set~~, and he then placed them, one by one, their faces upwards, upon the table. They were singular cards, not playing ones, with curious Egyptian names, each card presenting a different picture.

Cicely waited, her hands stretched out. Now the wizard would care-

fully examine their palms, a microscope to his eye; now, without the microscope, he would study the cards on the table. Presently he laid the glass down, and looked in Cicely's face. The other two stood in silence, amusement and contempt on the countenance of Florence Erskine.

"You need not have troubled yourself to come here," he began abruptly, addressing Cicely, "for I can tell you little more than you already know."

"What do you mean?" she stammered, involuntarily: and he resumed.

"Your course will be marked with no event of sufficient moment to be set forth here: neither of joys nor sorrows. As a ship sails calmly along a smooth sea, so will you pass peacefully down the stream of your maiden life, until its race shall be run."

"But who will be my husband?" inquired the eager Cicely.

"You will never marry," he returned. "You had a chance once, and you threw it away. You will never have another."

Georgianna stared in amazement and disbelief at the joke of Cicely's having received an offer, and *rejected* it. But look at Cicely—at her glowing colour! that alone will tell you his words are true. The assistant-surgeon, designated by her sisters as the elephant, the monkey in spectacles, had made Cicely an offer in secret, and she had refused him.

"And be thankful that your life is destined to be so uneventful," continued the soothsayer to her. "There are two paths here, peace and thorns: to few indeed is it given to tread the former: you are one."

The dismayed and angry Cicely felt her face grow hot and cold by turns, as she listened to this most unwelcome prediction; and she only awoke from her astonishment, to hear the man address her sister. Georgianna had removed her gloves at his desire, touched the cards, as Cicely did, and waited. Florence had drawn nearer, and she saw, what she had never noticed before, that the inside of Georgianna's hands, even to the ends of the fingers, were completely covered with lines, small lines, crossed, and crossed again. The old man sat looking at them with his glass to his eye.

"Your fate in life will be widely different from your sister's," he said at length, "for you will meet with, and endure, more cares than I should choose to tell you of."

"And not be married either, perhaps!" burst forth the indignant Cicely.

"You will be married in God's own good time," he continued to Georgianna, taking no heed of Cicely. "Your home will lie in a foreign land, one washed by the troubled waters of the Pacific Ocean. *He* is there now; and you will not see him yet: not for years."

"Not there *now*?" exclaimed Georgianna, surprised out of the remark.

"Your thoughts are upon one nearer and dearer," he replied; "but neither of you"—and he looked alternately at Georgianna and Florence—"will marry *him*—so let there be no more bitter feeling between you. You have wasted by far too much on these dreams already; dreams that for both of you will come to nought. The wife destined for *him* is as yet a child, sporting in her mother's home: you will never know him otherwise than as you now do."

Georgianna, in her surprise, could not find ready words to answer, but the brow of Florence Erskine burnt with indignation.

"You are mistaking your trade, sir," she haughtily exclaimed. "I came not hither for advice or remark of any sort."

"I know you did not," he interrupted; "I know that all I may say will be worse than despised. Nevertheless, if you would listen to me I could save you, even now. Yet I may hold my peace, for I tell you that I know you will not: it is written."

"Save me from what?" she asked, her eye flashing.

"From the fate that will overtake you ere eight-and-forty hours shall have passed. For you who did come to consult me," he added, turning to Georgianna, "I have little more to add. Your life will be one scene of cares and crosses from the day you relinquish your father's name; and his for which you will exchange it, is to you yet as a stranger's. There is nothing more; so go back quickly, all of you, to whence you came."

The two sisters laid, each, a heavy piece of silver on the table, as they turned to depart. Florence laid nothing, but she was about to follow them, when the old man rose, and placed his hand upon her shoulder, his strange, deep-set eyes riveting their gaze on hers.

"You have good seed in your heart," he said earnestly, "and your faults are but those of youth and thoughtlessness: I will not have it on my conscience that I suffered you to pass this threshold without a warning, unavailing though it will be. *For the next score or two of hours, say until Monday shall have glided into the womb of past time, keep strictly the Commandments; break not one either in the spirit or the letter:* and then years of happiness may yet be yours."

"And if I do not?" she asked, in mockery.

"I have told you that you will not. In less than the time I have mentioned to you, you will have gone whither we are all hastening."

"If danger threatens me," she persisted, "why not tell me its nature, that I may avoid it?"

"You are mocking still," he uttered, "but I will answer. That danger threatens, and will overtake you, is certain; but its precise nature I know not: such close knowledge is not given us. But it will come of DISOBEDIENCE. Now go: I have fulfilled my duty."

He returned to his chair as he spoke, and the three girls turned and were gone.

"Of all canting, story-telling impostors," broke out Cicely, unable longer to control her exasperation, "that wicked old animal beats all."

Cicely truly believed so. For he had said she would never be married, and if all the wise men breathing and half a dozen angels to back them, had sworn to that, she would not have given credit to it.

"You don't believe in him then?" uttered Georgianna, whose spirits seemed greatly subdued by the visit.

"Believe in him!" retorted Cicely. "I would give a thousand pounds, if I had it, to be Mayor of Worcester for one day, just to have him put in the stocks and whipped; the wretched old idiot!"

But Florence Erskine continued silent, her reflections full of uneasiness and perplexity. She had gone forth that evening in contempt and disbelief: to say that she came away in such would be wrong. The extra-

ordinary power with which that man, wizard or no wizard, divined her and Georgianna's most secret feelings, puzzled her; their jealousy of each other, which she had believed could be known to none; the positive assertion that neither of them would marry De Courcy; with the solemn prediction that in less than eight-and-forty hours some untoward fate would overtake her, he evidently pointed to death! Mixed with these thoughts, came the remembrance of that tale of her childhood—that should she ever have her fortune told, she would be at the end of her life: this man had now said she was at the end of it.

"I told you," she laughed, but the laugh sounded bitterly hollow in her companions' ears—"I told you what you would meet with, Cicely. you will believe in fortune-tellers now! And he—he—that daring charlatan, presumed to warn ME against breaking the Commandments!"

Wrapping their shawls round them, and drawing their bonnets over their faces, they made haste through the now lighted streets, and gained their home and their chamber undiscovered.

Sunday was the next day. In the afternoon Captain Erskine went as usual to visit his relative, and Florence afterwards took her way to Mrs. Juniper's, the girls having invited her. They usually accompanied Mrs. Juniper to church on Sunday evenings, but this night they got themselves excused, the excessive heat of the weather being their plea. So they sat at home together until it was again night, and time for Florence to go home. A servant stood in the hall ready to attend her, but De Courcy, coming in at the moment, told the maid her services were not required, and he drew Florence's arm within his.

They walked away towards her home, in the sultry, overpowering air, their pace so slow as to be scarcely perceptible, she listening to his honeyed words. Ah! she thought not now of the old wizard and his predictions; when with *him*, the fulness of her happiness was all in all. And thus conversing with each other, they neared the cottage.

In the sitting-room of that cottage stood Gentleman Erskine. He had come home betimes to make certain preparations connected with his fishing-tackle and bait for the next morning's excursion. In the midst of which, happening to look towards the road, he saw his daughter sauntering up the hill, comfortably leaning on the arm of—

Of whom? The Captain applied his double eye-glass to his eye, wiped it, turned it, and tried it again. Why—Heaven protect himself and his outraged ancestors!—it *was* that connexion of Juniper's! They have got to the little gate now, and Florence's hand is held in his as he leads her through it: and the Captain's grizzled hair raises itself up on end with horror, and his gaze glares on his insulted pedigree, hanging opposite, and he brings his indignant face in contact with the window-panes.

Florence saw him, and turning sick with apprehension, wished De Courcy a hasty good night. She went in then.

Captain Erskine was by no means a meek man, but never had Florence seen him give way to passion so violent. A doubt of the truth flash across his brain. Florence he knew was beautiful, and this fellow, half acknowledged to himself, was what women and fools might find attractive. But the doubt was dismissed at once: for Gentleman Erskine's exclusive mind could no more bring itself to suspect Florence

able of an attachment for a man in the position of De Courcy, than that she entertained it for the begrimed official who periodically went up the chimneys: and indeed his own ropes were so exalted, that he could make little difference in the position of the two, the dispenser of medicines and the *ramoneur*. But—oh terrible disgrace!—she had walked with this man through the open streets of Worcester—it had seen her leaning on the arm of one of its apothecaries, some obscure French *émigré*! That could ever wipe out the stain? Oh, of course all this must be put stop to, off hand.

So, as a preliminary step, when his rage had somewhat expended itself, he forbid her, in the most decided and positive terms, to join the party at Malvern on the morrow. She shivered, she cried, she pleaded for a relaxation of his prohibition: all in vain. She might with as much effect have set on and petitioned Jupiter.

"What shall I say?" she sobbed. "I told them you consented, and they expect me. What excuse can I offer now?"

"Excuse to them!" he cried, indignantly, "the obligation is on the other side; make none. Or say it is my pleasure, if you choose: but go on do not."

"Oh papa!"

"How dare you oppose your will to mine, even in thought?" he interrupted. "Are you out of your mind? I forbid you to think or to speak again about their scampering Malvern party. I would rather cut off your legs, Florence, than suffer you to join it."

When Florence rose the next morning, her head aching and her eyes heavy, she found a brief, stern note from her father, who had departed on his fishing excursion, repeating his prohibition of the previous night; and he wrote a line to Mrs. Juniper, saying she could not join them. For an answer, up came De Courcy. Florence simply said her father had told her she must not accompany them—his positive prohibition and his violence she did not like to tell. De Courcy used arguments, wonderfully effective when uttered by loved lips, and Florence wavered. She made a compromise with her conscience, and assuring it that no persuasion should induce her to disobey her father, she yet suffered De Courcy to lead her to Mrs. Juniper's.

It was ten o'clock then, the hour fixed on for starting. The party were assembling, all eager and joyous, the carriages waited at the door, and Florence was tempted on all sides: her scruples were assailed, and her somewhat confused accounts of her father's "wishes" laughed at. Mrs. Juniper used convincing arguments, their matter sensible enough, the girls said go she should and must, De Courcy whispered a passionate entreaty, while the good-natured surgeon declared he would bear all the blame, and go up and appease Captain Erskine. And Florence Erskine offered herself to yield to their persuasions, and went: her conscience nipping her, and her better judgment fighting a fierce pitched battle.

It was half-past ten when they started, about eighteen or twenty of them. Two post-carriages from the Crown in Broad-street, and the surgeon's four-wheeled chaise, De Courcy driving the latter.

"You will go with me, Florence," De Courcy had said to her, as they all stood on the threshold of the door. But, even as he spoke, Georgianna Juniper mounted, without assistance, into the front seat of her father's

carriage ; and Mr. Juniper, coming up, took Florence's hand, and placed her in one of the large ones, by the side of his wife.

All were seated at last, and the postboys started. Down Broad-street over the bridge, increasing their speed as they bowled along the open road leading to St. John's, and lessening it as they came to the houses. St. John's passed, they drove through the turnpike-gate, and were fairly on the road to Malvern. The day previous had been distressingly hot, but this was worse : the inhabitants had never remembered such heat as hung that day over the faithful city. I forget, now, what degree the thermometer numbered, but I could have told you some years back.

Mrs. Juniper complained piteously, her size and her peculiar temperament causing her to feel the heat painfully. "What's my face like?" she suddenly asked : "crimson?"

"I never saw any crimson so red, mamma," answered Julia, turning round from the box, where she was seated, to look at Mrs. Juniper's face. "You are unusually pale, Florence: the effect of the heat too, I suppose."

"What a mercy it is that we thought of bringing that bottled perry!" continued Mrs. Juniper. "As to the ale and wine, I don't think none of us ought to touch it till the sun's gone down, unless we'd like to be laid up of brain fever. I never felt such a day as this."

"Nor any one else in this country," observed the gentleman who shared the box with Julia. "It is said, that old wizard has predicted this day will be a memorable one for Worcestershire. I think he is about right for once."

Julia Battlebridge turned, and glanced at Florence a meaning look. But what was Florence thinking of, sitting there so silent and pale? Need you ask? She did not absolutely fear the words the strange man had said to her; she did not positively fear that old prediction of her childhood; and yet, both kept floating through her brain, mingling with the thoughts of her own disobedience, and what would be the anger of her father. Those strange words were startlingly present to her, "*For the next score or two of hours, say until Monday shall have glided into the womb of past time, keep strictly the Commandments; break not one either in the spirit or the letter: and then years of happiness may yet be yours.*" She had listened, in resentment at one who could dare to give her so unnecessary a warning, haughty pride buoying up her own self-sufficiency—she, Florence Erskine, break a Commandment! Yet not thirty-six hours had elapsed before she had fallen into the snare and the sin: she had broken the one which says,

THOU SHALT HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

Wick was passed, and then the old and most dangerous bridge at Powick, and, passing the gate (I think it is gone now), the horses bore up the ascent, turning off opposite the Lion. Soon the windings of the road brought the towering hills in view, with their various hues, presenting such a contrast to the eye, blue, brown, green; and De Courcy saw that his pretty white sea-shells were indeed houses. Away cantered the postboys, on to the common, its geese as plentiful as ever, leaving on their left the turning to Maddresfield, the seat of the Earls of Beauchamp; a respected name in Worcestershire. The present earl was its representative for many, many years in the Lower House, as Colonel (afterwards

neral) the Honourable Henry Lygon. Newland Swan was passed on right, and the horses began their slow pace up the Link, noted for upsets. Its summit was turned, the turnpike gained—the very turn-
e of our adventure in later years—and the party were in the village
Great Malvern at last.

‘Which inn are we to go to?’ asked Georgianna, looking back from carriage towards her mamma.

‘It don’t matter which,’ called out Mrs. Juniper, “as it’s only to re the horses and the ve’cles. I don’t much like the one with the out-
dish name: it gives precious little butter to its sandwidges.”

‘The Belle-Voo mamma means,” observed Georgianna to De Courcy.

‘The what?’ he inquired, thinking he had never heard such a name
an inn before.

‘The Belle View,” corrected Elizabeth Juniper, from the back seat.
‘We must go to the Crown then. Drive on, Mr. de Courcy; Georgy
I show you where it is.”

De Courcy drove on, and passing the ever mispronounced and ever-
be mispronounced Belle Vue Hotel, stopped before the door of the
own.

Before the hampers, Mrs. Juniper’s fowls and tongues and à-la-mode
f, could be got from the carriages, the party were surrounded by a
al of donkeys, with their drivers, sunburnt women, boys, and girls.

‘Are we to ride or walk up?’

‘Who asked the question on such a day as this?’ said one of the gen-
men. “Look out the strongest for Mrs. Juniper. And I say, my
d donkey-women, give an eye to your saddles: they have a habit of
ning, you know.”

Soon, all were mounted, save De Courcy, and he chose to walk, not a
y wise determination, as Mrs. Juniper told him, with the thermometer
ts present height. *She* did not know that the heat and the toilsome
ant were to him as nothing, whilst he could thus keep by the side of
rence Erskine. And so they commenced their ascent of the hill, de-
nining to proceed no further up it than St. Ann’s Well, and Mrs.
iper sincerely wished there was a carriage way to that, so that she
ght avoid the zig-zag path of the jolting donkey. A few years after-
ds, the wish was gratified, the carriage drive to the Well being ren-
ed ascendable for the accommodation of the Princess Victoria, when
was staying, with the Duchess of Kent, at Malvern.

They took De Courcy to an elevated spot, and then made him turn
denly. The day was more favourable for the view than if the sun
l been out in a blaze, and oh the glorious beauty of the scene that
st upon him. Go and look at it, you who have never done so, it is
th journeying a hundred miles to see. The amazing expanse of pros-
t extending out around, touching the horizon, as it were, in the dis-
ce; the peaceful plains, lying broad and distinct; the blending together
wood and dale; the striking contrast of the green fields and the golden
of the ripening corn; Bredon Hill there, the Old Hills here, hills
rywhere; the few mansions scattered with a sparing hand, imparting
to the landscape; on the right, in the extreme distance, a narrow,
tering line, giving rise to a suspicion that it is the Bristol Channel;
l, last of all, Worcester, fair, fair Worcester, lying near, its fine old

cathedral standing out conspicuously, and St. Andrew's spire raising its point to the clouds. Oh go to Malvern! go and look, for once in your lifetime, at these glories of God's marvellous works, and then hush your heart in reverence!

As De Courcy did. But, ere it was well time, Mrs. Juniper's voice brought him back to common life. "If you'll believe me, them apes are a going to the top!"

De Courcy turned, and saw that all the younger members of the party were continuing their way up the hill: the elder had dismissed their donkeys and were gathered in and about St. Ann's Well.

"Have you lost your wits?" screamed out Mrs. Juniper again, in an angry tone.

"No, mamma. Why?"

"If you attempt to ride to the top in this heat, you'll be dead."

"Oh we don't care for that. What time are you going to dine?"

"At two o'clock," replied Mrs. Juniper. "One can't do nothing else to-day, so we may as well have it early. Mind you are down."

"We'll be down. Come along, Mr. de Courcy."

Mrs. Juniper sat down inside the room at the Well; some superintended the laying the cloth for dinner; one gentleman threw himself flat on the mountain side, endeavouring to get a breath of air. In vain: the element was still as death.

"Why here they are already!" exclaimed one of the ladies, catching sight of the white cloths of the donkeys, slowly winding round from the heights above. "We shall hear how they feel after their broiling."

"I have heard of women in Ingee," remarked Mrs. Juniper, extending her head outside to get a view of the broiled, "as have voluntary thrown themselves into a fire, or afore it, to be roasted alive. I think, if the choice was gave me, I'd rather prefer that, to going up the hill to-day as them geese have, 'specially if 'twas a-foot, like Mr. de Courcy."

"It was quite impossible to endure it," called out Cicely, in explanation. "I believe, if we had gone on, we should have dropped down dead, as mamma said, and the poor animals too. So that's why we are back again."

Heavily and listlessly passed the time, in the unbearable heat, till they sat down to dinner, and most sincerely did they wish their excursion had been deferred to a more propitious day. When the meal was over, four or five of them rose to wander up the hill, De Courcy and Florence being amongst them. The heat was really dreadful, not perhaps quite so burning as it had been in the morning, but the oppressive, sultry sensation had greatly increased. It seemed as if they could scarcely draw their breath; and ominous clouds of copper colour were gathering in the sky. Unheeding the weather, and regardless of fatigue, De Courcy and Florence continued on their way, but their companions dropped off, one by one, and when they reached the top of the hill, they were alone. There they stood some time, that he might admire the vale of Herefordshire; a beautiful prospect also, but not like the magnificent one on the other side. And then, turning to the left, they continued their way on the hill's summit, until they reached the little, round building, scarcely larger or higher than a good-sized watch-box, known as Lady Harcourt's Tower.

Here they entered and sat down, and De Courcy, clasping her to him, laid her cheek upon his bosom, and poured forth his words of love. Eloquent they were, more eloquent than they need have been, for where love reigns in a heart, as it did in hers, eloquence is needed not: and she, drowning reflection in the rapture of the moment, thrust her conscience wilfully aside: she forgot her own disobedience; she forgot the certain refusal of her father to sanction her love; she braved his denunciation and his fierce anger, and solemnly betrothed herself to Louis de Courcy.

A flash of lightning startled them, and as they rushed outside the tower, a long, loud, frightful echo told that the storm had begun. Never, perhaps, has a storm, in its violence, come on more rapidly: the clouds had gathered together, black, lurid, and angry, the forked lightning playing amongst them; the thunder reverberated in the hollows of the hills; and the atmosphere appeared as if tainted with death, it was so still and terrible.

"We must make the best of our way down, Florence," he exclaimed, hastily.

But, at the same moment, there came, flying on to the top of the hill, five or six of their party. An old Worcester lawyer and his daughter, two of the Juniper girls, and a lad of fifteen and his young sister. They had been close to the top when the thunder commenced its roaring, and were running along now, to take shelter in Lady Harcourt's Tower.

"I do not like it," interposed De Courcy. "We shall be safer going down the hill than there."

"Not at all," dissented the lawyer, a very stout man, who was puffing and blowing with his recent exertion. "I remember being overtaken in this very spot, when a boy, by a most violent thunder-storm; this is nothing to it" (present storms never *are* anything to past ones); "so we shut ourselves in here, there was a door to the place then, and were quite safe and comfortable; whilst in the valley below there were two cows and a milkmaid killed."

Again De Courcy remonstrated, uselessly; for there was not one willing to descend the hill with him, and brave the fury of the storm: so they gathered themselves together in Lady Harcourt's Tower. Their situation was appalling enough. Perched on the summit of one of the highest of the Malvern Hills, the valley beneath them appeared, in the distance, as if it were miles away, and they planted in the air, on that narrow ledge, midway between the earth and the sky, midst all the roar and battle of the elements.

The storm increased in its violence; peal succeeded flash, and flash succeeded peal, without an instant's cessation; the heavens were in a blaze of light from one extremity to the other, and a noise, as of a thousand cannons, seemed bursting close overhead. The poor girls were fearfully terrified: De Courcy tried to reassure them, but could not succeed: a scream from one, a shriek from another, tears and sobs from the little girl; exclamations that the lightning blinded, and the thunder deafened them, were mixed with murmured prayers, and dread whispers that they should never get down again alive. Florence was quiet, and betrayed less terror than they did. Why was it? Had she more physical courage?—was she less alive to the danger?—or was it that she remembered they were in the keeping of God, and that He would pro-

test them, if it were His own good will? No, no, alas no! She felt only that she was by the side of *him*, her lover, and so all-absorbing was the presence of her love for him, that other emotions, even the dread of danger, were lost in it: his protection seemed to be all-sufficient for security, like it was for happiness. She was not the first, or the last, who has forgotten the Creator in the blind worship of the creature. De Courcy had thrown his arm round her and drawn her to his side, where she quietly stood, her face hidden against him, and her heart beating with its sense of bliss: Cicely Juniper he had drawn to him on the other.

"There!" he exclaimed, suddenly pointing to a distant part of the heavens. It was a small ball of fire, darting down to the earth. The sight was but momentary: before the others could look, it was gone.

"I must say I wish we were safe down," exclaimed the old lawyer. "I wonder how Mrs. Juniper and the rest feel at the Well."

Before the words had well passed his lips, there was a vivid flash, a terrific peal, and a scream from Cicely Juniper, who declared the tower was shaking. It may have been her fancy, or it may have been that the tower did shake with a shock of electricity, the others felt nothing; but Florence Erskine had fallen on the ground at De Courcy's side. There was no perceptible change in her countenance, yet the Spirit had flown for ever.

"Good God! she has fainted!" exclaimed the old man, stooping, and pulling at her hand.

"It is the faintness of DEATH!" shuddered De Courcy, bending down his ashy face. He raised Florence in his arms, as he spoke; he called her by every endearing name, unmindful, now, of the ears of those around; he pressed his white cheek to hers, vainly hoping to feel signs of breath and life. But there was no further life for Florence Erskine in this world, for she had indeed been struck and killed by lightning. And when the wailing and terror-stricken party returned that night to Worcester, the corpse of the ill-fated young lady was all that remained of her to bear home to her father.

And so ended the day of pleasure at Malvern: a remarkable one, in truth, as that strange man, the wizard, had foretold. On the day following Florence Erskine's death, Cicely, in her horror and perplexity, disclosed to Mr. Juniper the particulars of their visit to this man, with his prediction regarding Florence, and the surgeon went down at once to seek him out. But he had disappeared, none knew when or where, and was never more heard of in the city. Whence he derived his information, that spirit of divination that he really appeared to possess, none can pretend to speculate—for indeed this has been no fancy sketch.

De Courcy never flirted with Georgy Juniper again: from that hour he was a wiser and a graver man. Georgy married in the course of years, and went abroad with her husband; and poor Cicely's wedding has never come yet. But I daresay, if you could see into her heart, she has not quite given up all hope, for though she has taken to "fronts" and to ever so many false teeth, she dresses jauntily, almost as a young girl.

So now, good reader, our visit to Worcester is over. And in repayment for the amusement it may have given you, you must join with me heartfully in echoing the prayer of its motto,

"FLOREAT SEMPER, FIDELIS CIVITAS."

TALES OF MY DRAGOMAN.

BY BASIL MAY.

No. VII.—BEETROOT *versus* COFFEE-POT.

YOU will not have forgotten our old acquaintances, Achmet Benali and Achmet Ali, the grand master of the mules and whipper-in in ordinary to the seraglio, and the master of the pantaloons and dispenser-in-extraordinary of otto of roses, those fellow-ministers of the guilty Bibi and Kiaya, who were so deservedly put to death for their misdeeds, and you *may* have thought that so salutary an example, and the timely warning they had received from Muftifz, would have effectually deterred them from ever again betraying the trust reposed in them by the state. Indeed, so long as the faithful Muftifz remained with his beloved master, to watch over his interests and direct his councils, both Achmet Benali and Achmet Ali were much too prudent to risk a second offence; but the wide-spread publicity of this worthy servant's good deeds having reached even the sultan, that prince had expressed a wish that he should join his court. The desire was equivalent to a command; and, with much regret on both sides, Muftifz having packed up his things, bid the pacha a heart-felt farewell, and quitted the province.

Upon this, Achmet Benali and Achmet Ali, freed from the supervision to which they had been subjected, returned to their old and reprehensible ways. Setting at nought the estimable sentiments of the humane but weak-minded pacha, who, now that he had lost the valuable counsel of Muftifz, seemed incapable of offering an objection, they took the high hand, governed as they liked, framed new laws, repealed others, introduced oppressive taxation, admitted objectionable distinctions, rode the high horse, saddled the nation, overran the constable, and licked the watch.

It is not to be supposed that even so lymphatic a people as the Moslem could submit to this treatment without raising a finger in sign of dissent. There were grumblings, and meetings, and vociferations, and resolutions, and petitions, on the one hand; and on the other, courtesy, and calipash and calipee, and silence and contempt.

But you will easily understand this when I inform you that it was through his ministers only that any address to the pacha could reach him; for although, now and then, he went abroad unaccompanied, still they had led him to believe there was that spirit of insubordination amongst his people that, for the insurance of his personal convenience and comfort, he should undertake those journeys strictly *incog*. Once or twice the poor pacha had evinced a disposition to kick over the traces of these restrictions; then had there set in for him one of those days of political "clouded happiness," which none but wedged-in monarchs can fully understand, and sledge-hammer diplomatists fully explain. That had put a damper on his aspirations. True, there was the *Yachmack Expositor*, the *Tchorbadji Herald*, and the morning and evening *Pantalet*. These were all laid upon his table, and I presume he occasionally glanced at them; but, sir, what's the use of a grand

master of the mules, and a master of the pantaloons, and a groom of the slippers, and a stick in waiting, if a pacha is to bear the infliction of uncultivated truths and raw complaints? What is food for the gander is not always food for the goose, in spite of what the North Land savages affirm. Delicate stomachs require delicate dishes, and when a mess was served up, which to the committee of *goute-sauces* appeared indigestible, it was kept back. Thus, with intestines regulated, head cool, and feet warm, this most easy-going pacha put his trust in Providence for the rest—Ah! what? — I doubt it, sir—you cannot give me another instance.

Still the pacha *had* his walks on the sly, which were frequently extended far beyond the walls of the city. There was one spot to which he gave the preference; that was the dwelling of a poor industrious agriculturist, the tenant of Achmet Benali, who, toiling early and toiling late, after paying his rent and taxes, could scarcely scrape together a bare subsistence. At this man's house the pacha would frequently stop and rest himself. He was far from guessing what was his visitor's rank, who as he adapted his bearing and conversation to the circumstance of place and position, was often led into discussions, from which he gleaned many a wholesome truth and valuable piece of information. Thus of an evening, after the labours of the day, whilst the agriculturist was attending to his garden, in the cultivation of which he took great pride, the pacha would unostentatiously make his appearance, quietly open the little wooden gate, stealthily tread the neat gravel-walk, and, directing his steps to where his host, with his back turned to him, was at work, would stop and complacently watch his occupation. Then the industrial as he rose from his stooping posture would perceive his visitor, whose looks would invariably be directed towards him with a benignant and sympathising expression.

"Are you there, Ali Ben Dolorus!" That was the *nom de guerre* the pacha had adopted. "In truth, your movements are so noiseless, that, did I not know such a thing to be impossible, I should conclude you had come here by enchantment."

"Eh, eh, eh," chuckled Ali Ben Dolorus, his majestic sides shaking in accompaniment. "How's my friend Ali Ben Abitet to-day? What are we so busy planting there?"

"This," said Ali Ben Abitet, advancing towards him with a slow step as he carefully picked his way across the different beds, his eyes fixed on a small opened paper parcel he held in his hand, and which contained seed—"this is something new, and its cultivation will, I hope, ensure that agricultural prosperity of which we so much stand in need. It is a rare plant, extensively cultivated amongst the North Land savages, from whom this parcel cometh, addressed to me by my very particular friend, the great North Land agricultural champion, Mr. Protection. It's a member of the numerous family of the Leeks, and was known to the ancients as the Betarapa—*βάρυς*—and surnamed by its present adoptive parents, who are celebrated for their particular genius for euphonious appropriations, 'Beetroot.'"

"Allah il Allah!" ejaculated Ali Ben Dolorus.

"Previous to its importation to those climes," resumed Ali Ben Abitet, "the North Land savages had carried the terrors of war into distant

countries, and, having conquered, they exacted of the inhabitants that they should supply them with sugars according to their requirements; but the fondness for sweetmeats of that people having reached such a degree of magnitude, their rulers considered it had become a matter of the first necessity to meet this great demand by a more plentiful, and, at the same time, a readier supply. The leading practical botanists and the learned generally were invited to lend their aid, and a valuable prize was offered to him who should show how the desired result might be obtained. This great trial of strength resulted in the rescue of that venerable *legumen* from the shades of oblivion. Its luscious juice was found to possess all the requisite saccharine properties, and in addition to being, when boiled, a palatable purifier of the blood, a sugar is made from it which equals, if it does not surpass, in quality that of the remote lands I have mentioned.

"Holy prophet!" exclaimed Ali Ben Dolorus. "And it is by the cultivation of this rare plant that you hope to find a remedy for these hard times?"

"Even so," replied Ali Ben Abitet; "for hard as these times undoubtedly are, I foresee that we shall soon have still greater difficulties to contend against."

"Ah! say you so?"

"Why, yes. But come into the summer-house; I have some curious plants to show you; amongst others a rose-tree, which in its indigenous state has no thorns. 'Tis a native of the Alps. Observe, it is already losing its peculiarity, for reared beneath a warmer sun the thorns begin to grow. What think you of it as an emblem of ingratitude?"

"La, la, la," said Ali Ben Dolorus.

"But I am straying from the subject of our conversation. You must forgive me; I love to talk about my flowers. I was saying that I fear there is a worse time coming. Do you know I have my doubts as to the benefit which will accrue from the 'Privilege Act,' and I pray that the pacha may not be deceived by the representations of his ministers, and spare his people any further oppressive measure. I believe he has a good heart, but I fear he is weak-minded and easily led."

"La, la, la," said Ali Ben Dolorus.

"Yes; for have you considered what will be the ultimate effect of the 'Privilege Act' if it be carried by the viziers? It will be productive only of a further increase of rent, and, as it is, the land barely yields a sufficient produce to meet the heavy demands exacted from us by our grasping landlords."

"I do not clearly see the force of your argument," answered Ali Ben Dolorus. "It is proposed by the viziers, who are at present the land-owners, to extend the privilege to wealthy burgesses, who, upon being possessed of a certain extent of land, shall have a voice in the affairs of the state."

"Exactly; that's just where the mischief lies."

"How do you make it out?"

"I will show you. The viziers have fixed the rents at so high a rate, that to attempt, single-handed, a further increase at this moment would be to incur great personal risk, and endanger the safety of the state; for the burgesses, who are indirectly concerned with ourselves, inasmuch as having exorbitant rents to pay we have no alternative but to

raise the price of provisions, in the event of their rising still more, would join us in opposing that attempt. The viziers feel this, and therefore hold out, as a bait to wealthy burgesses, the honours and consideration attendant on diplomatic rank, for which they can only be qualified by the possession of land. Consequently, having become, in a legislative sense, part and parcel of that body, they will easily sacrifice to their gratified vanity and the advantages of a higher position what little respect they have for equity, when unallied to a purely selfish feeling, and freely give their support to the viziers in whatever they may think fit to attempt, and who, you may be sure, will not be slow to take every advantage of the circumstance."

"La, la, la, who would have thought it!—but what a terse logician you are, friend Abitet."

"Not at all, Ali Ben Dolorus; the conjuncture is self-evident enough, and only requires the exercise of a little penetration and calm thought—to be apparent to the least gifted understanding. Would that our beloved pacha gave it five minutes' serious consideration, and then, maybe, the viziers shouldn't have it all their own way."

"Have you, then, so bad an opinion of his ministers?" asked Ali Ben Dolorus.

"I believe they are neither better nor worse than mankind in general. Ah! Ali Ben Dolorus, misfortune tries a man, but prosperity brings his nature out. We are all more or less ambitious; with some of us, this passion takes such a shape; with others, such another; and once encouraged, is, perhaps, the only feeling which cannot be thoroughly gratified. I could give you some striking instances also to prove that a hidden, but not less certain, pusillanimity is closely allied to this sentiment, which ever prompts the ambitious to shift the responsibility of their acts on the shoulders of others. How can it not be so?—ambition and heartlessness are twin sisters. The viziers are in the ascendant; they have the pacha's ear, and the higher they are, the higher they wish to be; that's a natural consequence, Ali Ben Dolorus. But depend upon it, the poor pacha is the cat's-paw that draws the roasted chesnuts out of the fire. He's the ladder which the fox you have heard of should have had when he said the grapes were sour."

"La, la, la," said Ali Ben Dolorus; "but what can a poor pacha do? How is he to learn all this?"

"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you," replied Ali Ben Abitet. "Shall I tell you a story, Ali Ben Dolorus?"

"I should much like to hear it."

"Well, sit you down."

And taking his place in front of the pacha, Ali Ben Abitet hailed an attendant, and commanded him to set a cloth between them, and fetch chibouks and coffee. This done, and the amber mouthpiece being presented to each, Ali Ben Abitet began his story.

THE TALE OF THE HUNGRY DOGS.

BY ALI BEN ABITET.

"Nardi parvus onyx."—HORACE.

"Truthful eloquence laughs at eloquence."—MUFTIFIZ.

"A VERY long time ago, there lived a North Land Giaour, who was so idle that he avoided as much as possible those duties even the performance of which would have materially added to his personal comforts. It is recorded that he was so lazy as to neglect entirely to make his bed of a morning, preferring to lie in it hard as it was. You will easily imagine that it was anything but a bed of roses. He was in the habit of shutting himself up for weeks together, and people noticed that it was only on those days when the sun shone in all its splendour that he appeared at all. At such times he would select a soft, grassy spot, cast himself down at full length, and bask in all the glory of the sunshine. In other respects he allowed matters to take their course, and seemed determined not to trouble himself about anything. This Giaour, however, had a companion, a dog, to whose ugliness, probably, might be attributed its having chosen such a master. It had met with nothing but ill-treatment from everybody, but it proved a perfect treasure to the Giaour, who found means of turning its instincts to account. Amongst other clever tricks he taught it, such as closing the door behind him, and reaching him his pipe from off the mantelshelf; he taught it also to go to market, and fetch home the provisions for the day."

"Holy Prophet!" exclaimed Ali Ben Dolorus.

"This is how it occurred. At a certain hour of the morning the dog, which had been taught to seek it, would know where to find a small wicker-basket, in which the Giaour had previously placed a few coins folded up in a piece of paper. With the basket in its mouth the dog would start off, and proceed towards the heights. First of all it would call in at the sausage manufactory, and bring away some chitlings or sausages for its master, the price of which—a fixed sum in *aspres*—would be taken from the paper containing the money. One *aspre* would be the difference left, for which, at the slaughterer's next door, it would receive dogs'-meat to that amount. But its own dinner, as well as that of its master, would be placed side by side in the basket, without its ever failing on a single occasion (so effectually had it been broken in) to bring home the whole intact, waiting its master's pleasure to be rewarded for its labour. But dogs are never so badly off, but there are certain circumstances of their position which will excite the jealousy of other dogs; and I think this sentiment does not apply solely to the canine race. I must tell you, that that particular province abounded in animals of that species, many of which had no ostensible means of livelihood or occupation whatsoever, mere idlers about town, living no one knew exactly how—by the exercise of their instincts probably. That was long before the 'lucky-dog' assimilation had been heard, or even dreamt of. That popular expression was adopted subsequently, in memory of that exemplary North Land savage prince, Charles II., and as a feeble testimony from posterity

to his rare and exalted qualities. At the present day, the North Land savage ladies' favourite companions are the King Charles lap-dogs. How beautifully has it been remarked that there is no virtue but will, sooner or later, meet with its reward! But to resume. I said that particular province was overrun with dogs. Now, certain hungry ones amongst them had got scent of the faithful and honest animal's peregrinations, which happened to pass laden with its burden one day that they in a body lay in wait for him at the corner of the street. It was not until he was close upon them that he became aware of their antagonistic proximity; but an unerring instinct showed him at a glance that to a covetous feeling only was their presence to be attributed. He was not a pugnacious dog, nor one possessed of that cool, calculating courage which enables mortals to submit with resignation to the greatest injuries, and pocket the deadliest affronts with a magnanimous determination to treat their enemies with contempt. He was simply, but decidedly, a cowardly dog; and no sooner did he perceive the hostile intentions of the predatory animals, which, indeed, left him but short time for consideration, than he set up a terrible howl, and with stiffened ears, protruding eyes, and tail tightly wrapped in behind, turned at once to the right about, and scampered off in a contrary direction. The others gave chase, but at their ease; for at the very next turning at which the decamping dog appeared he ran against a second party of wretchedly-fed animals, which were also anxiously waiting his arrival. It was evidently a losing game; so, following up to the letter the accepted maxim that discretion is the better part of valour, and that

‘He that *funks* and runs away,
Lives to fight another day,’

he prudently dropped his store, and made every despatch to save his skin, leaving the buccaneering party in undisturbed enjoyment of their booty, which, be it observed, was all they wanted. But how do you like my Latakia?”

“It smokes pleasantly enough,” answered Ali Ben Dolorus; “but pray continue your story, I feel quite interested in the fortunes of the good dog.”

“He merits all your kind regard and just commiseration,” resumed Ali Ben Abitet; “for on reaching home minus the basket and provisions, you will not be astonished when I tell you, however you may be pained to hear it, that his master, beneath whose notice it was to enter into details, and contrary to whose adopted principle it was to admit the possibility of an accident, straightway seized him by the scruff of the neck, held him out at arm’s length, and inflicted on him a lengthened and severe castigation.”

“La, la, la, the brute!” exclaimed Ali Ben Dolorus.

“So I think; but that isn’t all. The Giaour bought another basket, and sent the poor dog on the same errand the next day. Another similar accident occurs; follows second edition of cruelty to animals. Again the Giaour goes without his dinner. Comes accident No. 3: dog half-dead; North Land savage half starved. Something wrong. Next day dog in high favour, Giaour taking his dinner.” Halt, Ali Ben Abitet.

Ali Ben Dolorus, mouth open, waiting to hear more.

"*La,*" resumes Ali Ben Abitet, laying great stress upon the words—
"*La* that the dog was exculpated, and that the Giaour did him justice, and to himself as well."

"*La, la, la,* how was it?"

"The North Land Giaour," replied Ali Ben Abitet, puffing out his last whiff, "took the trouble to go and inquire into the matter himself."

"*La, la, la,*" said Ali Ben Dolorus.

II.

ACHMET BENALI and Achmet Ali were in close and familiar confab in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the former. They had met on an important subject.

"Serious!"

"Very."

"Tis a splendid affair," said Achmet Ali, who had uttered the trisyllable. "I'm told it measures three feet from the top to the tail, and twenty inches in circumference. The pacha is in ecstasy about it; he says the discovery will prove an inestimable boon to the people, and purposes granting high honours to the producer. Of course you have heard of the fine present he has made him in return?"

"No, by Allah, I have not; what may it be?"

"No less than the house, lands, and appurtenances of his farm of Roumelie."

"You surprise me."

"I confess I am myself astonished, seeing that, notwithstanding it is a curious specimen of the vegetable kingdom, I am disposed to doubt its having those extraordinary qualities which will, it is affirmed, ensure its becoming popular. Sugar, indeed! Do you know I put a slice in my coffee. It's all my eye."

"I am glad to hear you say so, but I don't know what has come to the pacha of late; he interferes in state affairs, insists upon seeing things done himself, calls us to account, and I must say walks out a great deal too often. I shouldn't be surprised now if he had come across that chattering tenant of mine, Ali Ben Abitet, who I declare to you has tongue and breath enough to turn a windmill. Have we jumped out of the frying-pan to fall into the fire; and are we no sooner got rid of Muftiz than we have to encounter another hidden genius in the shape of a market-gardener?"

"Who's that you are talking about?" said Achmet Ali, who had fallen into a reverie from which he was roused by his companion's great volubility.

"Whom should I be talking about but of my self-willed and unruly tenant, Ali Ben Abitet?" replied Achmet Benali.

"Whom do you say?"

"Ali Ben Abitet," I said.

"Why that's the man who sent the model beetroot to the pacha."

"By the venerated ashes of all true Moslem you don't say so?"

"Yes, I do."

"Achmet Ali," said Achmet Benali, "the time has come when we must strike a determined and decisive blow. The pacha, it is evident, inclines to democratic principles. Depend upon it, if we do not guard in time against newfangled theories, our rights will be wrested from us one after the other. I shouldn't wonder, now, if our tenants do not soon set up a claim to be masters in their own homes. You will see that all our innocent recreations will be checked if they are not totally stopped. If we know of a nice tit-bit of female perfection, there will be no entering her parents' abode, assuming a demure habit, 'wreathing our wiles around her,' and seducing her from the path of virtue and duty. When we are short of money, there will be no introducing a new tax and saddling the nation. When we feel inclined for a little wholesome excitement, there will be no sallying out at night and bastonading the people, and licking the watch. No; all these little indulgences will be taken from us, and then, indeed, Achmet Ali, with some show of reason will you have cause to use that oft-misapplied quotation from the North Land savage poet:

'And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.'

It behoves us, consequently, to secure the support of the burghesses. I see you turn up your noble nose. Believe me; I understand and I appreciate your feelings; but let me advise you to look upon our present embarrassment as an attack of indigestion—popular; and upon the burghesses as a disagreeable but efficacious tonic, which will aid it. By admitting them to our body, who are now opposed to us, with their help we shall carry everything before us. Let us, therefore, not lose a moment, but hasten to obtain the pacha's ratification of the 'Privilege Act.'

"Agreed," said Achmet Ali; "but I do not think that the pacha's humour at this moment is favourable to the introduction of the subject."

"And therefore have we turned our thoughts to conciliating it. I believe that no better course than that which was agreed upon in the secret council of ministers to-day can possibly be followed."

"You allude to presenting the pacha with an elaborate and valuable work of art, which shall bear an inscription recording his many virtues."

"Evidently, have we not an instance in Ali Ben Abitet that such marks of consideration are gratifying to him?"

"'Tis a precedent, certainly. And you think the gold-chased coffee-pot and waiter will have the desired effect?"

"I do."

"Well, so be it."

III.

"ALI CASKOO PACHA TO HIS FAITHFUL MUFTIFIZ AT THE COURT OF
HIS HIGHNESS SULTAN ACHMET.

"MOST FAITHFUL SERVANT,—Remembering that, on the eve of thy departure on the service of our august sovereign Sultan Achmet, whilst prostrated at my feet, thou didst engage, should I happen ever to be placed in such a position as to require it, that thou wouldst still give me the benefit of thy opinion, and counsel me how to act, I hasten to inform thee of the very great difficulty under which I am at this moment labouring. Thou shouldst know, that almost simultaneously with thy departure thy fellow-ministers, Achmet Benali and Achmet Ali, returned to their old condemnable ways, undoing much of the good thou hast done, and attempting much which thou couldst never have tolerated. I confess, O Muftiz! my inability to cope single-handed with those designing and wicked men. I, myself, am circumvented, and my people are oppressed beyond endurance. But not content with this, they are straining every nerve to revive the old obsolete, unreasonable 'Privilege Act,' which in thy time was so summarily dismissed. They believe that I do not see its hidden motive, and that, fearful of giving offence to the burgesses, I shall allow it to pass. But, O! my faithful servant, I cannot sacrifice my people, more especially that having, conformably with thy salutary counsel, gone *incognito* from time to time amongst them, I have seen more with my own eyes in a few days than I could possibly have learnt from the representations of these bad men had I lived to the age of the venerable Methusalem. It was in one of my rambles that the spirit of Allah threw in my path the philanthropist Ali Ben Abitet, who by-the-by is a tenant of Achmet Benali. This worthy man, with a devotedness which does honour to the human heart, at much personal inconvenience and expense, has imported to this favoured country from the North Land a priceless specimen of the vegetable kingdom, which is destined, I venture to affirm, to play a prominent part in the great work of social reorganisation now at hand. Ali Ben Abitet's efforts have been crowned with success. A magnificent crop is the reward of his labours. He has sent me a model beetroot (for that is the name of the *legumen*), which would put to shame the whole body of agriculturists of the united nations of the North Land. But what will be your surprise, O Muftiz! when I tell you that we now have the West Indies in our back gardens? That we are a vast refinery, where the humblest may indulge at his pleasure in the delights of lollipop and Achmet-balls! The advantage to the country is inestimable. I have felt it to be so. I will not attempt to tell you with what mingled feelings of approbation and satisfaction I received that mark of Ali Ben Abitet's laudable aim to benefit the country, and respect for my person.

"I now proceed with the second object of my letter. Know, O Muftiz! that learning I had rewarded Ali Ben Abitet according to his deserts, the Achmet Benali party, seeing such little attentions were agreeable to me, have presented me with a richly-chased coffee-pot and waiter, taking the flattering unction to their souls that I cannot now do

less than ratify the 'Privilege Act' in return ; and, indeed, I confess being considerably put about in the matter ; for I feel it is not becoming a ruler to receive presents from his subjects and not requite the donor and this is a case in which patronage, or favours, or appointments are inapplicable, seeing they have them all at their command. Thencest, therefore, O Muftiz ! that my consent to the 'Privilege Act' is actually wrung from me. A celebrated North Land jurisconsult has said that there never was an act framed through which he could not drive a carriage-and-four. Canst thou, O Muftiz ! in this dilemma show me the needle's head through which to creep ?"

IV.

THE council of ministers was assembled. A deputation of the burgesses attended. It was known by proclamation that the pacha would that morning give his answer to the latter's petition touching the granting the 'Privilege Act,' seconded as it was by the former. The impatience for a solution was symptomatic—expectation was on the rack. The ministers and burgesses required the application of an affirmative. The body of the people was prepared for a negative. The pacha's aga appears at the door of the hall.

"Allah il Allah ! and Mohammed is his prophet. Mighty viziers, the pacha's answer waits to be received."

"We respectfully wait the pacha's answer," replied Achmet Benali, as president of the council. He had risen, and everybody had followed his example.

Enter the pacha's aga with a roll of parchment, followed by an eunuch carrying a silver platter covered over. They advance to the foot of the table, on which the eunuch lays the dish.

"To his loyal burgesses," says the aga, "Ali Caskoo Pacha greeting, sayeth: 'Be it known unto you, my loving burgesses, that inasmuch as oppression begins where abnegation ends; that interest is antagonistic to justice, we upon a careful consideration and just cognisance of its motives, refuse to sanction the 'Privilege Act.'"

(Signed). 'ALI CASKOO PACHA.'

And to his ministers," continued the aga, "the pacha sends his kind compliments, and begs to thank them for their handsome present, in return for which he trust they will accept the accompanying feeble mark of his regard and admiration." And suiting the action to the word, the aga raised the cover from off the dish and disclosed a splendid beetroot, measuring three feet from the top to the tail, and twenty inches in circumference.

HOW DO BRITISH SEAMEN FIGHT?

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

THEY spy the foe, and ahead they go,
Each inch of canvas set ;
They pause not to ask, if hard the task,
If the ships they see, few or many may be,
They but pant alongside to get :
So with sail and steam, they plough Ocean's stream,
Walking up to the fleet, they burn to meet ;
And though far away, the foe's ball will play,
Glancing and dancing along the salt spray,
Carrying at times a top-spar away,
They never will fire, restraining their ire,
Till the right minute's come ;
Ye can scarce hear a hum ;
But aft and fore, the netting's braced o'er,
And each man stands, with ready hands,
Beside his black gun,
Whose work shall be done,
Now as when Nelson walked Ocean in might ;
And this is the way British seamen will fight.

The foe's shots, still, are flying, but ill ;
And the English laugh, and deem them but chaff,
As their good ships steer, more near and near,
Now silent, deathful, and slow ;
Till the signal is given, and around they veer,
With broadsides to the foe !
Then ye see in a moment, nor dull, nor tame,
Shoot forth a thousand bright jets of flame ;
And hark ! the quick burst, so patiently nursed,
Of the thousand black guns, whose roaring stuns
All, all, but the seaman's ear ;
And to him no tones, which music owns,
Are half so loved and dear :
Then the ceaseless rattle of Marines who battle,
With muskets aft and fore ;
And the shiver of spars, and splintered bars,
And of some tall mast, as a chain-shot past,
Coming down with a crash, in ocean to splash,
All mix with the long deep roar.
Oh ! yes, when begun, each English gun
Its death-voice for ever sends out,
While thrilling to heaven, as each broadside is given,
Goes up the British shout :
So with " hearts of oak," and with hands of might,
This is the way our seamen will fight.

How do British Seamen Fight?

Yet, ah ! do not deem, though so reckless they seem,
They ne'er think of God, home, or death ;
Ere this hour drew nigh, they sent prayer on high,
Bless'd home, and the loved ones they left with a sigh,
And gave to Heaven's keeping their breath.
Now their country claims all, her foes must fall,
And her flag no stain must bear ;
And they think of this, as they bowl forth the ball
That crashes and smashes each frigate's long wall,
And Ruin rides Death's wing there !

But colours and trumpets now orders tell,
And their meaning the valiant crews know well—
Lay alongside ! is the word that is past,
Grasp the strong pike and cutlass fast,
And firmly nail each flag to the mast—
“ Board ! board ! my lads ! ” is the cry ;
And “ Ready ! ” sounds out the hearty reply.
Then swift to the bulwarks the armed men are springing,
The pikes thickly bristling, the cutlasses swinging,
And down from the “ tops ” is musketry ringing ;
And a whirlwind there goes,
To level our foes :

Here England is matchless, no combatants stand
The sturdy hot British with cutlass in hand ;
Others tremble that fatal word “ boarding ” to hear,
Their blood coldly creeping, their hands numbed with fear.
But on tars are rushing, and momentarily flushing,

As before them the Muscovites bow ;
And down, down they spring on the enemy's deck,
Making there, fierce avengers, a ruin and wreck :

Oh ! frail seem the Northmen now !
Not their admiral's threats, nor thoughts of disgrace,
Nor dread of the knout, can e'er make them face
The heroes from Albion's land ;

Not a moment those Muscovites stand ;
So down comes their flag, and up goes our cheer,
Old Ocean once more his brave children may hear ;
And Victory sets on us her laurel so green,
And we shout for loved England, and shout for our Queen :
And thus we uphold sacred justice and right,
And this is the way British seamen will fight.

A DRIVE TO THE DERBY.

THE drive from London to Epsom Downs is much spoiled in the present day. The railway system has changed a Derby morning in London and out of it, as it has altered all the usual carriage and coach ocomotion of the country. What a holiday morning it used to be throughout the whole West End, from the New-road and Regent's Park o Charing-cross and Hyde Park Corner! The entire quarter had the air of a general wedding—as if the whole West End was being married. The streets, hitherto and always delivered up at the early hours preceding mid-day to buttermen and egg-sellers and diligent sweepers of crossings, were on this particular morning all alive with, as it were, bridal parties. You could not walk along any street, or across any square, without meeting perpetual barouches and four-posters, either empty and going leisurely at a foot's pace on their way to take up their expectant party of holiday folk, or bowling along at a sharp trot, full inside and out from box to rumble, and laden with a clique of sporting men too eager for the Downs to lose such of their morning in London—early birds, thinking of the worm racing to be caught in the Ring. At every other window were the parking faces of women, ready bonneted, and looking anxiously for the rished-for carriage—how irritating were the pretty faces, and how tantalising were the bonnets—how often the watches were consulted, and how frequent were the exclamations of a certainty of being too late, long before the time appointed for starting. At every corner were well-dressed men on foot or on horseback—a rare vision at that early hour except on his particular morning of the year. In every stable-yard were—not coachmen leisurely washing their carriages as usual, but drags loading, ors putting to, servants hurrying, bustle and movement everywhere; while on the great thoroughfares four-horse coaches were standing in rroups, and being rapidly covered with compact masses of men, while horns and key-bugles were sounding on all sides as private drags and ublic teams were starting with their respective and pleasure-seeking arties. Elasticity was in every limb, eagerness in every face, a sparkle in every eye, and good humour in every voice. Not a man or woman as there scarcely in all that district but had thrown care to the winds or the nonce. It was one great and general festivity.

Then, too, "The Corner"—the world-famous Corner—what a scene it presented on the morning of that day! And again in the evening—the art—and the return! The road, too, from that Corner to the Downs hat a spectacle it offered! Such a long column of horses and carriages—such a display of wealth—such an exodus of a mighty population—such aondrous scene on an occasion of mere festive amusement the whole world gether could not produce!

Much of this is gone now. The railways have utterly smashed all this rse and carriage splendour. The kind and number of carriages no nger exist. The thing cannot be done, for the material is not. People o to the Derby; but how many sneak down to a terminus in shabby nibus, or cab, or brougham, and get to the Downs anyhow? The illiant and festive scene is no more.

But well do I remember those days, and look back on them with a gret for their departure. Among the various occasions of my going to

Epsom on the Derby Day there was one which, besides the usual amusement—that of the drive down, in which I especially delighted—had its own peculiar circumstances, and these did not in any way detract from the merit and the enjoyment of the day. Here it is.

I was living with one of my brothers on the banks of the Thames not a hundred miles from London or fifty from Kew-bridge. The family being from home the horses were all out at grass, but we determined for the nonce to have up a young coach-horse and drive him to the Downs on the Derby Day. The horse was but four years old, bred at home, about three-parts blood, rather more than seventeen hands high, bony and powerful. He was only about half-broken, had a bad mouth, and was not of the best of tempers, for when at grass with the other horses he was a vicious and daring brute, and exercised a savage dominion over all his companions. Altogether, Brown Windsor (his colour was brown) was not a promising specimen of a gig horse, and not precisely the right horse for a crowded road on an Epsom day. Moreover, he had never been in single harness, and had not been in harness at all for four or five months. He was raw as a colt. But in those days I rather liked “a queer one,” and preferred his unruly ways to the habits of a quiet nag, and therefore, my brother declaring himself to be quite indifferent in the matter, I chose this unruly Brown Windsor in preference to any steadier horse for our drive. I always found a keen sense of pleasure, and an exciting demand on one’s powers, in having to do with “a run one,” beyond the mere riding or driving. It was like going into a fight and having a struggle with an enemy.

Accordingly, Brown Windsor was caught up over-night, was stuffed with corn, and in due time was put into a gig, and we started.

My brother disliked driving; and he had besides such an affection for his pipe—he always smoked a little old ivory pipe—and which he proposed to smoke at his ease all the way to Epsom, that he got into his seat at once, saying, “Come, Tom, you drive; I know you like driving; and a pretty job you’ll have of it if I’m not much mistaken.” Brownie was very uneasy during the putting to, not much liking the shafts; and directly he got outside the coach-house—out of which he was led—and his head was let go, he at once began to go in a very awkward fashion, and which ended in his throwing his head about in a wilful manner, and trotting in irregular circles round the yard, and refusing absolutely to go out of the gate.

“A rather curious beginning, Harry,” said I; “the brute has no fancy for single harness—clearly not.”

“Puff, puff—it’s your affair,” replied Harry, sitting stoically there just as much at his ease as if in his arm-chair, or Brown Windsor was behaving like a lamb. “You are driving, not I. I shouldn’t be surprised if he—puff, puff—sent us both to the deuce before the day is over.”

After near a quarter of an hour of this vagrant movement—stopping here—shying off from nothing there—making excursions about the yard just where he liked—turning every way but the right, now up the road-way, then over the grass, now round by the coach-house doors, then along by the trees,—for I gave him his head just to let him feel his harness, and to humour him and keep him in motion,—at last the moment came: giving him a sharp and sudden swing round—it came on him by

surprise—before he well knew what I was doing, I sent him with a rush through the gate. Out he went with a snort. And now we were fairly launched, and Brownie went away at a tremendous pace. He could trot fourteen miles an hour, and commenced pulling as if he intended something more than the fourteen, and had a mind to go right away. For the first half mile I expected every moment he would break into a canter—and then—and then—it would have been all up with us.

In due time we came to Kew-bridge. Now, it being Derby Day, a good many vehicles were in movement, and accordingly, when we came on to the bridge and up towards the toll-gate there were a carriage or two in the way, and we were forced to stop and await our turn. But this waiting was just what did not suit Brown Windsor, for the moment he was stopped up went his head with a shake, and round he came all wild and wilful, and with a manner as if he did not much care where he went, at the parapet or over the horses of another carriage standing there—anywhere, indeed, so long as he did not stand still. We turned and trotted down the bridge approach. Twice more when I brought him up I had to turn him round and go down the road again, the gate being occupied each time. At last the gatekeeper, seeing the state of things, and being an acquaintance, manœuvred a bit for us, and we got through with a plunge sideways and a narrow escape of the post, leaving the toll till our return.

It was now plain sailing, and we got on to Richmond at a slashing pace, Brownie passing everything in his splendid long fourteen-mile-an-hour stride, throwing up his head occasionally to relieve himself of the dead pull on his jaws, and shaking aloft his full black mane of thunder in the air. His style of going was magnificent, and all I had to do was to let him do—what I could not help his doing—go along in his own slapping fierce way, just on the edge of breaking away into something worse, and with one ear laid back warning of wrong.

So we entered Richmond, and by good luck got through the town without trouble. But scarcely had we turned down under the hill towards Petersham, when, at a short distance ahead, appeared a small pony-gig containing two people, a gentleman and a lady. They had the appearance of a young lawyer and his wife, and the whole turn-out was as neat as paint. The pony was a particularly clever little fellow, about twelve hands high, fat and glossy-coated, and he made play along the level ground at an extraordinary pace. The lady was beautifully dressed, the grey parasol and the pink bonnet being blameless.

We came up on their off-side threatening to pass them, but the lawyer (we decided that he was a lawyer) gave pony a short sharp whistle, and the little fellow jumped ahead into a canter and went away. It was some little time before we came up with them again, and then the party, the driver and pony, repeated the same little game, pony leaving us like an arrow, and the driver looking back complacently at us in the rear.

However, after a mile or two of this performance, we approached a few houses, and where the road passed through a piece of water. There was, in fact, a considerable pond, and the footway ran all along by its side high up with post and rail as a defence for passengers on foot, while the roadway was below, and the water covered it for about thirty yards in length, and to the depth of six or eight inches at its higher and shal-

lower side by the footway. The footway was on the left hand, and on the right the ground sloped gradually out into the pond—a piece of ~~d~~ water of perhaps an acre in extent.

As we neared this place I called out to the man of law, on getting ~~up~~ pretty close behind him, that he had better let us pass him before he ~~got~~ to the water, as the pony would find it deep, and impossible to keep ~~up~~ his pace when in the water. I told him I could not hold my horse, and that we should splash them all over, as we should come right on them in the pond. But Phaeton was deaf to my entreaties, and pushed on. Now pony had been going at such a pace for about two miles that he was getting rather blown, and though he had slipped over the level road, where there was no resistance, at a wonderful rate, and kept it up well, yet he was overpaced; and, moreover, he was sure to come to a check, and a sudden one, directly he entered the water up to his knees, and where the gig would drag with double weight on him.

"Harry," said I, "I'm sorry for these people—they will be in a mess."

"Puff, puff—I suspect they will—but it's their affair. Puff, puff—good pony."

"I'm quite sorry for that pony, for he's a rare little trump of a fellow, and they'll beat him long before they get to Epsom if they go on at this rate. Pray, sir (calling aloud), let me go before you through the water."

"Puff, puff—what an idiot that lawyer is."

"I can't hold Brownie. I think he pulls rather harder than when we started.—Pray, sir, let me——"

Without a word or a look behind the lawyer sent his little pony down the sloping road into the water, and for ten or a dozen yards there was little or no check, and then, the impetus ceasing, there was a sudden drop to a walk. As to my having any pull on Brown Windsor down the descent so as to give the pony a chance of getting through before us, it was a sheer delusion. We went down the slope with a rush, and through the water as if there were no water. What was up to pony's knees a clog, was nothing to seventeen-hand legs. The lady and the lawyer were but two-thirds of the way through, and we were close upon them. I shouted. Phaeton turned his head, but it was all too late. "To the left—to the left," I cried aloud. Under the walled-up footway he would have been, at all events, safe from any accident; but the lawyer lost his head and pulled pony to the right, out into the falling ground and deepening water. We came past them in a cloud of spray, Brown Windsor driving the water over them in heavy showers. They were just clear of our wheels, when Phaeton, having first turned pony too sharply out into the pond and found him sinking deep into mud, gave him a sudden jerk to the left to get him back to safer ground. But the little fellow was blown; the deep water, nearly up to his chest, prevented him turning quickly; perhaps the ground, soft and muddy, impeded him; pony's head came round, but his body only half followed; he made an attempt to get round, but failed—fell on his side, and lay there. Screams succeeded. Phaeton whipped the recumbent and struggling pony, but to no purpose, while the pink bonnet desperate leaped into the water, gathering her dress high about her, though incompletely, and fled through the treacherous and hostile element, enemy of pony and of her holiday attire.

As Brownie dashed with undiminished powers and unslackened pace up the further slope and away, I looked back. Pony was still down, and the lawyer, erect in the gig, was still flogging him, while the pink bonnet was standing alone on the bank at the water's edge, disconsolately scanning her state—a wreck of happiness.

It is needless to describe her appearance. A lady in Derby-Day attire, robed in gala, become a mop and a sponge up to her knees, the rest of her toilette in disorder, is a spectacle that ought to “draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek.”

“What unfortunate people,” said I.

“Puff, puff—the biggest fool I ever saw. Puff—that comes of an idiot trying to drive.”

“She was remarkably well dressed—pretty woman too. What a beast this Brownie is!”

“Puff, puff—all their own fault. They had warning enough. Puff—she'll get dried at that public-house.”

“She was really pretty; what good ankles she had. Brown Windsor, you are an infernal brute.”

A mixed feeling took possession of me for a time, compounded of a warm sympathy for that pink and injured bonnet, and a conviction that I would rather suffer an accumulation of heavy griefs than be the awkward lawyer in the gig and pass the remainder of that Derby Day in the boots of Phaeton fallen and married.

The cool freshness of the water round his legs, and the splash of it in his face, and in fact all over him, had given Brown Windsor, it seemed, a new vigour, for he now tore along the level road as if fourteen miles an hour was his usual and fancy movement, and a gallop—and he could gallop—was in his mind, or his head, or in that one ear ever and suspiciously laid back.

“'Tis as much as I can do to hold him, Harry, 'pon my life. I think he'll break into a gallop, and then——”

“Puff—puff—all the same to me. It's your affair.”

How invigorating a companion is a stoic, when you stand on the edge of trouble!

I was too glad when we had got through Ewell without galloping, or a repetition of ambitious ponies, or of grey parasols in distress—without any other impediment than parties slowly wending their way in sad dependence on broken-down and exhausted horseflesh, or comfortable and not expeditious cargoes of sober respectability—family circles—both much given to loitering in Brown Windsor's line of march, and whom loud and impatient exclamations warned from his rushing way.

We reached the Downs, and at once drove to the first booth-stabling near where the London-road emerges on the Down, and rejoiced to put the foam-flecked but wilful Brownie—defying as when he started—into safety. He was rather troublesome to get out of the gig, but at last we left him haltered and eating his corn in a tub, and into which he had divined his head greedily and without a moment's hesitation.

What a beautiful and unrivalled scene is the Derby start. There is nothing of the kind in the wide world to be seen equal to it. The old Warren was in existence in the days of which I write; but better than the walk in the Warren was the preparation for the start at the

bottom of the hill. There was assembled a select body of the finest horses of the finest races that the earth has ever produced. As on that morning so on a similar one, now once a year, may be witnessed the same scene. The same combination of skill, of knowledge, of unspared wealth, of sense of animal beauty and animal power, presents itself, resulting in the production of the highest known class of that splendid servant and unsurpassed friend of man—the horse.

But everybody knows the season, the hour, the spot, the scene. Twenty young and brilliant creatures are brought out in all the pride of their high ancestry, their pure blood, their symmetrical beauty, their defying power, and as they pace up and down on the smooth turf, or quick or slow according as their skilful riders know their uncertain ways or happier temper, names are heard from mouth to mouth that tell of the lineage of the Turcoman wastes, of the sands of Africa, and of Arabia's free-roved plains. They are the lords and princes of their kind.

The race between Cadland and the Colonel is a matter of turf history known to all the equestrian world. The dead heat was run amid shouting of astonished and admiring thousands. The race was run over again by these two horses—unheard-of event—two Derby races in one day,—and amidst more excitement, if possible, than the first: the second great race was run, and was over. Pigeons were sent up into the sky from every part of the Downs, and the packed mass of carriages and human beings began to move for home.

We went too, Harry and I, for in truth I was rather anxious to get off the Downs before the rush and crowd of carriages and horses should block up the road, or rather the mouth of it at the corner of the Down, and should make our getting on to it a matter of difficulty, if not of danger.

On reaching the stabling, we found Brown Windsor alone in a corner, and looking anything but happy. In fact, he looked wild and staring. He had a new halter on, the rope of it making a turn round his lower jaw. No horse was within reach of him, although, in all other parts of the large inclosed boothing the horses were packed as thick as they could stand. A suspicion of wrong came across me.

"That brown horse, if you please, ostler."

"Well, I be glad you be come for him, sir, for of all the brutes as ever I had to do with, that 'ere is the wust."

"Why—what has happened?"

"Happen—why he've abeen all over the place, and knocked everything about. I never see sich a hoss."

"Indeed."

"That he have. Why, he've abroke five halters jist as though they was nothing. I can't tell how many hosses' corn he haven't ahad. When he'd been and done his own, and had his water, he wouldn't stand still not a minnit—not he, a mischievous devil. First he tries"—(the angry ostler interspersed his account with short addresses to Brown Windsor)—"where be throwing your great 'ed to now?—first he tries to pull down the post as he was tied to, then he hangs back and breaks his halter, and slap he goes at the highest hoss, and begins abiting of him. I jist ootooked him at it as he was seating of t'other's corn. 'No, no—that wos't do,' says I, and I brings my gentleman back again—yah, you great ox, where be going to? But lor, sir, it warn't no use—he was at it again in no

time; and then we couldn't look arter him allays, we had so much to do with other hosses."

"He's young, you see, my good fellow, and a little awkward," said I, apologetically.

"Horkerd—he's regglar bad—that's what he is. Why, 'twas as much as two or three of us ever could do to catch him when he was loose. He'd athrow his ugly 'ed up in the air, and who was going to reach that 'ere?—and he's as daring—why, he'd run right over any of us as soon as not; and direckly some on us here would spy him at his tricks, and holler at him—mind yourself, Bill, or I'm blowed if he won't be off now, gig and all—when we'd a holler at him, he'd be off from that 'ere boss and cut away to some other—and bite, and shove, and kick, and knock 'em about, and ram his big 'ed into their tubs—you never see sich a game as he's aplayed here all day.—Yah, you brute! if I'd the driving of you, I'd give you a bounty, and that's all about it."

All the while he was talking, the ill-used ostler and another man were engaged in putting the offending Brown Windsor into his harness—no easy matter—and every bit of which he had got rid of during his pranks except his collar and the traces, and which latter, knotted and looking like ghosts of a set of harness, were dangling about his forelegs. The whole thing had made him quite wild—a strange place, strange horses, and strange men about him—all these had not tended to soothe his unamiable temper, or to restrain his natural recklessness. It was with no little difficulty that his bridle was got on, and himself fairly in between the shafts. However, time and patience always win; and so, after much soothing of Brownie, and of the irritated ostler and his companions, and paying some extra cash for the additional trouble and for the rent halsters—and which were shown to us, though old, yet useful that morning for quiet nags, but now shreds and rags, and much reduced by Brown Windsor's vagaries towards their pristine state of raw material—we got in and started.

Harry had treated the ostler's account with little attention beyond an occasional smile, having been partly engaged in re-lighting his pipe with his old-fashioned flint-and-steel apparatus (in common use in those old-world days), and on starting he seated himself as before, and smoked his pipe as unconcernedly as if we had a clergyman's cob before us, and our road were as open as a country lane.

So much time had been spent in getting our unruly animal harnessed and put in, that the crowd of vehicles leaving the course had materially increased; and as we emerged from the boothing inclosure there was an irregular stream of carriages of all kinds pouring along towards the London-road. I struck into this, and gradually got to the outside—the Down side of the stream, so as to have room—sea-room—at command, in case circumstances should require it, and which probably they would. As we came down the sloping turf towards the entrance to the London-road, the carriage stream was on our right, and the open Down on our left hand. Brown Windsor was like a giant refreshed. The bounding turf beneath his feet seemed to give him what it does to every horse worth a farthing—the desire to gallop—to dash forward—to break away. Then his head being now towards home, the lawless hour or two he had passed in fracture of all bonds, and in victimising of various horses, as well as the quantity

of corn he had devoured—all these combined to make him equal to the perpetration of any fierce mischief.

At the corner of the Down the various tracks over the turf converged towards two posts, between which commenced the London-road. A ditch and low fence ran from either post to a field-hedge on the one hand, and to a small fir-plantation on the other, and effectually prevented any carriage passing from the Down outside the posts on to the road beyond. There was no way except between them. These were wide apart—very wide for one carriage, but not enough so for two to pass at once.

As we came down over the turf towards the posts, I began to fear that the getting through them would be no easy matter. There was already, in fact, rather a stoppage at the place—at the entrance of this narrow strait—on account of so many vehicles arriving at it at once. Sometimes one set or line would get through, and then another side party would cut in, while others stopped a bit, and waited for their chance. Now, stopping and waiting were the precise things I could not do, and when we came near the posts there was no chance of our getting through for half a minute or more, a couple of carriages being in the way, and waiting their turn. Brown Windsor, on being pulled up at the back of one of these, broke away in an instant from his place, and was all for going round in among other carriages in a most devil-me-care fashion; so the only thing I had to do was to give him a turn on the Down, and indulge the hope of having better luck the next time of approaching the posts. But so far from our chances of a passage improving, they seemed likely to become worse as we came round. The plot was thickening. If we were to get off the Down by that road at all, it could only be by a mere chance, or by a plan—a scheme. Now, trusting to chance to help one out of a difficulty is but foolishness, whereas a scheme has a charm about it, and a show of vigour.

Harry puffed his pipe rather more coolly than usual it appeared to me, as he quietly said, "You'll have a job to get through, I suspect."

"We shall have a little trouble to get between those two posts, but we must do so—eh? What say you to our making a charge at somebody? I don't think we shall manage it without."

"With all my heart. Puff, puff—a good plan—Brownie will do it."

"What sort of person shall we choose?"

"Any one you like. Puff—it's your affair."

Now, I don't for a moment stand up for what followed on the ground of good taste, or propriety, or becomingness—no; on these grounds our actions were most blameable. All I contend for is, that there are circumstances in which such ordinary rules of conduct cease to be guides for poor human kind. For instance, in the shock of nations, violence—personal violence—the law of self-defence—overrides them and rules supreme, and hard blows take the place of polite observances. So, *pari passu*, in the ultimate resource of an extreme case of difficulty, should such an one present itself to an individual on a Derby Day, the law of self-defence must govern where the usual social laws cease to afford the necessary aid. The secondary law of propriety was inefficient in our case, so we—Harry and I—fell back on the natural and primary law of "aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera."

In those days there was a young man about London, a city merchant,

I believe, who drove a very neat pair of well-bred horses in a phaeton. He was a small and slight dark man, always well and plainly dressed, and his turn-out was in every respect good. The horses were slight, but quick steppers, and well matched. I cannot tell why—one never does know why half the odd notions come into one's head—but the notion had got into mine, on seeing him about town, that this man was a master sugar merchant, and so in idea I always called him "the sugar-baker."

Now, as we were taking our second turn on the Down, and I was settling in my mind how I should proceed in the coming adventure, I looked into the growing mass for a suitable enemy with whom to try our passage of arms in self-defence, and suddenly my eye lit upon the little dark man, with his quick-stepping horses and neat phaeton, coming piaffing down the turf towards the posts. I marked him for my own. A friend sat beside him, while another friend sat behind with the groom. Nothing could be more complete than the whole turn-out.

"Harry, there's the sugar-baker. What say you, shall we try a tussle with him?"

"The sugar-baker!—puff, puff. Charge him by all means."

Just then a drag covered with men—Guardsmen and such like "men about town"—appeared just behind the phaeton, and I hesitated for a moment between the two, knowing that the leaders of the drag were "a weak point." But then came the reflection that it would be "a confounded shame," and "deuced unfair," and rather cowardly into the bargain, to attack such a very weak place as the Guards' leaders, so I decided in favour of the phaeton.

Now the thing required nicety, to be well done. It required that Brown Windsor should be brought on to the posts sideways, just at the nick of time as the phaeton horses were entering the pass. Good fortune befriended us. There was a momentary check of the vehicular stream. Bringing round Brownie—who was become very savage at these turns on the Down, so disappointing to him—I put his head straight for the opening. The phaeton was coming down nearly at a foot's pace to the converging point, the neat little horses were just entering the strait between Scylla and Charybdis, and their heads had reached the posts when Brown Windsor came on them angularly with a rush.

"Pray, sir, will you allow me to pass through before you," I called aloud as we came up on the sugar-baker's near side. "I cannot hold my horse, sir."

There was no sign of listening to my request or of granting the desired favour, though he heard me and looked round, but made no attempt to check his horses. We came on them.

"For God's sake! sir," he now exclaimed, in alarm.

"Hi—you," screamed the groom.

"Where the devil are you coming to?" cried the friend in front, jumping up from his seat.

It was too late to ask questions or to grant favours. Brown Windsor came down heavily in a slanting direction on the near horse, giving him a staggering blow on the shoulder, and throwing the little pair into total disorder. Happily, their master, foreseeing at the last moment the course of inevitable fate, took a hard side pull at them (they were scarcely beyond a walk), and thus partially broke the force of the shock. As it was, the

little horses were thrown much on their haunches; and partly into the ditch beyond.

We were well through. Immediately beyond the posts the roadway widened considerably. The beaten road led straight on, but there was a grass track running along parallel on its right side, between that and a field-hedge. As we had entered the pass in a slanting direction, so directly we were through we pursued the slant, and got off the beaten road on to the grass track. The high road was full of carriages; the turf track was empty; and Brown Windsor free to go; and as if the little event had given an additional stir to his blood, he went on his way grandly, like a conqueror.

Loud and angry were the exclamations which arose behind us. Harry looked back.

"Puff, puff—there's no harm done—no horse down. Puff—they're all right, and coming through."

I was glad to hear this, and turned round too, as soon as I could do so.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I cried aloud, with my hat off—"I beg your pardon—couldn't hold my horse, sir."

"Puff—there's nobody hurt. Puff—that sugar-baker was rather surprised, I suspect." And Harry chuckled, and settled himself comfortably with his pipe, as if the whole proceeding was quite unobjectionable.

Brown Windsor's pace soon left the irate party far in the rear. But as we went, the sound of quick feet of horses on the turf seemed to approach us, and the rattle of pole-chains to be more and more distinct. Looking round, I saw the phaeton and the quick-steppers coming up along the turf track behind us at a gallop.

"Harry, I'm afraid here's something unpleasant—the sugar-baker is coming up."

"He'd better be civil—puff, puff. It was his own fault—you asked him to let us go through—poo—oof."

"Great want of politeness on his part, Harry—very great."

Strong and sharp were the expressions of anger in our rear as the party arrived within speaking distance. I was sorry for this, although it seemed but a natural consequence of the occurrence at the posts. It is painful to a man to be treated by another with want of courtesy; but to be rudely and roughly trampled on, whether in a physical or a moral sense—to be without due notice charged as an enemy on a field of battle—to be unceremoniously and of *malice prepense* to be ejected from what is your own—to be violently hurled out of your right of way, and made to look ridiculous in the eyes of your friends and in those of a whole drag of "men about town"—this is gall to the nature of man, disturbs the order of the secretions, moves irregularly the action of the *jecur*, and makes a bitter taste in the mouth. Humble pie is not savoury meat.

Now the drag had been close in the rear, and the "men about town" had witnessed the little occurrence at the posts, and the drag, expecting, perhaps, something amusing, had put on steam in the wake of the phaeton along the turf track, and the party were now within sight and hearing of the arrival of the sugar merchant in our rear, and of the exclamations of wounded and bleeding pride. I regretted all this. Again I explained and apologised to the injured merchant; but broken sentences

and words such as "dare," and "gentlemen," and "conduct" in reply stirred Harry's bile.

"Puff, puff—take care what you're about, sir, and don't talk too fast." The stoic was slightly roused.

"No gentleman would——" from the phaeton, the remainder lost amid rattling of pole-chains and carriage-wheels on the road.

"Why didn't you get out of the way?—poo—oof. We asked you to do so."

"Shameful," "deserve,"—confused ejaculations followed.

Poo—oo—oof. Harry raised a stout blackthorn stick, his constant companion, above his head, without looking round, as his sole reply. The drag laughed aloud. The measure of the sugar merchant's disgust was full. Brown Windsor's pace was beyond that of the little steppers and of the Guards' team, except with much cantering; the phaeton and the drag fell behind, and soon the pole-chains rattled faintly in the distance. I could not but feel that the merchant was ill-used—but then—the law of self-defence. Well, there is no use in arguing the matter.

From the posts—the fatal posts—the turf track ran along for more than a mile parallel with the macadamised road, and then it ceased at a small plantation, the wheel tracks bending round into the high road. Just opposite this point the road to Ewell struck off from the London-road at right angles. Now, our way home by Richmond was through Ewell, and thus we had to cross the London-road at the termination of the grass track, straight across into the Ewell-road.

"Harry, we must cross that road. How shall we get through that stream of carriages?"

"It's your affair—puff—puff. You must manage it somehow."

"We'll try if anybody will stop and let us cross over."

"Stop?—puff—I doubt it."

"What's to be done then? If nobody will stop, we must declare war, as before, and charge the enemy—eh?"

"Of course," said Harry, quietly.

All this while Brown Windsor was going in a most royal fashion. With elastic turf under his feet, and the ground sloping slightly in his favour, he threw himself along in a grand style. Occasionally he would half break into a canter, and when prevented—very barely prevented—he would shake his head fiercely, while his angry mane waved from side to side in flowing masses; and then he would lay himself out again to his work, as if he revelled in the bold liberty of his action and the exercise of his abounding strength, and scented already the open park at home where he roved daily at will, tyrannising unchecked over all four-footed beasts, and as though he knew himself to be on his way to recovered freedom and dominion.

Meanwhile we approached rapidly the termination of the turf track, and I was on the look-out in a calculating way for a "turn-out" likely to grant a favour. Among the various vehicles was a close chariot and a pair of posters. Ladies were inside, two gentlemen sat behind in a rumble, and two more in front on the box. The whole thing had a Wimpole-street air—thoroughly respectable, unassuming, decorous, grave, substantial. "Perhaps," I thought to myself, simply enough, "these gentlemen will be so good-natured, when they see our predicament, as to

pull up for an instant and let us pass: they have a sort of country-bred, ready-to-accommodate look—civil people—not too fashionable to be simply polite.”

“Pray, sir,” said I to one of the gentlemen on the box as we came up alongside, and I took a steady pull at Brown Windsor, “would you do me the favour to let me cross the road down there where the Ewell-road turns off?—we are not going to London.”

“Eh?” said the gentleman, looking at me.

I repeated my request. Wimpole-street grumbled something, but gave me no intelligible answer. I repeated it louder, adding, “We shall not stop you more than an instant. We must cross over.”

“Go on, postboy,” said Wimpole-street, in a loud, clear voice; and postboy whipped his off-horse to keep close up to the preceding carriage. There was no misunderstanding this reply. I had made a mistake, and Wimpole-street was not accommodating or benevolent. I was sorry for Wimpole-street, having a respect for that quarter of London town and for its substantial and business-pursuing and highly respectable gentry-class of inhabitants. Wimpole-street disappointed me. I had made an appeal to its considerateness for others—had counted on its British good-nature—and I had eaten sand. Wimpole-street was on trial—

A Dead Sea fruit that tempts the eye,
But turns to ashes on the lips.

Ashes were in my mouth.

“Harry,” said I, “that was not kind, or polite.”

“Just what I expected—puff, puff. Nobody will stop—of course not.”

“There is not much time to think about it, for there is the Ewell-road. What shall we do? Suppose we charge the postboy—eh?”

“Poo—oof—serve them right.”

There are many laws, human and divine, which a man is perpetually infringing, but there is one which he never breaks—the law of necessity. That rides over everything, and carries its rider with it. Fate is inevitable. Among its decrees was this, that Wimpole-street’s hour had sounded. The circumstances were these. A hedge was on my right hand, a plantation in front, a close column of vehicles on my left, a road too narrow to admit of my turning round—even had such a measure been in my power, and which it was not—and a wild horse, going fourteen miles an hour, with the perfume of his home in his nostrils;—a bad position. I rapidly cast my mental eye all round the whole horizon of modes of escape from it, and the entire circumference of exit was obscure, save in only one spot—Wimpole-street. There a ray of light penetrated the gloom—the postboy was the opening into the cheering world of security from danger.

The turf track swept out into the high road. We came to the turn in accordance with very commendable calculations, and followed its sinuous line, Brown Windsor coming round the flowing curve with a splendid rush.

“Hold tight, Harry.”

Poo—oo—oof.

“Take care, postboy,” I shouted—“take care of yourself.”

"Hi—i—i," roared the postboy—the two gentlemen on the box made fierce exclamations as they saw us emerge furiously from the grass way and come right on them. The postboy had first whipped his horses when he saw our move, but then calculating that the chances were all against him, he pulled them up with such a sudden jerk as to throw them all scrambling and huddled on to their haunches, and the two gentlemen nearly off the box. The near shoulder of Brown Windsor caught the off-poster on the head, throwing him heavily against the other, our near wheel scraped both their noses and the pole-end, and in an instant we were over, and the gallant Brownie was victoriously on his way towards Ewell. Nelson broke the French line on the Egyptian coast—and won; we broke the Derby line—and did the same.

It is needless to tell how Wimpole-street fared. What could that trampled and conquered street, filled from end to end with its British lion's heart, do under these circumstances? It roared. From box and from rumble, and from postboy, with his horses all in a confused scramble, rose the united roar—a compound of reproaches and oburgations. What could I say in reply? What excuse or palliation could I venture to offer for the act? The whole intention had been too patent—the *delictus* too flagrant. There was no time, nor was indeed the occasion a happy one, to have expatiated on the severe beauties of the great laws of self-defence or of necessity. No; all I could do was to turn my head as we rushed away, and shout to the enraged and disordered Wimpolians—"A young horse!" We slipped away, and as the sound of angry voices ceased, we heard other voices, cheerful and laughing and not angry;—they rose in a chorus from the drag—unfeeling witness—unsympathising with Wimpole-street—as it went on its way to London.

How we got through Ewell I hardly can tell, for it was crowded with vehicles of every description. However, nothing of moment occurred to interrupt our course, then or afterwards, and Brown Windsor went as gallantly, with his head as high, and with his one ear laid backwards, as vicious and as daring—on and on—mile after mile, along the now uncumbered road, through the fatal piece of water, through Richmond, and over Kew-bridge—as when he refused to stop and pay toll on the latter in the morning. Luckily there was no one in the gate when we arrived in the evening, so we managed to pay our dues. Soon we were again at home and within the yard gates, and very glad I was to see that wilful Brown Windsor walk into his stable. The drive was done.

"Poo—oo—oof—Brown Windsor is a good charger," said Harry, as he walked into the house.

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. XIII.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

“THERE is Lowell,” says one who *ought* to know him well—

“There is Lowell, who’s striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together in rhyme;
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can’t with that bundle he has on his shoulders;
The top of the hill he will ne’er come nigh reaching,
Till he learns the distinction ‘twixt singing and preaching;
His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
But he’d rather by half make a drum of the shell,
And rattle away till he’s old as Methusalem,
At the head of a march to the last New Jerusalem.”

That “distinction ‘twixt singing and preaching” is, indeed, very commonly overlooked by poets and poetasters of his school—the school of Progress—the school which has a Mission, and must give it vent in heroics, or lyrics, or lameters, as the case may be, whether the Peoples will hear or whether they will forbear. Charles Lamb describes the “modern schoolmaster” as an uncomfortable omniscient who is expected, and eke prepared, to “improve” every passing scene and circumstance—to seize every occasion—the season of the year, the time of the day, a fleeting cloud, a rainbow, a waggon of hay, a regiment of soldiers going by—to inculcate something useful; so that he can receive no pleasure from a casual glimpse of Nature, but must catch at it as an object of instruction. “He cannot relish a beggarman, or a gipsy, for thinking of the suitable improvement. Nothing comes to him, not spoiled by the sophisticating medium of moral uses.” The didactic pedagogue—didactic *ἑκκαίρω* *ἄκαίρω*—has his uncomfortable parallel in the didactic bard or bardling. Didactic poetry may be pronounced, in scientific criticism, a paradox in words, a solecism, a thing of nought; but poets there have been and are, who, notwithstanding, plume themselves on, and are widely honoured for, the didactic form, or spirit, of their verse. They would annul the “distinction ‘twixt singing and preaching”—they would make it a distinction without a difference—they would tag each line of their fable with a moral, solidify every *dulce* by an *utile*, burden every couplet with a deduction, and charge their exquisite rhymes with most exquisite reasons. Says Byron, in one of his wickedest moods—

Now like an aged aunt, or tiresome friend,
A rigid guardian, or a zealous priest,
My Muse by exhortation means to mend
All people, at all times, and in most places,
Which puts my Pegasus to these grave paces.

It is because Pegasus was not designed for the “grave paces” and cumbersome harness of didactic verse, that we count it an unkind thing, and an unnatural, to force him thereto. The systematically didactic poet seems to suppose that he *can* bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades to his

own prosaic uses—*can* employ on the roads, and drive in a dray, the horse whose neck is clothed with thunder, the glory of whose nostrils is terrible, whose home is among the trumpets, at which he saith, Ha, ha, while scenting afar off the battle, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting. Teachers and moralists the world cannot do without; but it can do without them in metre and rhyme—it can do better without them there. Morals are better than metre, it is true; and reason is higher than rhyme; but the metre is not apt to improve by junction with the morals, as their dogmatic medium; nor are the rhymes built up in loftier proportions by being pressed into the service of austere reason. True, again, that the ancients sang what they had to teach—sang a system of politics, of cosmology, of husbandry; but equally true, surely, that their poetry in such instances was poetical in spite of being didactic,* not in virtue of it. Virgil, with his “Georgics,” is a standing case in point—and so in later times, we have “poets” (by courtesy) who have chanted the process of making cider, and the art of preserving health.

Our living songsters of “Progress” may wear their rue with a difference. They profess to counsel and teach; but, it is to be allowed, they profess to do so by appeals to the heart of man, to the sensitive, the poetical side of his nature. Nevertheless, they *do* manage, very frequently, to overlook the distinction as aforesaid “’twixt singing and preaching”—and to adopt for their singing-robes a black gown, cassock, and bands. If Mr. Lowell affects such drapery a little too often, he is certainly less boring in his “improvement of the subject” than most of the “Missionary” college, as he is certainly their superior, for the most part, in thought, culture, and voice. And then he is anything but restricted to this line of things; he is not tongue-tied, but rather enlivened and inspired anew, if you take him out of his pulpit, and set him on the green-sward, or clap him in the critic’s arm-chair: whereas the *οἱ πολλοί* of “Progress” aspirants to a degree are exclusively intent on making out the Q. E. D. of their one proposition, and are infallibly plucked to a man if you “set them on” anywhere else. Earnest and energetic in his higher moods, Mr. Lowell is sometimes whimsical and trifling even to flippancy; and can indulge in prolonged passages of *persiflage*, hard to be reconciled with good taste, and often calculated (though by no design on *his* part) to needlessly offend good feeling. His impatience of whatever appears to him narrow in creed and false in life, impels him to an instant denunciation of it in scorn that uses the first words that come—in scorn that will bate no jot or tittle of its first unchastened impulses. His sympathy with the “Progress” people who oppose capital punishment, while it at one time finds grave (and rather heavy) expression in a series of sonnets, whose strain is meant to be a counterblast to Wordsworth’s, at another time sings about folk beginning

——— to think it looks odd,

To choke a poor scamp for the glory of God—

and wonders how the “saints” who anathematise waltz and quadrille as Satan’s own fee-simple, can suppose that He “whose judgments are stored

* For an elaborate development of this view, see *North Brit. Rev.* vol. ix. pp. 328—331; or (by the same admirable writer) *Blackwood*, vol. xxi. pp. 21—24.

For such as take steps in despite of His word,
 Should look with delight on the agonised prancing
 Of a wretch who has not the least ground for his dancing,
 While the State, standing by, sings a verse from the Psalter
 About offering to God on his favourite halter,
 And, when the legs droop from their twitching divergence,
 Sells the clothes to a Jew, and the corpse to the surgeons."

Will this kind of reckless hash of punning and profanity extort a smile from any whose smile is worth having? Or would any of us like to see wife or sister smiling over the poet's choice bits of witty helter-skelter irreverence, such as abound in the "Fable for Critics," and of which the foregoing piece of gallows-work (though ill-suited to *our* Tyburnia) is but a mild type?

In those serious verses which Mr. Lowell devotes to the enforcement of his faith in the onward and upward advance of humanity, there is little to suggest his identity with the rollicking satirist of conservative tendencies. He can be as elevated and impressive as the severest apostle of "Progress," when it is his cue to "look good," as the children say. Not to the most enthusiastic does he yield in enthusiasm, in the hopes he cherishes of man's destiny, and the faith he holds in man's capabilities. If not a believer in human perfectibility, he is little less than kin and more than kind thereto; if not a pure optimist, he is not far from that amiable standard. His *Prometheus* says,

Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,
 And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,
 Leaving it richer for the growth of truth;
 But Good, once put in action or in thought,
 Like a strong oak, doth from its boughs shed down
 The ripe germs of a forest.

And again (*idem loquitur*):

Good never comes unmixed, or so it seems,
 Having two faces, as some images
 Are carved, of foolish gods; one face is ill;
 But one heart lies beneath, and that is good,
 As are all hearts, when we explore their depths.

Similarly it is maintained that among the qualifications of the true poet—not the mere silken bard environed by proprieties, but the poet who speaks home to the national heart—this is one, and a foremost one; that he is a man

Whose eyes, like windows on a breezy summit,
 Control a lovely prospect every way;
 Who doth not sound God's sea with earthly plummet,
 And find a bottom still of worthless clay;
 Who heeds not how the lower gusts are working,
 Knowing that one sure wind blows on above,
 And sees, beneath the foulest faces lurking,
 One God-built shrine of reverence and love.*

* "Ode" (1841).

And elsewhere we are reminded that

Far 'yond this narrow parapet of Time,
With eyes uplift the poet's soul should look
Into the Endless Promise, nor should brook
One prying doubt to shake his faith sublime ;
To him the earth is ever in her prime
And dewiness of morning ; he can see
Good lying hid, from all eternity,
Within the teeming womb of sin and crime.*

The true poet is thus an evangelist of good things to come—an apostle of the kingdom of heaven as at hand, nay, as already set up—a revealer of "golden glimpses of To Be"—a lark

Of Truth's morning, from the dark
Raining down melodious hope
Of a freer, broader scope,
Aspirations, prophecies,
Of the spirit's full sunrise ;

while the untrue, unfaithful poet is but a noisome bird of night,

Which with eyes refusing light,
Hoots from out some hollow tree
Of the world's idolatry.†

The Past is *nehushtan* to very many in America, who feel in its shadow a presence not solemn or softening, but chilly and blighting, and who therefore assume the attitude of iconoclasts toward its *eikon basilike* ; of such is Mr. Lowell—susceptible as he may be to the poetry of the past :

Cast leaves and feathers rot in last year's nest,
The winged brood, flown thence, new dwellings plan ;
The serf of his own Past is not a man ;
To change and change is life, to move and never rest ;—
Not what we are, but what we hope, is best.‡

Among the special abuses of the Present, as fatal legacies of the Past, which he assails, naturally the "peculiar institution" occupies a front rank. Slavery he denounces as eagerly as any Garrison, or Stowe, or Whittier can do : sometimes with bitter sarcasm, as in the stanzas entitled "An Interview with Miles Standish"—sometimes with burning indignation, as in those "On the Capture of certain fugitive Slaves near Washington," a generous outburst of impassioned invective and prophetic remonstrance,—or with contemptuous aversion, as in the eulogy on John G. Palfrey,—or with the quietness that comes of faith in better times, as in the sonnet which declares "slave" to be "no word of deathless lineage sprung," but one in protest against which

Too many noble souls have thought and died,
Too many mighty poets lived and sung,
And our good Saxon, from lips purified
With martyr-fire, throughout the world hath wrung
Too long,

* "Sonnets," xix.

† "The Ghost-seer."

‡ "The Pioneer."

not to be a word which, decaying and waxing old, is ready to vanish away.

In sweeping chords of pathos, the poet's right hand is not without its cunning. There is tenderness, and unforced feeling, in several of his pieces—a "Requiem," for instance, and "The Forlorn," and "Extreme Unction." In descriptive passages, and sketches of Nature, he proves himself gifted with an open eye and open ear. "Rhœcus" is a graceful voluntary on this *thema*—a legend of old Greece, set in a key worthy of Christendom and Christian Wordsworth. "An Indian-summer Reverie" is full of *bite* of the picturesque—some of them not so original as they are graphic: for example—

The cock's shrill trump that tells of scattered corn,
Passed breezily on by all his flapping mates,
Faint and more faint, from barn to barn is borne,
Southward, perhaps to far Magellan's Straits—

sounds like an expansion* of Wordsworth's homely but exquisite line, on the *antiphonies* of our barn-door cocks

Echoed by faintly answering farms remote.

There is fresh and pleasant painting too in the verses to the Dandelion, to the Oak, and "Beaver Brook"—to which may be added the address to a Pine-tree, with its swaying, rocking metre, as though borne on the breeze from the old *German* forests. It is not in his longer and more laboured efforts that Mr. Lowell is seen to most advantage: he is apt to be diffuse, and to dilute by over-amplification his ideas and his diction. But there are some vivid stanzas in "A Legend of Britany," recalling the manner of Keats—a tale of Templar's crime and cancerous remorse;—"Prometheus," worn as the subject is, contains some vigorous declamation;—"A Glance behind the Curtain" reveals the seer's philosophy—approving him a man of meditative power and clearness of insight, while it shows his republican bias with suitable emphasis, expressed in terms not quite so characteristic of Oliver Cromwell (the chief speaker) in the seventeenth, as of James Russell Lowell in the nineteenth century;—and "Columbus," another poem of some length, is an animated presentment of the noble voyager—also from a nineteenth century point of view and *façon de parler*, for there are sentences by which the imaginary soliloquist would perhaps be almost as "fixed," as were the gentry *he* once gravelled in the instance of an egg. In sooth, the poet's language would admit of an occasional revise in various respects. As it is sometimes gnarled and knotty in structure, affecting

* As another example of Mr. Lowell's expanding process, may perhaps be cited the following variation of Tennyson's "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay:"—the speaker is Cromwell, who thus opposes Hampden's solicitations to quit the excitements and oppressions of England for transatlantic seclusion:

"We learn our souls more, tossing for an hour
Upon this huge and ever-vexed sea
Of human thought, where kingdoms go to wreck
Like fragile bubbles yonder in the stream,
Than in a cycle of New England sloth,
Broke only by some petty Indian war," &c.
A Glance behind the Curtain.

philosophic intricacy of meaning, so it is abundant in certain audacities of style, curiosities of similitude, and wilful neologisms, towards which conservative Europe is apt to exercise less charity than are our frisky cousins over the water. Admirers there doubtless are of such pictured phrases as that of the grim sea-monster,

Shifting on his uneasy pillow of brine :

or that of

The surly fell of Ocean's bristled neck :

or that of

The dim-aisled cathedral, whose tall arches spring
Light, sinewy, graceful, firm-set as the wing
From Michael's white shoulder.

Apologists too there may be for such eccentricities in diction as "whispery," "un-man-stified,"* "enhaloed," "treeified" (applied to Daphne's metamorphosis), "bipedal," "dis-privacied," &c. Mr. Lowell's tendency to "free-and-easy" ways finds an appropriate outlet, and he makes the most of it, in the Hudibrastic rhymes of the "Fable for Critics." Coleridge dignifies as a lower species of wit those double and tri-syllable rhymes, of which Kit Smart's distich to the Welsh Squire who had promised him a hare is an amusing instance :

Tell me, thou son of great Cadwallader !
Hast sent the hare ? or hast thou swallowed her ?

and of which, again, one of the most ingenious on record is Byron's :

But oh ! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly,—haven't they hen-peck'd you all ?

As illustrations of Mr. Lowell's achievements in this sleight-of-hand agility, take the following—rent rudely asunder from the context, by the way, being cited merely in consideration of their rhyming characteristics:

A terrible fellow to meet in society,
Not the toast that he buttered was ever so dry at tea.

And your modern hexameter verses are no more
Like Greek ones than sleek Mr. Pope is like Homer ;
As the roar of the sea to the coo of the pigeon is,
So, compared to your moderns, sounds old Melesigenes ;
I may be too partial, the reason, perhaps, o't is
That I've† heard the old blind man recite his own rhapsodies.

— Had Theocritus written in English, not Greek,
I believe that his exquisite sense would scarce change a line
In that rare, tender, virgin-like pastoral *Evangeline*.‡

What puff the strained sails of your praise shall you furl at, if
The calmest degree that you know is superlative ?
At Rome, all whom Charon took into his wherry must,
As a matter of course, be well *issimused* and *errimused*,
A Greek, too, would feel, while in that famous boat he tossed,
That his friends would take care he was *istossed* and *etartossed*.

* "When there are woods and un-man-stified places."—*The Pioneer*.

† *Apollo loquitur*.

‡ Alluding, of course, to Longfellow's hexametrical poem of that name.

There is a quatrain worth adding, on behalf of those obstinate people ~~who~~ *will* mispronounce our gentle Cowper's name; we hope they will learn it by heart, and profit by it, as they ought :

To demonstrate quickly and easily how per-
versely absurd 'tis to sound this name *Cowper*,
As people in general call him named *super*,
I just add that he rhymes it himself with horse-trooper.

Mr. Lowell also emulates Southey's love of whimsical accumulation of rhymes : here, for example, is a dozen at a time—the more the merrier :

He had been, 'tis a fact you may safely rely on,
Of a very old stock the most eminent scion,—
A stock all fresh quacks their fierce boluses ply on,
Who stretch the new boots Earth's unwilling to try on,
Whom humbugs of all shapes and sorts keep their eye on,
Whose hair's in the mortar of every new Zion,
Who, when whistles are dear, go directly and buy one,
Who think slavery a crime that we must not say fie on,
Who hunt, if they e'er hunt at all, with the lion,
(Though they hunt lions also, whenever they spy one,)
Who contrive to make every good fortune a wry one,
And at last choose the hard bed of honour to die on, &c.

Southey, however, was rather more unctuous and piquant in *his* aggregation of *symphonic* effects. *His* consonant curiosities come upon you with ever-renewed surprise; you are tickled and taken unawares ; while, in most of his imitators, you detect an air of labour, and accept every fresh rhyme as a matter of course, a "base mechanical," made to order. The very happiest of successes in this line of things is no particular honour ; but to be only moderately successful is worse than nought. The *curiosa felicitas* which is minus the *felix*, is *ipso facto* excommunicate from the "happy family" of curiosities, or at best is to be eyed as one of the seediest of poor relations.

The "Fable for Critics" is a pretty direct imitation of Leigh Hunt's "Feast of the Poets" and "Blue-stockings Revels." The "Fable," however, has to the "Feast" something of the relation of broad farce to genteel comedy. It has the exaggeration and self-conscious smartness of the American style of fun-making, compared with the more chastened and cautious manner of our home produce. There is about it a superabundant expense of the *will-be-witty*, an *abandon* of effervescent cleverness, a dashing determination to make points (without much care for "cutting them fine"), an ingenuity of illustration, and a fertility of resources, which form a highly entertaining and almost irresistible *tout ensemble*. In spite of its length, and its frequent sins of flippancy, nonsense, and heaviness, the reader reads on, and laughs often, and sometimes admires. This overgrown *jeu-d'esprit* is in effect the most attractive, if not the most compendious, of existing guides to the study of American authorship. And the criticism is generally shrewd, sagacious, searching; expressed frequently in passages of fine fluent eloquence, and seasoned with no faint spicery of wit and humour. We can only allude to a very few out of the crowded congress of transatlantic celebrities who figure in the "Fable:" some of our previous papers in this series have been indebted

has largely to the fabulist's verses, but the first of them did *not* introduce those which follow :

What! Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain,
You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
And the gravest sweet humour, that ever was there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair ;

To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
The fine *old* English Gentleman, simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain,
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee,—just Irving.

Mr. Halleck is reviewed in no such complimentary fashion—himself pronounced a good deal better than his books—his mind being rewarded the claim of greatness, but congratulated as a very fortunate one, which “contrives to be true to its natural loves” amid the distractions of ink-offices, ledgers, and broker's lists—while a tribute of respect is paid his “genial manliness,” and a regret uttered

That so much of a man has been peddled away.

The ill-starred Edgar Allan Poe is summoned before us

— with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge ;—

It is roundly rated (together with Cornelius Matthews) for flinging mud-balls at Longfellow, whose kindly nature and poetical merits are usefully vindicated. The Countess d'Ossoli (Margaret Fuller) is palpable as Miranda :

But there comes Miranda,—Zeus! where shall I flee to?*

She has such a penchant for bothering me too!
She always keeps asking if I don't observe a
Particular likeness 'twixt her and Minerva ;
She tells me my efforts in verse are quite clever ;—
She's been travelling now, and will be worse than ever ;
One would think, though, a sharp-sighted noter she'd be
Of all that's worth mentioning over the sea,
For a woman must surely see well, if she try,
The whole of whose being's a capital I :
She will take an old notion, and make it her own,
By saying it o'er in her Sibylline tone,
Or persuade you 'tis something tremendously deep,
By repeating it so as to send you to sleep ;
And she well may defy any mortal to see through it,
When once she has mixed up her infinite *me* through it, &c.

* The reader of *Moore's Diary* will be reminded, by this panic utterance, of a lately parallel cry of bewilderment, wrung (heart-deep) from a distinguished man, when he heard that Madame de Staël was coming.

Fenimore Cooper is satirically "entreated," and his pseudonym as the American Scott shown to be very pseudonymous indeed: *one* character he is allowed to have created, and one that is guaranteed immortality beside Parson Adams and Doctor Primrose,—namely, Natty Bumppo; but all his other characters are said to be bad copies of this choice unique:

His Indians, with proper respect be it said,
Are just Natty Bumppo daubed over with red,
And his very Long Toms are the same useful Nat,
Rigged up in duck pants and a sou'-wester hat:

all his other men-figures are dismissed as mere clothes upon sticks, and his women are cavalierly (no, *uncavalierly*) pronounced "all suppy as maples and flat as a prairie." A passing compliment is paid him, however, for his candid strictures on his countrymen's manners—which is made the occasion of a very pungent and animated remonstrance, on Mr. Lowell's part, against the imitative and plagiaristic propensities of his compatriots.

Honour is ascribed to Whittier for the honest warmth of his anti-slavery manifestoes—"who himself was so free he dared sing for the slave, when to look but a protest in silence was brave"—while he is good-naturedly twitted with his confusion of pure inspiration with simple excitement, with his not-always-correct grammar and slipshod rhymes. Dana is scolded for over-fastidiousness and consequent non-productiveness, when he might have written so much that would have been gladly read and proudly prized: he is pictured as "abstractedly loitering along, involved in a paulo-post future of song"—as a man "who is so well aware of how things should be done, that his own works displease him before they're begun"—and, in fine, as spending his whole life, "like the man in the fable, in learning to swim on his library-table." John Neal, on the other hand, is defined one who might have been a poet, had he not believed himself one *all-ready* made—who broke the strings of his lyre by striking too hard, and cracked a naturally fine voice by over-exertion—who has strength, but of the most irregular kind, and has used it to his own damage and discouragement. The author of "Twice-told Tales," again, is thus presented:

There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare
That you hardly at first see the strength that is there;
A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,
So earnest, so graceful, so solid, so fleet,
Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet;
'Tis as if a rough oak that for ages had stood,
With his gnarled bony branches like ribs of the wood,
Should bloom, after cycles of struggle and scathe,
With a single anemone trembly and rathe;
His strength is so tender, his wildness so meek,
That a suitable parallel sets one to seek,—
He's a John Bunyan Fouqué, a Puritan Tieck;
When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted
For making so full-sized a man as she wanted,
So, to fill out her model, a little she spared
From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared,
And she could not have hit a more excellent plan
For making him fully and perfectly man.

A substratum of truth underlies these fantastic lines—indeed we have seen (and possibly written) whole pages of critical prose, investigatory of Mr. Hawthorne's genius, which have said much less amid all their censorial perambulations and circumlocutions than these few fanciful verses.

Alcott and Brownson enjoy a reputation in their own land quite disproportionate to the meagre recognition accorded them in the Old World. With the notice they obtain in the "Fable for Critics," we must conclude our own notice of the vivacious fabulist. Alcott—of whom some interesting things are said by Miss Bremer in her book on America—is here set down as a great talker and no writer at all, in spite of his *cacistoëthes scribendi*: it seems

— his highest conceit of a happiest state is
Where they'd live upon acorns, and hear him talk gratis;
And indeed, I believe, no man ever talked better—
Each sentence hangs perfectly poised to a letter;
. . . While he talks, he is great, but goes out like a taper,
If you shut him up closely with pen, ink, and paper.

He must be a veritable study, this dreamy neotero-platonist, his face glistening with the joy of transcendental musings, who, as he stalks along, "calm as a cloud," fancies himself in the groves of the Academy,

With the Parthenon nigh, and the olive-trees o'er him,
And never a fact to perplex or to bore him,
With a snug room at Plato's, when night comes, to walk to,
And people from morning till midnight to talk to.

But we can scarcely say, happy the people that are in such a case—judging by the specimens we have met with of Mr. Alcott's matter and manner, spoilt it may be in translation to paper and print. Brownson has attracted some attention among those of us who indulge in transcendentalism or Romanism, or both—*semper in extremis*, and loving to have it so, and what will he do (one marvels) in the end thereof? He is here commended for his transparent and forcible prose, but flouted for his infatuated attachment to paradox, and for the topsy-turvy, wrong-side-out character of his dialectics:

The worst of it is, that his logic's so strong,
That of two sides he commonly chooses the wrong;
If there is only one, why, he'll split it in two,
And first pummel this half, and then that, black and blue.
That white's white needs no proof, but it takes a deep fellow
To prove it jet black, and that jet black is yellow.
He offers the true faith to drink in a sieve,—
When it reaches your lips there's naught left to believe
But a few silly-(syllable, I mean)-gisms that squat 'em
Like tadpoles, o'erjoyed with the mud at the bottom.

The most important, we believe, of Mr. Lowell's performances in prose, is the "Biglow Papers"—a work not quite appreciable on this side the ocean, the humour being so closely interwoven with the oddities of dialect and patois, which require a glossary for those not to the manner born or bred.

DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

The Portrait of the Cenci—The Ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, and Sermon at the Colosseum—The Cardinal's Fête—Rospigliosi Palace—Churches of the Trastevere and Corsini Palace—Solemn Benediction and Sermon by Mr. Manning, at St. Gregorio—Colonna Palace, Gardens and Ruins—The Conservatore Rooms at the Capitol—Church of Ara Celi—Party at the American Embassy—Cardinal Wiseman at Home—Villa Ludovisi.

ALL the innumerable copies give no idea of the pensive, supplicating look of the Cenci, that sweetest and prettiest of all Guido's heads. She looks into one's face with an expression full of plaintive anxiety, as if excusing her dreadful crime, and imploring pity and love, in a way that quite brings tears into one's eyes. The painting bears evidence of having been finished in haste, particularly the background, which gives it an additional air of reality. A portrait, said to be her mother-in-law, hangs beside her—a hard, brazen-faced Italian dame, redolent of intrigue. There is Raphael's "Slave" close by, a charming picture, full of effect, but not in his usual effect—more like a Murillo or a Titian—the dress Eastern and picturesque. *She* is a fair beauty, while by her side hangs the naked portrait of his own Fornarina, with a bracelet bearing his name on her bare arm—a bold, staring thing, with vicious eyes looking out of the corner at one. I do not admire it as a painting, it is so hard. How infinitely inferior to that divine painting of her in the Tribune at Florence, where the same face and form is transformed into a Juno of majesty and beauty. All these treasures are in one small whitewashed room. Indeed, the whole "gallery" consists but in two rooms. In the second are pretty things of Albano's, representing Diana; but I grow weary of his affectation.

It is impossible to imagine such a confused mass of ruins as the so-called Palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine Hill. I felt disgusted with myself for not being able to make anything out, until I saw that Eustace says it is impossible. Great shapeless walls, ugly and unpicturesque, with deep subterranean supports, in the way of underground passages and chambers, are all one sees, after mounting a number of steps to a platform laid out as a market-garden. The view is alone worth the trouble, with the Colosseum close in front, and the baths of Caracalla on the Aventine Hill opposite. Ruins in the midst of ruins, seen near but wretched skeletons, though imposing at a certain distance. In the middle of the Palatine Hill is a glaring red villa belonging to Mr. Mills, unnecessarily hideous in vulgar fresco. The way up to the Palace of the Cæsars is through a narrow door in a row of stables; all the available apertures of the ruins are stuffed, too, with hay. Madame Besançon, the Florence milliner, was flaunting about with a party of young French grisettes. What a fall was here, my countrymen! Next day, the 4th of December, was beautiful. I went down to the Forum, and entering the large gate on the right-hand side, under the Palatine (on the opposite side by which I had mounted yesterday), ascended by a fine double flight of steps to a balustraded terrace, on the summit-level with the Palace of the Cæsars; in fact, a portion of the same ruins, separated only by the grounds of the villa mills. Ruins, ruins, nothing

but ruins, of no shape or form, but absolutely fragments. Where stood the house of Tiberius (said to have been in this direction, but which he could have but little inhabited, never remaining long in Rome), is now a peaceful lettuce-garden, terminating on the brow of the hill in a pretty thicket of ilex, waving in the breeze like a crown of classical laurels on the ancient stones, where the illustrious of other centuries lived and walked, and looked forth on the same beauteous prospect around. In the centre of the garden are the so-called baths of Livia, to which I descended by a flight of steps until reaching a subterranean apartment, which the guide lit up with torches. There are two small lofty ante-rooms, and then the bath, a well-proportioned apartment of small dimensions, with slight remains of having been faced with marble and ornamented with frescoes. The bath itself is only large enough for one person; the ceiling above is arched. No light of course comes from without, the whole being underground. I confess I felt the place stuffy and unpleasant, and was but little interested. I suppose I want the organ of antiquity, for seeing these remains invariably bore me greatly. Above, in the garden, is a casino, painted in fresco, whose open galleries command a very magnificent prospect of Rome, the Janiculum, Monte Mario, and the Campagna. Afterwards I went to the Colosseum, it being Friday, to hear the usual sermon delivered there. In a rustic wooden pulpit, raised against the inner wall, stood a tonsured monk, dressed in brown, with a cord round his waist, who preached in Italian. Around him was grouped a numerous auditory, seated on chairs and forms placed in the central amphitheatre, or among the ruins. Beside the pulpit leant another monk, and below, several members of a confraternità, their faces completely covered, with only apertures for the eyes and mouth, dressed in light drab stuff. Up and down the central walk sauntered some English strangers; a group of Roman women, with their picturesque head-dress of white, and red petticoats, who placed themselves in attitudes full of that unaffected grace Italians are born with about the steps of the large crucifix in the centre. The preacher, in a fine sonorous voice, addressed himself directly to the audience, discoursed of heaven and hell, and reminded them every word and action was recorded by the avenging angel, and that the Christ suspended by his side in the pulpit, on coming a second time, would judge, not pardon sinners. It was a scene for a painter. The sun shone brightly, and the blue sky peeped through the arched apertures.

In this vast amphitheatre, which had once rung in savage roars with the sound of "The Christians to the beasts!" where the venerable Ignatius, and thousands of other holy martyrs, had been torn limb from limb amid the howls of insensate pagans; that same Christ is now proclaimed by the voice of a humble monk, yet, for his message' sake, listened to with the profoundest reverence, while around lie the ruined temples of the gods with scarce one stone upon another! There was a great silence, no one spoke but in whispers, for every soul united in the universal, all-powerful feelings of the moment; whatever might be the difference of creed, here was our common Lord, our common Saviour, our universal Judge! Who would not but exult in this triumph of our religion? Do we not all worship the same Trinity? Whence then all this prejudice?—"Thou art of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas. Is Christ divided, or were we baptised in the name of Paul?"

To-day I visited the Rospigliosi Palace, situated within a large courtyard on Monte Cavallo, planted with dwarf acacias. It is of immense size, more like a huge hospital than a private residence. The porter had great difficulty in preventing our paying a *bonâ fide* visit to the princess in our earnestness to discover the *carte du pays*; but at last we were set right, and, turning to the left, ascended a flight of steps leading into a small but beautiful and highly cultivated garden, full of orange-trees and delicious roses that scented the air, along with great heaps of mignonette, even at this late season (10th of December). In the central room of the Casino, at the extremity of the garden, is the celebrated Aurora, of which no copy can possibly render with justice the original. But why paint those exquisite masterpieces on ceilings, to break one's neck looking up, and then never seeing properly after all? There is the same in the Sistine Chapel, where Michael Angelo's wonderful frescoes are comparatively lost from the position;—really it is barbarous. But here the loveliness of the hours who can tell? Loveliness for every taste—features in every mould of beauty—the back of one fair head, with exquisitely fair braided hair blown by the winds, seems to flutter as though one heard the whistling breeze sweeping high up among the great mountain clouds.

But really such an ugly *he* among such heaven-born *ates* is too bad. I must unconditionally quarrel with Phœbus, who has the most inexpressive face, something like a shaved woman, which I account for by the fact that Guido, from a constant habit of painting women, could not adapt his soft pencil to the manly conceptions of a Titian or a Vandyke. Moreover, the hair of the god of day is so light, it might pass for grey. But away with criticism; it is an immortal work, and Aurora really does look so flying on the ambient air, one fancies each moment she will glide away and disappear like the bright vision of a rainbow. Her face is of a bold, decided cast, wanting the delicate loveliness of the attendant hours—her action grand and majestic, as she cleaves the air in her course with all the bearing of a goddess. Her saffron robe rounded by the breeze harmonises grandly with the golden clouds behind her, as though she too were clothed with no meaner garment than the gorgeous vapour. Still, one regrets that her figure should be so pressed against the edge of the picture, curtailing the full effect a greater height of background would have ensured Aurora: the principal figure is thus, on a first glance, but a secondary object, and it is only after some moments, when time allows one to concentrate in some degree the admiring confusion of a first view into a steady gaze, that one contemplates her with sufficient attention. The bold shading of the horses is masterly; they actually appear as if rising from the ceiling, so admirably are the bright lights thrown in.

The exquisite landscape under the clouds is not the least striking portion of the whole. There is a sea, with white lateen sails, dotted about here and there, bordered by mountains of the deepest Mediterranean blue—I could believe I was gazing on some lovely "bit" in the Corniche road between Nice and Genoa, much diminished by distance, the colouring and outline are so to the very life. To the left comes a charming little touch of landscape, with dark outlying trees, suggestive of the deep mysteries of some pine forest. It reminded me a little of that most wonderful of all landscapes forming the background of Raphael's "Vision

of Eusebius" at Florence, breathing the very essence of that motionless, silent repose spread over all nature at mid-day, when dreams and fancies arise in these burning latitudes. The room was crowded with copyists—main labour to endeavour to reproduce forms and shades struck off in the happiest *fiore* of genius, when engaged in a task peculiarly sympathetic. Guido himself could never have copied that fresco, for every stroke speaks it an inspiration.

There are some very interesting pictures in the adjoining rooms of the Casino. In the left-hand room, some fine heads by Rubens, who is always grand when he is not gross and Flemish; and a curious portrait of Poussin, by himself, who, true even here to the deep green shades distinguishing his paintings, has sacrificed his vanity in order to represent his face and person of the favourite tint, and appears in consequence a very livid unearthly person. Here, too, is Guido's famous "Andromeda," which, I confess, disappointed me, simply because the copies exactly resemble it; indeed they are, barring the originality, quite as good. Her attitude is affected, like the Andromeda of a ballet; the sea is a vast mass, "without form and void," specially striking after having gazed so lately on the "azure main" in the "Aurora," and the monster is not at all horrible enough for the occasion. The only one of the *dramatis personæ* I like being Perseus, who really is flying down from above in good earnest. The "Triumph of David," by Dominichino, tells a sad tale of the decline of art, being quite of "the silver age," as Gibson calls it; how inferior in treatment to that finely-coloured picture on the same subject by Guercino, formerly in the possession of Mr. Anderson, of Farley Hall. I was vastly pleased with the "Death of Samson," by Caracci, in the opposite room—a sublimely drawn picture, though deficient in colouring. The long arcade of the portico losing its pillared distance in the background—the prostrate figures in front howling with open mouths in agony—the statue of the Pagan god still erect and untouched by the falling columns—Samson himself, with upturned sightless eyes, sinking down overcome by his gigantic effort—beyond, and seen under the arches, the banquet, where Dalilah is seated, who raises her hands in terror while the other Philistines rise in horror—brings the whole drama vividly before one; indeed, the sensation is that of giddiness, for all about seems falling also along with that great portico.

High up and ill seen is one of the loveliest of Albano's lovely pictures—"Diana and Endymion," gazing at each other from opposite sides of a river; beyond is a wood, an Italian wood, black and shady, as of ilex, while here and there, among the trees, bright silver lights appear like gleams of crystal, giving an inconceivably fine effect to the whole. No earthly lights seem these, but rays from the goddess herself, playing around her ere she sinks to rest, and under her crescent symbol "sleeps with Endymion."

Two new cardinals were to be made, which event gave occasion to one of those grand public receptions peculiar to Rome, as they both kept their state together. One of the pair, Brunelli, had been nuncio in Spain, and was understood as receiving his hat from having been the means of bringing together that royal pair, for some time notoriously estranged for very obvious reasons. Whether substituting private license for public scandal is most meritorious, I leave divines and logicians to determine,

with this passing remark, that no one directly or indirectly connected with the affairs of a certain unhappy royal lady can reap much credit from the association.

All the way to the palace, where the *soirée* was held, the streets were lined with French dragoons and soldiers, while near the entrance, in two open galleries erected in the street, were military bands playing alternately; so, what with the music, the torches, the crowd, the carriages, the flashing of the arms and uniforms in the dark night, it was altogether as stirring and gay a scene as needs be. A long suite of grand apartments, well lit up, were thrown open. After traversing some half-dozen, where stood servants, chasseurs, and camériers, at intervals, each murdering one's name more cruelly than the other, as it was passed from mouth to mouth, the reception-room was at length reached—a saloon blazing with light. On one side of the door stood the reverend pair in whose honour modern Rome put on her gala dress—very grand in red and purple; on the opposite side appeared the Princess Doria, acting on the occasion as *Padrona di casa*, and receiving all comers. This daughter of the old house of Talbot was splendidly dressed in pink, with beautiful diamonds, and, being at all times an imposing aristocratic dame, looked now a very queen. I will not call her positively handsome, but she has an over-abundance of that haughty bearing named “style,” which, perhaps, on the whole, is better, “for years cannot fade or custom stale” it. Grandly curtsying did she receive each party as they advanced, announced by the extraordinary names and titles the Italian imagination of the servants supplied. The room was crammed, and the heat intense. Numbers of English were there when I entered; indeed, at that hour, the majority were English, as the Italians came later. To hear the hissing of the Saxon tongue one would have imagined oneself anywhere but at Rome.

There was Monsignore T., nephew of Talbot of Malahide, and cousin of the Doria, who is so agreeably known to the English by his kindness and attention. He was plainly dressed as a priest, although he is next in rank to the cardinals, and much beloved by the Pope. I soon espied his fair good-natured face, and was saluted by him with the clerical reserve priests always assume in general company, when to shake hands with them would be a misdemeanour of the first magnitude! He took me up to the entrance in order to present me to Princess Doria, who received me quite in regal state (and is she not a queen in the Roman world, both from her exalted station, and her unsullied reputation, and many virtues?). She addressed a few nothings to me about Rome, the length of my stay, &c.; after which I made my curtsey and retired, while files of other ladies passed on to pay her some short compliment, as the Italians call a greeting. Madame la Marchesa Bargaglia, the Tuscan ambassador, succeeded me, I observed. Looking round, I saw that superb creature—like Rome, imperial even in her decline—Fanny Kemble. There was not a Roman princess present who could outdo her in dignity and presence. She was magnificently dressed—perhaps a thought too theatrically—but looked wonderfully handsome at a little distance. What a treat to hear the deep melodious tones of her fine voice, and recal those evenings when she entranced all London and kept a whole theatre breathless on her words. Ah! she's a noble creature, and I

nged to tell her so, which, not being able to do, I give vent to my feelings now in sober prose. Lockhart was beside her, rapt in attention at her lively sallies, but looking pale and worn—the essence of a man, so to say.

In one of the smaller rooms through which we made our way I encountered our own Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. He was in regimentals, and looked remarkably well, with his wicked sparkling eyes wandering about in all directions; his perfect high-breeding and gracious affability telling well as contrasted with the somewhat haughty bearing of the Italian princes, who fail in that finish of first-rate rank in placing those to whom they address themselves on a perfect par for the time being. The duchess looked ill, although she has a very pleasing countenance. Cardinal Wiseman was also present, receiving no end of respectful ovations from all the English Catholics. But the feature of the evening, and what all the world goes to see, are the Roman princesses in their diamonds, it being etiquette for them to appear in full regality on such occasions. There was a brilliant group of them glittering like stalactites in one room. The Princess Borghese, a French woman (second wife to the prince, his former consort having been a Talbot and sister of the Doria, to whom he was so ardently attached every one wondered he ever married again); she wore a superb tiara, with side sprays of diamonds behind her plaited hair in front, somewhat in the Queen Philippa style. With her were the Princesses Altieri and Pionbario, all very brilliant, but minor lights in comparison. Every one was looking out for the Princess Torlonia, who as yet had not appeared. All at once there was a crushing and crowding, people all standing on tiptoe, and elbowing each other, every one making for a particular corner of the room. I went, attracted by the multitude, to see what it was, when, lo! advancing from the door, appeared the fair luminary, the cynosure of all eyes—the Princess Torlonia nata Colonna. Never have I seen anything half so superlatively brilliant—our own Queen on a birthday, is, in point of diamonds, but a housemaid in comparison. Her tiara, or rather crown (for it encircled her head), was, in size and splendour, fit only for the Empress of Golconda, does such a personage exist; how she supported the weight is more than I can fancy—like Danaë, she must have been overcome by accumulated riches. Round her neck were four or five rows of large single diamonds of the size of a bird's egg, simply linked together; her stomacher was one mass of brilliants, and round her waist was a double chain ending in immense tassels. She looked transcendent, and as she swept by the lights and moved about, innumerable irises of gorgeous colours glanced over the magnificent stones, reminding me of the beautiful fountains at St. Peter's in a sunshiny day. I cannot say she struck me at the moment as anything human, but as some beneficent fairy, perhaps, just risen from the silver depths of Ocean's richest caves, "where the rocks of coral grow," and yet breathing the same air as a Galatea or an Amphitrite. This noble daughter of the princely house of Colonna has withal a queenly bearing; she is not absolutely handsome, but her large soft eyes and pale composed face are full of sweet womanly expression. She underwent all the staring and the jostling around her with a quite regal unconcern. She is used to be stared at, and don't care a fig for the *canaille* that stood gaping at her. In age she may be

about thirty, while her princely banker-husband, the millionaire, must be at least seventy, a wizen, white-haired old man, fit for her grandfather; yet, report says, they are extremely attached and always together. She is the incarnation of his riches, the outward and visible of the internal shut-up treasures of the bank; for who would not trust a man who can afford to exhibit his wife as the real veritable statue of diamonds described in the "Arabian Nights?" Somebody said, they wondered she ventured in the proverbially unsafe streets of Rome without an escort of dragoons. I wonder too—it would not have been done in the wild days of Gasparone with impunity I warrant, but my lady princess would have been whisked off to the mountains, and a heavy ransom levied on the old prince. The beauty of the Torlonia family is the Duchessa di Poli, daughter-in-law of Duke Torlonia, and niece of the prince. She arrived after the princess, and divided public attention. Her hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, lay in smooth rich tresses over a brow of marble whiteness, and was profusely ornamented with emeralds and diamonds. She has glancing brilliant black eyes, a pretty mouth "wreathed in smiles," and a charming figure, withal a grace and *tournure* quite Parisian—*que peut on souhaiter de mieux?* And I can answer for it, she is as amiable as she is handsome, for I know her well and like her exceedingly. How long the ladies stood the mobbing I cannot tell, for I got tired and went away, after a conversation with the Tuscan ambassador, all besprinkled with stars and orders on a rich uniform, who informed me of the melancholy death of the young Prince Corsini, sole heir of that great house, son of the Duke of Cassigliano, and betrothed to the sister of the Queen of Spain, whom he was to have married in the spring. "Mais l'homme propose et Dieu dispose;" he is laid low now, and with him the hope of the great Corsini line, one of the noblest and richest in Italy.

The Via Appia, or Street of Tomba, is one of the grandest sights of Rome—an appropriate and affecting approach to the gates of the fallen mistress of the world; like her, in absolute ruin, but majestic in its fallen state. Much as I had read and seen of this approach, the solemn reality far exceeded my expectations. Extending in a straight line from the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the long vista of ruins open outstretching for miles over the desolate Campagna; stones, towers, monuments, shapeless masses, lie on every side piled upon each other, forming an avenue of ruin impossible to conceive. Beneath is the original Roman pavement, and very bad and rough it is. Then there is such an enchanting view of Rome and its ancient walls, the aqueducts stretching across the plain for miles and miles beyond the Apennines, ending in Mount Soracte, shaded in every colour from purple to pale-yellowish pink. In front lies Frascati, nestled in the folds of the mountains, dotted with forests and villages; above is Albano; while around extends the long level line of the Campagna, that earthen Dead Sea—calm, immovable, interminable, and looking equally accursed.

Yesterday I made a tour in the Trastevere, lying beyond St. Peter's, under the Janiculum. It is not the least like Rome, but has a peculiar, indescribable look of its own: the principal streets are long, broad, and straight, while some of the smaller and more distant quarters are dangerously solitary. I confess I could perceive no difference in the physiognomy of the people. High up to the right, on the top of a steep ascent,

stands the church of San Onofico, with its surrounding colonnade. There is a venerable yet romantic look about the place, very pleasing, and the view of Rome from the terrace before the entrance is quite magnificent—grander far than from the Capitol. I think imagination run wild could scarcely conjure up a panorama more splendidly varied, and magnificent architecture, among massive gigantic ruins, surrounded and enframed by exquisite natural beauty.

Beside the church is a solitary garden, planted with some solemn old pine-trees, where it is said Tasso, after his escape from Ferrara, loved to roam. At present, it is remarkable as THE spot for viewing St. Peter's, standing full of majesty below in all its vast proportions. The church itself of San Onofico is small and insignificant save for its antiquated air. In the tribune are some lovely frescoes by Peruzzi, one particularly in the centre, representing the Virgin and our Saviour enthroned, of great beauty. They are surrounded by a circle of deep blue clouds; her robe is of the same tint, also the mantle around the Christ, relieved below by the delicate pink of his other drapery. This deep blue is full of character, mysterious and grand. Above are frescoes by Pinturicchio—angels dancing and playing on instruments—all of surpassing grace; while above, under the form of an old man, with outstretched arms, appears "The Eternal." There is, too, here a charming dewy Correggio, and other good frescoes. The tomb of Tasso is surmounted by a mean profile likeness in oils, set in a medallion—a miserable daub, which the friars themselves say is no likeness. This tomb is a disgrace to Rome. In death as in life, Tasso seems fated to neglect and contumely, and whilst Ariosto and Dante boast the proudest monuments, he, alone, is left without a fitting memorial. The frescoes of Domenichino, outside the church, under a colonnade, are faded and poor.

Santa Maria, in Trastevere, a grand Basilica, stands in a piazza, with its usual accompaniment of a lovely fountain. There are some curious frescoes outside of the twelfth century—the Virgin on her throne, with female saints on either side, crowned and bearing basins streaked with blood, marking them as having been martyrs. The interior is solemn and sombre, and of fine proportions, consisting in single parallel rows of columns up the nave, great single blocks, with a high entablature above. There was an excessive air of devotion among the people present, who looked savagely at an intruder, while a sulky old sacristano would not give me any information—a rare thing in polite Italy; these are Trastevere manners, I suppose.

The apsis is considerably raised on steps; around are many curious old monuments; everything, indeed, looks as antique as if no one had touched the place since the time of its founder, Julius I., in 340. It is said to have been the first church where service was ever performed. Numbers of popes have restored and embellished it. Over the apsis are some fine mosaics—Christ and the Virgin enthroned, in the Romanesque style, which makes their relative position very remarkable; then there are popes, apostles, and prophets *à l'ordinaire*. Rugler says, "The release from the trammels of the Byzantine school is here apparent, and that they may be considered the first purely western work of a higher order produced by Italian art."

I call this a terrible church; it quite frightened me, it looked altogether

so stern. I wouldn't sleep in it for the fortune of Torlonia. I am sure the martyrs walk about with their heads under their arms. There is an elegant chapel, designed by Domenichino, with an angel on the roof; he has left unfinished. All that brings one face to face with these great masters in "their habit as they lived" is interesting.

Santa Maria dall' Orto is situated in an out-of-the-way corner, between high walls, with palm-trees and oranges peeping over. A very convenient place to be robbed. I had immense difficulty in getting in, as the sacristano was deaf, and had gone aloft to wind the clock up. His daughter, a slatternly young damsel in slipshod shoes, called and screamed, "Papa, papa!" to every note in the gamut, for a long time, addressing only "empty air." At last, when the clock was wound, down came the old man, and the door was opened. This is a beautiful church, quite a small St. Peter's, covered in the same style with the most precious marbles, and designed by Giulio Romano in admirable taste. One cannot say if it be large or small, so perfect are the proportions—quite a gem of architecture. It is called Dall' Orto from a miraculous picture behind the altar, found in a garden, the spot being marked by a stone, with an inscription, in the centre of the church. How strange to find such a shrine hid in an obscure forsaken corner—the cloisters, too, occupied as a manufactory of tobacco!

I next drove to Santa Cecilia, built on what *was* the house of that interesting personage; standing back from the street, in a large cortile—a low, quaint old building, something like a barn decorated with columns. Her life, under Catholic handling, has become a pretty legend. In extreme youth she was converted to Christianity, but, notwithstanding, was forced to marry a Pagan. A vow of chastity prevented her consenting to live with him as a wife, which, on discovering, her husband much resented, showing his displeasure by conduct marked by savage brutality. But her sweetness and resignation overcame him, and he learnt to respect without understanding her resolve. At this period he was visited with a dream. He imagined he was in heaven, where his hands were joined to those of his wife by angels, who crowned them with roses and lilies. His brother Tiberius, entering his apartment soon after, asked from whence came the delicious odour of flowers he perceived? So great an impression was made on them both by this circumstance, added to Cecilia's entreaties, that they became Christians.

The prefect of Rome soon discovered their altered sentiments, condemned S. Cecilia to be stifled in her bath, and her husband and brother-in-law to decapitation. In a side chapel is shown the identical bath where she suffered martyrdom. It has evidently been an ancient bathroom, and is exceedingly curious. There are still the remains of the leaden pipes, and the spaces and holes round the walls for the evaporation of the steam. This dates back as early as 230, she having been among the early martyrs.

But the beauty of beauties is her monument under the high altar, sculptured by Maderno, an artist who assisted Bernini in his additions to St. Pietro. The saint is lying as in an open coffin, precisely as her remains were found. The face, on the ground, is turned away, giving a sweet curve to the neck; the body, delicately small and fragile; the pretty feet bare—all, as it were, twisted into a strange form, as if flung

negligently into the grave. The body covered with grave-cloths, save the head and neck ; the former wrapped round with a cloth. To give an idea of the affecting and exquisite beauty, the *deadness* of the whole figure, is impossible. I could have gazed for hours.

S. Cecilia, as patroness of music, is all-glorious in Raphael's divine picture at Bologna—young, fresh, glowing, her face upturned with an inspired look, while in her hands are the keys of an organ : a most sweet saint.

Nuns inhabit the convent opening from the church, living under the strictest rules. They *never* are to be seen, but fly from gazers, and sing in a gallery surrounding the church behind a gilded screen. Many of them (the female custode said) are young and beautiful.

I could not conclude my tour in the Trastevere without a visit to a magnificent edifice, the Corsini Palace, whose only fault is its "back of beyond," "out of all ken" situation ; still such a building lends dignity even to a suburb.

The carriage enters a double cortile surrounded by pillars, open on one side to the gardens, ascending the steep side of the Janiculum, rising abruptly behind. One is deposited at the foot of the great staircase descending into the court, which, after the first flight, divides majestically, and thus mounts to the upper story, producing a monstrous grand effect. On the first floor is the gallery, entered through a fine large hall, where the different doorways are screened with the Corsini arms, richly embroidered on velvet. The gallery is immense, consisting of at least ten large rooms filled with pictures ; but, on the whole, I do not call it an interesting collection. There is a great deal of trash and too little variety, especially an over-abundance of enamelled, affected Carlo Dolces, and *maniéréd* Carlo Marattas—the latter especially all as like "as two peas," for one sees his wife's face in every picture, always turned the same way, and with the same head drapery. This monotony is very wearying ; both these painters belong to the second or silver age in painting, after the pure gold of Raphael, Titian, and the elder masters had been exhausted. There is one fine dewy Carlo Dolce—a Virgin and Child, very happy—and much superior to many other works of his here. The Corsinis appear to revel in a perfect indigestion of Carlo Dolces, for the gallery of their Florence place is full of his pictures. There is his celebrated "Head of Poetry," which, truth to say, looks ill, thin, and languid to my mind, afflicted with rather weak eyes. But to return ; here are some fine Guercinos, specially a head of Christ crowned with thorns—*horribly* beautiful—some bluish Caraccas, and some pale, inexpressive Guidos ; strange that an artist who *could* paint so divinely should condescend to produce such meagre shadows as these. Never did genius display a greater inequality. Among a multitude of uninteresting and feeble landscapes are some interesting ones by Poussin and Salvator Rosa ; a number, too, of Dutch pictures are here—Boths and Berghem, &c. But I hate this naturalist's low-life school at all times, and most of all in dear, romantic, poetic Italy, where such a style is an abomination. There is a fine portrait of Philip II., Mary's poor, pale lean tyrant, by Titian ; and others of great interest and immense value as paintings, by Albert Durer, Vandyke, Rubens, &c.—two pictures specially by the latter, showing how well he *could* paint when not indulging in exaggera-

tion and coarseness. Luther and his wife are curious as portraits—she is hideous, which makes his marriage all the more pardonable, as he never induced her to break her vows for the sake of her beauty most assuredly. Luther is a fat, jolly friar, with a double chin, vulgar face, and stupid expression; D'Aubigne had better not front his life with such a portrait!

I was much interested by a series of small pictures—"The Life of a Soldier"—from our having had bad prints of them at home, hanging up in a room now pulled down, where I used to study them intensely as a child. Seeing these pictures quite transported me back to those happy, happy days when my sun shone without an envious cloud. I remembered every one of them, and the horrors they used to cause me—people roasting before fires, churches and houses burning, carriages robbed and passengers murdered, men hung by dozens to the branches of trees.

The so-called gem of the collection is a Murillo—a very ugly Virginia (more than commonly homely and uninteresting *even* for him)—sitting with the infant Saviour against a sun-baked wall. The colouring is superb, but the subject—the lay figure—atrocious.

What kings and princes are these Corsini, to possess two such palaces, one darkening the Lung Arno at Florence, with a superb gallery of paintings also; and then this overgrown, monstrously fine place at Rome, with dozens of splendid villas in Tuscany and Romagna to boot. Talk of our English dukes, why they are lodged like farmers in comparison! Now the young prince is dead, there is no one left but that horrid man the Duke C——, as heir to all this wealth, a monster odious with horrid vice, squinting and hideous to look on, and despised by every one. The Spanish marriage intended for the poor fellow now dead would have been a rare catch for the daughter of Rianzares, and shows that the Dowager Queen of Spain had her eyes open, all over Europe, to snap up the best for her brood. Well, the Spanish bride will *not* come now, to queen it over the Doria and the other haughty Roman princesses, and vex them all by being sister of Isabella of Spain. *Ainsi va le monde*. She would most likely have been as unscrupulous as her royal sister, and have soon set up a *cavalier servente* on her own account. These old walls are roomy enough for any intrigues, since Christina of Sweden inhabited them during her residence in Rome, and died here, too. Oh, would they could speak, those walls, and call me in to be their confidante, and chronicle their secret-whispered revelations—what volumes would I not write!

I went to see "Father Mary Burder, abbot-elect of Mount St. Bernard, in Leicestershire, solemnly blessed by Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster, in the church of St. Gregory the Great, on the Coelian hill." Such being the pompous style in which the ceremony was set forth on the ticket given me by Monsignore T——, my very kind friend. I could not repress a smile at the declamatory wording of the paper, when I thought how, far away from England and its laws, these gentlemen *revelled*, as it were, in titles and honours prohibited by a schismatic and abominably obstinate Parliament of sturdy Protestants.

Mr. (late archdeacon) Manning was to preach the sermon, and as I am a fervent admirer of his pure, saint-like character, I was glad of the opportunity of hearing him. I am no Catholic, and never could relish the mass, but I hope I can appreciate genuine evangelical holiness.

wherever I find it, and I do believe, if ever a true saint walked unsullied amid the darkness and shadow of this lower world, it is that man. He is a perfect St. François de Salis, without the nonsense of Madame de Chantal; and, like that amiable saint, the very children follow him in the street, so benign and benevolent are his bearing and countenance.

Since his *conversion*, or *perversion*, as people please to view it, he almost entirely inhabits Rome, where, having joined a society of priests inhabiting the Accademia Ecclesiastica, he passes his time in study and great retirement, only appearing in public at occasional periods, such as the present, when he conceives that his duty calls him forth.

The morning of the ceremony was one of the very worst of the year—a pouring rain, such as Rome only can boast—rivers ran down the streets, and water-spouts poured from the heavens. The church of San Gregory, situated beyond the Colosseum, took us into the worst part of the city in point of roads, the carriage sunk down in the soft mud, and the horses scrambled over the ancient Roman way, under the arch of Titus, as if they intended to lose their legs, and deposit us there in the shape of modern ruins. Spite, however, of the weather, a number of carriages were already assembled at the foot of the handsome flight of steps on which stands the church, in a quiet, sequestered corner, near some public gardens, whose groves afford a pleasant shade in a fine day, and enliven a somewhat gloomy position. It is not a large building, and I was disappointed in finding the interior entirely modernised. Monsignore T——, who took a lively interest in everything, received us near the door, and placed us in an excellent position close by the altar. Cardinal Wiseman soon advanced within the rails, and the organ pealed forth. The robing the priests was all done at the altar, and such a rustling of silks, and satins, and embroideries—such a display of lace and fine linen never could have been conceived out of a milliner's shop. The abbot-elect undressed until one became positively alarmed at the probable consequence, and I irreverently thought of the clown at Astley's; but, as in the case of that personage, the contingency had been duly considered, and much as was taken off, still more remained behind; the poor man must have narrowly escaped suffocation in his original state. As to the cardinal, he peeled off various times during the morning, and underwent the most marvellous transformations imaginable. He went in black, changed into red, and finally came out very splendid in purple; how all this was managed I cannot say, but vouch for the fact. He looked remarkably well in the last dress, with a scarlet cap—like an old Venetian picture by Tintoretto—as nothing could be more dignified and appropriate than his appearance as he sat enthroned in a great gilt arm-chair, under the temporary canopy of crimson velvet erected for him. One fat Benedictine monk in attendance on him nearly underwent strangulation in the process of dressing; he could not get into his clothes on any terms, and performed agonising gymnastics in consequence, causing him to look very red in the face all the morning afterwards. Then others could not find the strings to tie on their vestments, and left them hanging down behind on the black sottanas like untidy schoolboys; and altogether there was no end of confusion.

. I never was present at so wearisome a ceremony, lasting five entire hours. I never saw, even in Rome, such walking about, and such extra

bowing, and the same things done over and over again, as if for a penance—and a real penance it was in good truth to me, heretic as I am!

The abbot-elect paraded backwards and forwards within the rails and without the rails twenty times, and put his mitre on and took it off until I actually got giddy. There was a regular ecclesiastical prompter, or master of the ceremonies, who kept everybody in order, making the funniest little nods and subdued gestures, like a well-behaved Neapolitan, as he marshalled them when to sit and when to stand, and if the eternal mitre was or was not to be worn. The abbot-elect (poor man, how I pitied him) lay prostrated flat on the steps of the altar for nearly an hour, while the seven penitential psalms were chanted over him. When he got up he looked just escaped from apoplexy.

It was an immense relief when all this tiresome ceremonial was over, and Manning in the pulpit. He looked ashy pale, but the thorough-bred English gentleman he is in every feature—a striking contrast to the fat, puffy, vulgar monks around him. This sermon was on the unbelief of St. Thomas, as applied to the rationalist want of faith apparent in Protestants; and in the course of his address he spoke emphatically of Cardinal Wiseman, to whom he pointed as the Primate of England, and legal successor of Augustine. I thought the composition wanting in depth, although nicely worded. His manner, too, is against him, being dull and monotonous, and his voice weak and incapable of deep modulations. Altogether, I was disappointed in his public appearance, and I would much prefer listening to his pious discourses in private, as more suited to his manner and character, both marked by an extreme humility and gentleness, rendering him unfit to battle, as it were, with the passions of the multitude. Wiseman, who has been preaching a weekly course of sermons, is a far more *telling* orator. Both his address, voice, and dignified presence are well adapted “to catch the ears of the groundlings.” Immense crowds were drawn to hear him, among whom, conspicuous, were great numbers of English converts, as well as numerous Protestants. It is easy to perceive how full of hope all the Catholics are in regard to the many conversions taking place. Rome is crowded now with new converts, who are fêted and fussed with immensely.

The Palazzo Colonna, like a true Roman house, looks nothing at all from the street; indeed, I am pretty sure that a row of shops are erected in front—stables there are, certainly, and a church pushed violently up into one corner. Over this odd medley of buildings are fixed the stemme, or armorial bearings of the great Colonna. On entering a vast cortile the enormous size of the palazzo appears; still, all jumbled together, and without any regular façade, masses of wall run in all directions, and open into inner courts, and all sorts of wonderful places covering an immense space of ground. Half of the pianonobile, or first floor, is occupied by the French embassy, the other half is dedicated to the pictures; and, as both these suites are respectively the finest in Rome, the extent of the whole palace may be imagined. Below, on the ground floor, is the studio of that charming painter, the Professore Minardi, as well as a barrack; above, *al secondo*, are the private apartments of the Colonna family; so, altogether it is much like a Noah's ark in point of variety. Between the French ambassador and the picture-gallery one common

stair is used, leading into a common ante-room of great size, where the numerous doors are all alike covered with tapestry, so that it would be a very pardonable mistake to walk into the presence of the Count de Razneval. Chance, however, directed my steps aright, and I entered. The first two rooms are hung with old tapestry, then begin the pictures, of which there is a most pleasing, but not an extensive, collection. In the first room are two landscapes, by Albano, remarkable rather for size than beauty; and a Holy Family, by Guilio Romano, where the rich colouring recalls the Venetian school, while the admirable grouping reminds one of the disciple and admirer of Raphael. Here, too, is a beautiful Paul Veronese, bright, living, glowing. St. Cecilia, his wife, having sat as the model represented for the nonce in an exaggerated state of nudity, especially scandalous as personifying that chaste lady, who suffered persecution rather than endure the pains and pleasures inseparable from connubial intercourse. Barring the name, 'tis a grand picture, and the model the very type of a ripe voluptuous Venetian beauty. Portraits there are by Titian and Tintoretto, and Lord knows what artist beside; but who can tarry in these chambers with that glorious *sala* beyond, the finest room in all Rome, brilliant with frescoes, paintings, mirrors, chandeliers, statues, marbles, ivory, and gilding, all blending in one great glowing mass, charming and astonishing the bewildered gaze. It was built by one of the family, a great general, who, after a victory gained for the Venetians, as if the palace were not already immense enough, added this sumptuous gallery.

Truly these Italian nobles are lodged like kings of the earth; palatial architecture cannot be conceived out of Italy; or the size, grandeur, and decoration of the ancestral halls of those proud families whose names are immortalised as the great feudatories of their country—too mighty for subjects, too divided for sovereigns. I remembered the words of Gibbon as my eye swept down the gorgeous space, when speaking of the family residences of the Roman princes, "as the most costly monuments of elegance and servitude; the perfect arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture having been prostituted in their service, and their galleries and gardens decorated with the most precious works of antiquity which taste and vanity have prompted them to collect." Queen Victoria could never exist in Buckingham Palace had she ever come to Rome; and it is lucky for our nation it is not etiquette for the sovereign to travel, else her already incipient taste for bricks and mortar would ruin poor John Bull outright. To be sure, this regal pile was raised by Pope Martin V., who, with a proper portion of that family pride for which popes are famous, wished to mark his reign both for the good of his descendants, and, at least, in case of accidents, to secure himself a palatial residence; for those were days when the popes were vastly pushed about, and very irreverently elbowed, and kept on the trot from Avignon to Rome, with an occasional flight into Spain, by way of a change. Martin did, however, remain quietly in the Eternal City after the Council of Constance, and lived to finish this prize palace.

But to return. This gallery is more than two hundred and twenty feet long, terminating at the further end in a sort of tribune supported by vast columns, and raised on steps. Within this holy of holies, in aristo-

erotic exclusiveness, are two beautiful Venuses by Bronzino, which the extreme delicacy of the prince has caused to be draped with an ill-assorted garment painted in water-colours, and therefore removable. This dress-making spoils two fine pictures entirely. I am afraid, with my ill-educated eyes fresh from Florence, and the unadorned natural charms of Titian's Venuses, this over-scrupulosity of Prince Colonna was thoroughly thrown away on me. It would take pages to enumerate half the pictures and sculptures in this gallery. One fine portrait of the poetess Vittoria Colonna is very interesting; and another by Vandyke, of some family hero on horseback, very striking and noble. As to the statues, I am grown difficult, after the Vatican and the Capitol, and did not look at them. The thing is the superb gallery itself, the *ensemble* intoxicating the eye by a perfect harmony of brilliancy, luxury, size, and grandeur. One of the marble steps is broken by a cannon-ball that penetrated the wall at the time of the revolution and siege. Prince Colonna has never allowed it to be repaired, and so it stands as a *memento mori* of the folly and wickedness the Roman canaglia can be guilty of. From a window at the end of the gallery I entered the gardens occupying the site of the baths of Constantine, on the steep ascent of the Quirinal, and the spot where those splendid horses were dug up that now ornament the beautiful fountain opposite the Pope's summer palace. Very picturesque gardens they are, ascending by double flights of steps through alleys of box and bay, along the margin of trickling streams and gushing fountains, to the hill above, where, from a grand terrace, one looks over Rome.

On this terrace are some gigantic fragments and capitals, said to have formed part of a Temple of the Sun erected by the Emperor Aurelian. But I cannot bring myself to believe a building of that size was possible; and as there is no certain information on the subject, it is orthodox to doubt. Near by, and looking down a place much like the bottomless pit, are some curious remains of the baths, now used as a granary, but, like all other classical ruins, so vague and indefinite, they might as well not be there, as far as satisfying one's curiosity goes. I poked my head down through an aperture into a deep vault of arched caverns, and I said, "Very curious," "Dear me, how wonderful!" without a notion why, or understanding in the least what I was looking at. Behind the terrace is a garden not quite so ill kept as are Italian parterres in general. Great orange-trees, loaded with fresh fruit, flung back the rays of the setting sun opposite, making one happy by the notion of having suddenly leapt into summer; for in these secluded nooks, embosomed in ilex and bay, within great orchards of the orange and the lemon, not a vestige reminds one of the course of the seasons, and a perennial summer reigns. We emerged down a long covered berceau, at an iron gate opening on the Quirinal opposite the Rospigliosi Palace, and near the beautiful fountain that crests the steep ascent of Monte Cavallo, opposite the Pope's palace, where Castor and Pollux, in semblance of eternal youth and beauty, hold back the fiery steeds, whilst the lofty fountain rises between, sparkling, splashing, and shedding diamond drops around.

To-day, I saw the apartments in the Capitol called the *Conservatorie*—a noble suite on the first floor. They struck like a well, and even my Italian companion complained of the cold. The first two or three rooms

re finely painted in fresco, the subjects chosen from Roman history. But in a certain corner-chamber are collected the precious relics of the city—objects, perhaps, of greater interest than any others in the world. On a pedestal stands the bronze wolf with the infants Romulus and Remus. Pictures have made this group familiar in the furthest corners of the world, but the original is no less striking. To see the very bronze taken from the Forum, where it was venerated as the *genius* of Rome, and to see also the rent in the hinder leg, made by the lightning which fell when Caesar was murdered, is indeed to leap back into bygone centuries, and to feel individualised with their most famous legends. Opposite is a bronze bust of Junius Brutus, with the eyes painted, giving it a curious sinister expression. This had every appearance of an antique head, and of being a strong likeness. To what disputes have this head and the wolf given rise! what volumes have been written *per* and *contra* their originality! whether this on which I gazed was the wolf of the Capitol! For my part, I delight to feel of a most believing spirit, and to receive with faith all the custode told us. Here, too, are the bronze ducks, with pen, quacking bills—images of those that saved the city of the Cæsars. They were excavated, it is said, at the foot of the Tarpeian Rock. Here, too, are the *Fastes Consulares*, containing the lists of all the consuls from the time of Augustus,—mutilated, broken, and obscure, they are the only guide history possesses, to the uninitiated eye appearing utterly unintelligible. Here is also a wonderful head of Medusa, by Bernini, fine enough to take the second place in poetic horror after Leonardo's tremendous painting at Florence.

Nothing I have seen in Rome carried me more back to my early imaginations than the relics collected in these rooms. It is here I realised living at Rome; fabulous story and far-off history seemed, as it were, within my grasp; the great shadows of antiquity were resuscitated at my individual call; they are mine—I see, feel, examine them—and long-past ages live again in the associations of the moment. Afterwards I went to the church of the Ara Celi, close by, up that long flight of one hundred and twenty-four marble steps, overtopping the Capitol, the site of the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, to see the Santo Bambino. As I was in the company of a devout Catholic, I put on my gravest face, which I found it hard matter to maintain. We were ushered into a side chapel off the *cristia*, where, after waiting some time, one of the monks appeared. He intimated our wish to be presented, to which he acquiesced, and straightway proceeded to light four candles on the altar, and to unlock the front panel, out of which he took a large gilt box. The box was covered with common, wearable-looking baby-clothes, which he put on the side; he then placed the box on the altar, and unfastened the lid; several layers of white silk, edged with gold, were then removed, and at last appeared the Bambino, in the shape of an ugly painted doll, some 10 feet high. A more complete little monster I never beheld—the face tinted a violent red, the hair, also wooden, in rigid curls, altogether very like one of the acting troop in Punch's theatre; there was a gold, jewelled crown on its head, and the body—swathed in white silk, like an alban baby—was covered with diamonds, emeralds, and pearls, but of no great size or value; the little feet were hollow, and of gold. Of all sights in the world, the Bambino *ought* to be the most humiliating to a

Catholic. Such abject superstition reminds one of the savage Indians, who worship onions and stones. The monk said the Bambino was cinque cento, which they always do *faute de mieux*, and added, with a devout look, "*ma e molto prodigioso.*" When he goes to the sick, he rides in their coach sent for him, and is held up at the window to be adored. At Christmas there are no end of ceremonies, in which he takes a prominent part. First, the presepio, where he appears in the arms of a lay figure habited like the Virgin, while another stands by representing Joseph. But he is very great indeed at the Epiphany, when he is paraded up and down the church, crammed with the foulest of the Roman rabble, and escorted by bands of splendid military music, playing polkas, and then held up at the great door facing the hundred and twenty-four steps, on which the people kneel and worship him! Alack, alack! *can* we be in the nineteenth century, and such things be? The church of Ara Celi is immortalised by Gibbon as the place where he first dreamed his future history. The pillars of Egyptian granite in the nave are all of different lengths, taken from various ruined temples; and everything is ancient, gloomy, and suggestive.

In the beautiful Piazza del Popolo, with its three superb fountains for ever splashing in the sunshine, and opposite the Pincian Hill, whose steep sides are darkened with groves of pine, and broken by classical arcades, pillared terraces, and statues, where the *elegantes* of Rome daily display themselves, like bright butterflies under the shadow of the solemn trees, among the flowers, and gaze on the sun sinking behind the vast cupola of St. Peter's—is situated the American embassy. Mr. Cass, the present ambassador (son of General Cass, famous as the man who hates the English so profoundly), is well known here for his urbanity and constant hospitality, of which I had a sample last night at one of his grand receptions, where I esteemed myself not a little favoured, being the only English person present. The night was bitterly cold, with the vigorous biting cold of an English winter, but the weather did not prevent a large circle assembling at his palazzo soon after eight o'clock, the hours at Rome being primitively early, spite of the superabundance of English. A large suite of elegant rooms were thrown open, furnished with the *bon goût* and luxury of a Parisian *petite maitresse*. Pictures and sculptures adorned the walls in profusion—an evidence, I think, of American taste for art, which leads them to a more general love of the fine *chefs-d'œuvres*, executed by their native artists, in the usual decoration of houses than we English are accustomed to indulge in.

I was surprised to see that so large a number of Americans were in Rome; there certainly could not have been less than 300 assembled. The ladies were most elegantly dressed; much more in the true Parisian style, and without that *outré* caricature too usual among ourselves, where a fashion originally pretty is tortured "to very tatters" by a fatal want of good taste. Such a number of beautiful girls I never, I think, saw assembled together—a book of beauty might have been got up on the spot. *They say* American ladies' looks are evanescent; perhaps it may be so, for their style of beauty is particularly frail and delicate, making it all the lovelier and more feminine while it lasts. The circle of fair young girls at Mr. Cass's were mostly in the very burst of womanhood—sweet, wax-light creatures, like beautiful exotics, looking too ethereal for "the

winds of heaven" roughly to visit them. Did I dare, I might name several of unusual loveliness. Miss S——, a grand, queen-like creature, with her hair drawn back à *l'impératrice*, yet with a charming expression—a fitting study for a Dido; Miss E—— C——, the sweetest, pinkest rosebud that ever bloomed, sparkling with girlish happiness and glee, and this, and that, there would be no end.

Generally speaking, the men Americans are plain and common-looking—defects all the more observable from the high-bred air of their woman-kind. But there is a frankness and a friendliness about them, all quite charming to my notions, and presenting the most agreeable contrast to the cold reserve and stiffness of my own compatriots. Several very agreeable ladies spoke to me in the kindest manner without the formality of an introduction—a thing unheard of among our frigid islanders. The way in which we eat and drank seemed prodigious after the Barmecide entertainments of the Italian nobles, who give one nothing but ice, and that sparingly. There were two regular suppers, and refreshments handed about every moment besides. Altogether, I have not been at a party for an age that pleased me so much; all was perfect, save a certain twang and drawl, which spoilt many a pretty mouth to English ears.

Cardinal Wiseman has been for some time staying in Rome, where his presence excites a vast deal of attention. During Advent he preached four sermons at the church behind the Propaganda to densely crowded audiences. In his first sermon he expatiated at great length on the pleasure he felt at returning to Rome, after an absence of twelve years; comparing his feelings with those of the many strangers around him; concluding by exhorting all present to contemplate imperial Rome, not as a mere object of curiosity or instruction, but as the mother-church and *Christian home* of all believers, and to love, honour, and obey her as our spiritual parent. His manner is dignified, his presence imposing, and his voice clear and sonorous. In the pulpit he looks like an ancient patriarch in his picturesque dress of purple, edged with red. After seeing him in public, I was rather alarmed at the idea of presenting to him a letter of introduction I had by me. In a very nervous state of mind I repaired to the Palazzo Caserta, where he keeps his state. I passed through several ante-rooms swarming with priests, "black spirits and grey," all gliding mysteriously about like so many ghosts. At last I entered a large room, plainly furnished, where I remained half an hour, much amused by the prattle of a young priest in attendance, the most boyish, innocent-hearted creature in the world, who informed me he lived with a mamma and three sisters, who themselves went nowhere but to early mass, and, therefore, to please whom he never either went anywhere. Once he owned to having ventured to Frascati, twelve miles off, but then, added he, "I returned in the evening, for my sisters had made me promise *e non poteva mancare*." In the midst of this chat a door opened—the young priest made a dive and escaped—while I found myself *vis-à-vis* with the cardinal, greatly to my dismay; but his quiet bearing soon reassured me. He begged me to seat myself beside him, and then began a long conversation on my own affairs, expressing himself with the utmost kindness. Nothing can be more *prévénant* in society than this terrible Protestant Jumbo, so often burned in effigy and murdered in ink. A calm, dignified man, perfectly high-bred, and particularly composed in manner.

After I had sat for some time I begged he would not allow me to trespass on his time, but dismiss me when he pleased. "I," replied he, "have no power to dismiss any one." "Then," said I, "allow me to dismiss myself." He apologised for not begging me to remain longer, as he was, he said, suffering under a great domestic trial (the young priest had told me there was illness in the house). The cardinal escorted me to the door, which he opened, bowing me out with all the courtesy of an ordinary gentleman. He did not present his hand for me to kiss his ring, which I had expected. To-day he preaches at the English College.

The gardens of the Villa Lodovisi are decidedly the most beautiful in the vicinity of Rome, situated on the back of the Pincian Hill, close under the walls, and not far from the Villa Albani. On entering, I was astonished at its vast extent; for, in good truth, it is a large park gardenised, affording all the variety of shrubbery, parterre, wood, avenue walks, shady dells, and open spaces, *à l'Anglaise*, planted with trees; all overshadowed by the huge frowning walls heavy with the weight of centuries, indented and arched, with here and there an old tower looming in the background above the lofty trees. Altogether it is a sweet place, with a quiet cloistered air about it, and kept up, too, with a care and tidiness so thoroughly English, one might fancy oneself at Sion or Chatsworth but for the sublimer features of the scene. On entering we passed to the left, along a lordly gravel walk bordered by a thoroughly Italian clipped hedge, from which other walks, bordered by other hedges, all seemingly interminable, open out in every direction, forming charming vistas, and ending in the richly-tinted old ramparts, or in some classic temple, or tomb, or statue. The only thing wanting were fountains, of which, strange to say, near this city of living waters, there were none to be seen.

The other side of the broad walk was laid out in elegant flower parterres.

It was quite a Watteau scene, and I expected every moment to see a party of ladies emerge from behind the high hedges all rouged, and be-hooped, and bedizened, attended by flights of beaux radiant in powder and pearl white, with rapiers by their sides, enamelled snuff-boxes, fans, or bonbonnières in their hands, like a frontispiece to one of Molière's comedies—"But oh! but oh! the hobby-horse is forgot!" No such "precieux ridicules" appeared; there was the scene, the background, but the *dramatis personæ* were all in their graves, and their finery, as well as themselves, kindred dust, far away on the other side of the Alps.

When we reached the end of this particular approach, there appeared a little hill, which I ascended, through pretty trimmed walks, to a charming kiosk at the summit, garlanded with creepers and hemmed round with great variegated aloes, their fat leaves turned down towards the ground. This was for all the world like a drop-scene in a play—only we, miserable sinners, spoilt the delusion by our modern dresses. Beyond was a noble view of modern Rome—for what view of the imperial city is not noble? At our feet bubbled a small fountain into a great shell. Oh, Italy! land of poetry, when can I say I know or can imagine all thy beauties? Far and near their measure overwhelms me; be it in thy lofty oak-shrouded mountains, or in thy classic villas, created for a race of human beings, free, grand, untrammelled, such as Paul Veronese or Titian called into existence; or amid the rich gorgeous shrubs and the

bright flowers, embroidering every hill-side, and casting sweet perfumes in thy balmy breezes!—"Time cannot wither, or custom stale thy infinite variety," may be said more truthfully far of Italy than of poor faded Cleopatra, centuries ago food for envious worms.

But a truce to rhapsody, and enter matter of fact. From the kiosk we descended into a dark ilex wood covering that side of the rising ground, ancient trees, old enough to have bent under the same hurricane that marked the hour of Cæsar's murder and clave the bronze wolf on the Capitol. In a dell at the bottom was a tiny lake, surrounding a moss-covered pile of ruined marble, radiantly green, from whence sprang up a liquid jet, whose gurgling broke the solitude, and answered to the wind whistling overhead; the nymph of this fair domain audibly and evidently flirting with Boreas, who had become most eloquently pressing, judging from the noise he made. In an open space over this sweet dell the Casino (*Anglicè*, house) appeared, where the Princess Piombino repairs when she makes her villeggiatura, and wishes to enjoy nature, which the Italians have no notion of doing, not in the very least appreciating its beauties. The ladies especially, who never go out until the fall of the day, whatever be the season, care as little about the enchanted land, and the flowers, and the fragrant shade, and the delicious breezes, as a Venetian does for a horse. They never walk, never wander about as we English delight to do, but order their carriage, and where that carriage cannot take them they never go. The Casino is rather an ugly building, without the slightest pretension except of comfort. Within the inner hall are the famous frescoes of Guercino, his *Aurora*, and the *Night and Morning*. The *Aurora* is, alas! but a milkmaid after Guido's Goddess, and the black and brown piebalds but Flemish stallions in comparison to those ethereal steeds that skim through the azure main around. However, it is a fine work, and has great force and justness of colouring. The various figures, too, emblematic of night, disappearing in different discomfited attitudes behind dark lowering clouds, all flying at the approach of day, are beautifully conceived; and did one see such frescoes anywhere but at Rome, and so near the Rospigliosi palace, one might well get up an ecstasy about it. On either side of the hall are the figures of *Night and Morning*, both too well known to need more than a casual mention. I admired them much. The dead, heavy sleep of the one, whose eyes are closed over a manuscript she holds in her hand, while the owl, the night birds, and the sleeping child all tell of repose around her, contrasts capitally with the joyous, merry freshness of Day spreading his wings to the morning beams with a soul-inspiring glee, full of youth, of hope, of promise. Other frescoes there are; landscapes of Dominichino and Guercino, no way remarkable except for the excessive greenness of the former's colouring—a defect I had already observed in his frescoes at the Farnese palace. The house is a centre, from which innumerable walks radiate through the delicious groves around. Before it wave great trees of cypress, tall and funereal as fancy can desire, mixed with immense solemn pines, whose twisted, knotted branches spread out in strange agonised shapes from the lofty trunks. High hedges border all the walks, lending a mysterious, intriguing air to the grounds, suggestive of romantic meetings, and escapes, and assignations. Such hedges as these, tell-tale, hollow, and treacherous, must have divided Louis Quatorze from the still innocent Lavallière, when overhearing her confes-

sion of love and admiration for himself (the Grand Monarque) to her fellow-maidens, one day in the gardens of Fontainebleau. Oh, it was a rare scene here, in these lovely gardens. I could have wandered for a whole livelong day.

One walk there was under an avenue of dark ilex trees, forming a sombre shade, as some stray sun-gleams came straggling in as if by chance. Beyond was grass, over which the great boughs feathered down, lending a solitary, lonely character to the scene. On the other side the great walls bounded the view, lit up by the sun. This walk was interminably long—two miles, I should think—diversified by temples and statues at intervals as it wound round the base of the walls. We followed it to a part of the grounds bordered by low houses for preserving the orange-trees in winter, on one side; while at the other, the wall had been turned into a kind of green-house for flowering plants, whose blossoms peeped out prettily between the rents time had made in them. The walls of ancient Rome, and a modern conservatory, yet, “why of that loam might they not stop a beer-barrel?” I thought again of what *Hamlet* says of

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!

The past and the present jostle each other strangely in these classic spots. Time would fail me, and any reader's patience, if I told all the wonders of this enchanted ground, beautiful as the “delectable country” in “*Pilgrini's Progress*.” There were caves deep down, bordering pretty small lakes overshadowed with willows. Rising hills and descending valleys, clothed with whole acres of lilacs, arbutus, and laurel, magnolias, oleanders, and the Lord knows what sweet-scented trees beside. Then there were bridges—some rustic, some architectural—and paths leading winding down among the verdant artificial woods, bordered by plantations of huge grotesque aloes, with thorns quite suicidal in length and sharpness. A large park-like space opened out here, planted with firs, and crossed by roads, along which the meek mouse-coloured bullocks pulled classically-shaped carts. Finally, we emerged from this charming labyrinth into a great broad walk, screened with high hedges of cut cypress, advancing and receding in rounded folds, looking in the distance like rich green velvet, so smooth and bright. The sun now really setting came stealing through in long, slanting, golden rays across the verdant mass, chequering the walk and deepening the shadows.

Two or three other large casinos in the grounds we did not see at all. But we were allowed to enter the gallery of sculptures, where I saw an immense deal of modern restoration, and very little original antiquity. Some of the statues are interesting, but not many. One, which I took for Virginius in the act of sacrificing his daughter, whom he holds by one hand, proved to be a Gaul slaying no one knows whom, and so I lost my interest, particularly as the figure is altogether modern. Here is a good Bernini Plutus carrying off Proserpine, only she fights too *de bonne fois* to be graceful, and he looks too satyr-like to be interesting; still there is great power in it; and I recognised the same master-hand that called the Daphne and Apollo into life. There are some curious old Termini, almost the only originals in the collection.

On the whole, I never spent a pleasanter day than at the Villa Ludovisi, wandering in its lovely groves.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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JULY, 1854.

[NO. CCCCHII.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE KILLER OF ALGERIA	253
THE CAREER. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY "	268
THE LEAFLETS. BY SIR NATHANIEL. NO. XXI.—DR. F.	284
AN VIEW OF THE EASTERN QUESTION	291
AND THITHER	301
OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854. BY FLORENTIA	309
BAGSHAW'S DUEL WITH MAXWELL. BY DUDLEY ELO	315
THE RUSSIAN REACH THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS? BY ALAS MICHELL	326
TIONS OF THE FRENCH OPERA	328
SONY'S "MISCELLANIES"	338
LETTERS FROM THE EAST	344
ES FROM A POET'S PORTFOLIO	355
JOLENT BRIDE'S LAMENT. BY MRS. BUSHEY	367
I DAY	369
IN COURTS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE	378

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

To whom all Communications for the Editor are to be addressed.

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"Yours sincerely,

DR. JUSTUS LIEBIG.

The late **DR. JONATHAN PEREIRA**, Professor at the University of London, Author of the "Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics," &c., &c.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I was very glad to find from you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that you were interested commercially in Cod Liver Oil. It was fitting that the Author of the best analysis and investigations into the properties of this oil should himself be the purveyor of this important medicine.

"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request by giving you my opinion of the quality of the oil of which you gave me a sample; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicine as yourself, whom I regard as the highest authority on the subject.

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. The oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that, for medicinal purposes, no finer oil can be procured.

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear sir, to be very faithfully yours,

(Signed)

JONATHAN PEREIRA.

"Finsbury-square, London, April 16, 1851.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE LION-KILLER OF ALGERIA.

M. JULES GERARD is one of those extraordinary men who seem to have sprung from the French occupation of Algeria. In his own particular department, he can only be compared to the Changarniers, the Cavaignacs, the Lamoricières, the St. Arnauds—the *élite* of the African army in theirs. Still in the prime of life, he is in military rank only a lieutenant of Spahis; but as *le tueur de Lions* his reputation has spread all over Europe and Africa; the Arabs go in quest of him from the most remote duars or encampments, in order to enlist his services against their most formidable enemy. Travellers and romancers have vied with one another in giving currency to his exploits. We are not quite sure if the inimitable Dumas does not boast of having shared a *cotelette de lion* with the African chasseur.

We grieve to find that so resolute a lion-exterminator complains of wear of constitution by toil, privation, fatigue, exposure, and excitement. "My limbs," he tells us, "are no longer supple, my rifle weighs heavily in my hands, my breathing is oppressed on ascending the most trifling eminence—my eyes alone have remained good. The whole machine has worn itself out in the field of honour; may you one day be able to say as much. But I shall nevertheless go on to the end, too happy if Saint Hubert grants me the favour of dying in the claws and the jaws of a lion."*

M. Jules Gerard has, according to his own account, spent six hundred nights alone in the African wilderness, exploring the ravines most favoured by the king of beasts, or waiting at the most frequented passes and fords; he has in that time only seen twenty-five lions. Such a rencontre is not a thing of every day; it requires a vast fund of assiduity, endurance, and perseverance, and not the least curious part of such devoted enmity to the lion tribe is its origin—one which a traveller in the East can almost alone be expected to sympathise with.

The spirit of the "Lion-Killer" was of that select nature which cannot bear to succumb before man or animal—the very proof of this is his readiness on the other hand to bow down before the Creator, or to worship him through Saint Hubert—his patron saint. But he could not bear to be called a *dog of a Christian*. He saw that the Arabs were courageous—far more so than it is given to Europeans to be—but he saw also that they looked with supreme contempt and the most insufferable disdain at their French conquerors, and this he could not tolerate. He

* La Chasse au Lion et les autres Chasses de l'Algérie, par Jules Gérard, précédées d'une introduction par M. Léon Bertrand, Directeur du Journal des Chasseurs.

became resolved to teach them that a Frenchman could do what they could not—attack and slay a lion single-handed, by night, alone:

Already at that time (he says, on an occasion when he was applied to by the people of Mahuna to disembarass the tribe of a family of lions who had taken up their summer quarters in their territory, and who much abused the rights of hospitality) I had spent upwards of a hundred nights alone and without shelter, sometimes seated at the bottom of a ravine frequented by lions, at others beating the pathless woods.

I had met with troops of marauders and with lions, and with the help of God and of Saint Hubert I had always got through successfully.

Only experience had taught me that two balls seldom sufficed to kill an adult lion, and every time that I started on a fresh excursion, I remembered, whether I liked it or not, that such a night appeared too long, either because I was overtaken by an attack of fever which made my hand shake, when I bade it be firm, or that some sudden storm had broken over me, at the most inopportune moment, and had prevented me seeing aught around me for hours together, and that at the very moment when the roar of a lion answered to the rolling of the thunder, and that so close to me, that I looked upon one flash of lightning as a piece of good luck, for which, could it only have been prolonged a moment, I would have given half the blood that flowed in my veins.

And yet I cherished this loneliness—I sought it out of spirit of nationality, in order to lower the hateful pride of the Arabs, whom I was happy to see humble themselves before a Frenchman, not so much for the services which he rendered them gratuitously, and at the peril of his life, but because he accomplished by himself that which they did not dare to do in numbers.

Thus, not only was every lion that fell a matter of wonder to them, but still less could they understand how a stranger could venture alone, and at night, in those ravines which the people of the country avoided even by broad daylight.

In the eyes of the Arabs, brave in war, brave everywhere, except in the presence of the master who they say holds his force from the Creator, the hunter did not require to awaken the duars of the mountain by a distant explosion in order to obtain a triumph.

It was sufficient that he should leave his tent at the fall of night, and that he should return at break of day safe and well.

It will be easily understood that the existence of this feeling among the Arabs made it a law with me to continue in the career which I had marked out for myself, and that it was even of great help to me against emotions which were sometimes all-powerful, and against, I am not ashamed to add, the anguish of solitude by night in a country bristling with dangers of all kinds.

The national pride which had made me enter upon this career, once satisfied by repeated successes, I might have allowed myself to be accompanied by a few men, of great courage and devotedness, whose presence alone would have rendered my task one of less irksomeness; but I had so excited myself in favour of these nocturnal expeditions, face to face with my rifle, that it often happened to me to pass my night in the woods, even when I had no hopes of meeting a lion, wandering at haphazard till day would break upon me, far away from my tent, harassed with fatigue, stumbling from sleepiness, and yet proud of the manner I had passed my time, pleased with myself, and ready to begin again in the evening.

I scarcely believe that one of my readers will understand this impulse, for I doubt that I could have sympathised with it myself until I had experienced it.

Should one of my numerous brethren of Saint Hubert come with me from evening till morning, for a whole month, in these savage glens which seem to be made for lions only, and should he have the good fortune to hear that magisterial voice which imposes silence and dread on all created beings, that man would certainly experience emotions which were before unknown

him ; but still the presence of a fellow-creature by his side would prevent his feeling, or even understanding, what is experienced by the hunter who is completely isolated.

From the moment that the first stars twinkle in the heavens, till break of day, the latter is obliged to be perpetually on the look-out ; to perceive and distinguish every noise, to decide at once if he does not mistake stones for marauders, or marauders for stones ; to penetrate with his eyes the thickness of the forest and the gloom that hangs over his pathway ; to stop and listen, to be sure that he is not followed ; in one word, to remember that he is momentarily in danger of death, without hope of assistance ; and, as a sequence, he is always in a state of excitement, and yet ready to fight with that calmness and steadiness which do not always save him in so unequal a struggle, but without which he is lost, without a chance or a resource.

Such are the very things that aroused in me the passion for hunting lions by night, and alone.

If among the sportsmen for whom I have written these lines there should be one who would wish to enter the lists ; to make him understand the pleasures which may indemnify him for the moral and physical fatigues which any one following such a pursuit must of necessity be exposed to ; I should say to such a one, "The lists are open to all, have yourself bravely inscribed !

"But away with all traps and pitfalls, all ambuscades, as practised by the Arabs !

"Away with all daylight hunting and the presence of witnesses before whom you dare not be afraid !

"Wait for night, and at the first roar of the Lion, be off, but alone and on foot !

"If you do not find the lion, begin again next night, if you can, and then another, till your expedition has had a conclusion.

"If you come back from it, which I earnestly desire may be the case, so that I may give up my place to you, I promise you, in return for what you shall have gone through—in the first place, for the future an utter indifference to death, with whom you will be always ready to make an alliance, whatever may be the form under which he shall present himself ; in the second, the esteem, the affection, the gratitude, and even more, of a multitude of people who are, and who will remain hostile to all of your country and your religion ; and, lastly, reminiscences which will give youth to your old age.

"If you do not return, which will grieve me both on your own account and mine, you may be sure, that at the spot where the Arabs shall find your remains, they will raise—not a mausoleum, as they say with us—but a heap of stones, on the top of which they will place broken pottery, rusty iron, a stray cannon-ball, a heap of things which with them take the place of an epitaph, and signify : *Here perished a man.*

"You must understand that, with the Arabs, it is not sufficient to cultivate a pair of mustachoes, or have a hirsute chin, to be a *man*, and that with them such an epitaph means a great deal more than many a well-set phrase. I only now that, as far as I am personally concerned, I wish for no other."

Before we describe in the words of the "Lion-Killer" how he dealt with the monarch of the wilderness, it will be well to say something as to how the Arabs vanquish this most formidable enemy to their flocks ; and this again must be precluded by a few words concerning the lion itself. It appears, then, from the experiences obtained by M. Jules Gerard, that lions are much more numerous than lionesses ; hence it is not an uncommon thing to meet one of these ladies accompanied by three or four attendants, who ever and anon indulge in a little skirmish, until disgusted by seeing none of these gallants bite the dust in her cause, the lioness seduces the trio into the presence of some great old lion, whose courage she has appreciated by hearing him roar.

The lovers resign themselves bravely to the combat, and arrive with the lioness in presence of their formidable rival.

No discussion takes place ; the results of such a meeting are infallible. Attacked by the three pretenders, the old lion receives them without moving a step ; with the first bite he kills one, with the second he grinds a leg of another, and the third may think himself well off if he gets away with one eye, leaving the other in the claws of the conqueror.

When two grown-up lions meet under similar circumstances matters take a different turn :

Muhammad, great hunter of all kinds of animals except lions, was, one fine moonlight night, perched upon an oak, waiting for a hind he had seen in company with some stags. The tree upon which he had posted himself stood in the midst of an extensive glade, and close by a pathway.

About midnight he saw a lioness arrive, followed by a yellow lion with full mane. The lioness left the pathway, and came and laid down at the foot of the oak ; the lion remained upright, and seemed to listen.

Muhammad then heard a distant roaring—so distant as to be scarcely perceptible, but the lioness answered it. The lion then began to roar so lustily that the terrified Arab let his gun fall whilst laying hold of the branches to prevent himself from tumbling down from the tree.

As the animal which had first been heard came nearer, the lioness roared still more loudly, whilst the lion paced backwards and forwards, looking now and then furiously at the lioness, as if to impose silence on her, and then turning round, as if to say, " Well, come—I am waiting for you."

At the expiration of an hour, a lion black as a boar (the lion with a black mane appears, as in Southern Africa, to be stronger and more ferocious than the lion with a yellow mane) made his appearance in the glade. The lioness rose up to meet him, but the lion at once placed himself between her and the new comer. Both stooped to take their spring, bounded simultaneously against one another, and then rolled upon the greensward in the midst of the glade, to rise no more.

The struggle was long and frightful to behold by the involuntary witness of this duel.

Whilst bones were cracking under the powerful jaws of these terrible adversaries, their claws were tearing out their entrails, which lay palpitating on the grass, and stifled angry moans spoke at once of their passion and their sufferings.

The lioness had lain down on her belly from the beginning of the combat to the end ; and she testified by wagging the tip of her tail how much pleasure she experienced at seeing these two lions destroying one another for her sake.

When all was over she cautiously approached the two bodies to smell them, after which she slowly took her way to other districts, without condescending to reply to the rather coarse epithet which Muhammad could not prevent himself, for want of a ball, applying to her, and not without some justifiable reasons.

What De Balzac was to the Parisians, M. Jules Gerard is to the lionesses. This example of conjugal infidelity applies itself, he tells us, to the whole sex. Yet nothing can exceed the cares and the attentions of the wedded lion. He always walks behind his lady ; if she stops, he stops also. If they arrive at a duar which is to furnish supper she lies down, whilst he bravely throws himself over the inclosure, and brings her whatever he has selected as most worthy of her ; nor does he venture to eat himself till she has satisfied her appetite. Such attentions deserve a better fate. When a lioness is about to cub, she repairs to some isolated and little-frequented ravine. The lion keeps watch at a short distance. The cubs, especially the females, suffer much from dentition, and many

at that time. The Arabs also try to capture the lion cubs, watching moment when the parents are away. This is a feat not unaccompanied by danger; witness the following anecdote:

In the month of March, 1840, a lioness cubbed in a wood called Al Guala, in the mountain of Maziyun, among the Zirdasah. The chief of the tribe, Zaidan, summoned Sidak ban Umbark, shaikh of the tribe of Bani his neighbour; and on the day appointed thirty men of each tribe the Maziyun by break of day.*

Sixty Arabs, after having surrounded the bush in every direction, and seeing no lioness make its appearance, they pushed into it, and captured two cubs.

When they were returning noisily, thinking that they had nothing further to do from the mother, when Shaikh Sidak, who had remained a little, saw her coming out of the wood and making right towards him.

Sidak hastened to call his nephew, Maka-ud, and his friend, Ali ban Braham, to his assistance. The lioness, instead of attacking the shaikh, who was on horseback, rushed upon the nephew, who was on foot.

The latter waited for her without flinching, and only pulled his trigger when the lioness was upon him. The old weapon flashed in the pan. Maka-ud threw down his gun, and presented his left arm to the lioness wrapped in burnus. The latter seized it and ground it to pieces, whilst the gallant fellow, without recoiling a step, or uttering a single groan, seized a pistol he carried under his burnus, and obliged the lioness to let go, by putting his arm into its belly.

Immediately afterwards the lioness threw herself upon Ali ban Braham, who fell into her throat with little effect; he was seized by the shoulders and thrown down; his right hand was ground to atoms, several ribs were laid bare, and he only owed his safety to the death of the lioness, which expired with him.

Ali ban Braham survived this adventure, but a lame and useless man; he died twenty-four days afterwards.

Lion cubs begin to attack sheep or goats that stray into their neighbourhood by the time they are from eight months to a year old. Sometimes they even try a cow, but they are so unskilful that often ten are killed for one killed, and the father is obliged to lend a helping paw. It is not, indeed, till they are two years of age that young lions know how to strangle a camel, a horse, or an ox, with a single grasp at their throat, or to bound over the hedges about a couple of yards in height, and are supposed to protect the duars.

During this period of their life lions are truly ruinous to the Arabs. They are only to obtain food, but to learn to kill. It can be easily understood that such an apprenticeship must cost to those who have to furnish maintenance. The lions are adult at eight years of age; the male has a full mane, and the Arabs distinguish the chief with a black mane, the *ya*, the most formidable of all; the yellow lion, *al asfar*; and the grey one, *al zarzuri*. The yellow and grey lions wander over wide country, but the black lion has been known to reside for thirty years in the same spot. Lions do not feed by day—the time at which

* Arabic of Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco (*Mughribu-l-Aksa* and *Mughribu-l-Aghra*) whence our word *Moors* differs materially from that of Egypt and Arabia, hence we have adopted, when available, Count Graberg's vocabulary, as in the seventh volume of the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*.

The French write *el* for *al*, the; *oun* for *un*, as in *ain*, *ayun*, spring, *cheik* for *shaikh*; *douar* for *dwar*, encampment; *Ouled* for *U'lut* tribe; *oued* for *wad*, a river, plural *audiya*, rivers; or in Morocco, *widan*.

travellers have passed such, or met with them with impunity. At night-time such a rencounter would, our experienced hunter asserts, be most assuredly fatal to any one except to so practised a shot as M. Jules Gerard himself, or to so gallant a sportsman as Mr. Gordon Cumming :

Some years before the occupation of Constantine by the French, among the prisoners in the town there were two condemned to death, two brothers, who were to be executed the next morning.

These men were ham-stringers on the highway, and many traits of their strength and daring were related. The Bey, fearing an evasion, had had a foot of each united in the same iron shackle, and this riveted on the flesh.

No one knows how it happened, but certain it is, that when the executioner presented himself in the morning, the prison was empty.

In the mean time, after many ineffectual attempts to rid themselves of their horrible shackle, the two brothers had taken to the open country, to avoid all untoward rencounters.

When the day broke they hid themselves among the rocks, and when night came they continued their journey. About midnight they met with a lion.

The two robbers began by throwing stones at him, shouting at the same time as lustily as they could, to endeavour to frighten him, but the animal couched himself before them and never moved.

Finding that insults and opprobrious epithets were of no avail, the brothers had then recourse to prayers ; but the lion bounded upon them, threw them down, and without further to do set to work eating up the elder by the side of his brother, who simulated death.

When he came to the leg that was held by the shackle, the lion, feeling an obstacle, he cut it off below the knee. This done, being satisfied or thirsty, he took himself off to a neighbouring spring. Thinking that the lion would come back the moment he had satisfied his thirst, the poor devil who remained behind sought for some place to hide himself ; and, luckily, finding a hole, he dragged himself and his brother's leg into it. Shortly afterwards he heard the lion roar passionately, and pass several times near the hole in which he was hid. At last day broke, and the animal went away.

At the moment when the unfortunate man was getting out of his hole, he found himself in presence of several of the Bey's horsemen, who were on the look-out for the lost prisoners. One of them took him up behind, and he was conveyed back to prison.

The Bey not being able to credit the story as related to him, he ordered the man to be brought before him, still dragging with him his brother's leg. Notwithstanding his reputation for cruelty, Ahmed Bey, on seeing the man, ordered his shackles to be let loose, and set him at liberty.

M. Jules Gerard calculates that every lion consumes annually, horses, mules, camels, oxen and sheep, to the value of 300*l*. The thirty lions, he says, which in the present day are to be met with in the province of Constantine, and which will be replaced by others from Tunis or Morocco, cost annually 4000*l*. The Arab who pays five francs taxes to the state, pays fifty francs to the lion. These poor people have burnt down half the woods in Algeria to rid themselves of these destructive neighbours. The authorities have inflicted heavy fines for such destruction of forests ; but the Arabs have clubbed together to pay the fines, and continue to fire the woods.

The most striking features in the lion's character are, according to our experienced lion-killer, idleness, impassibility, and audacity. As to his magnanimity, he is no believer in such a thing, which is, indeed, opposed to the animal's instincts—the more powerful as they are uncontrolled by any counteracting influences, save satiety, indifference, or caution. The

Arab proverb says, "When you start for a journey, do not go alone, and arm yourself as if you were going to meet a lion."

The Arabs, according to M. Jules Garard, have found by experience that the gun alone is a means of destruction more dangerous for man than for a lion, so they have adopted snares instead; but it is manifest that snares to catch lions must have been in use before even guns were invented.

The snare most in use is the pit. During the spring, summer, and autumn months, the Arabs can establish their duar at some twenty or thirty miles from the lion-frequented mountains and forests; but in winter they are obliged to come nearer to both for fuel and shelter. This is a period when the lions enjoy themselves exceedingly. The Arabs, too lazy to work themselves, get the Kabyles to come and dig a pit for them in the very centre of the duar, which generally contains from ten to thirty tents. The pit is then surrounded by branches, piled up to a height of about six or seven feet, and the cattle are placed at night within the tents, as near the pit as possible. When a lion comes he vaults over the outer enclosure of the duar, and then bounding among the cattle tumbles into the pit, "where, roaring with anger and disappointment, he will be insulted and ill-treated, he whose imposing voice made the plain and the mountain tremble; he will die a miserable death, assassinated by cowards, by women and children."

When an event like this takes place, the whole duar rises in a mass, the women scream, the men fire away to communicate the intelligence to their neighbours, the children and dogs make a horrible noise; every one is almost delirious with joy, for every one has some loss or other to avenge. There is no more sleeping that night, fires are lit, a sheep is killed, the cuscusu is got ready, there are nothing but arrivals and feasting.

As to the lion, he makes one or two terrific bounds to clear the pit, but finding that this is impossible, he resigns himself to his fate. He hears all this noise—he knows that he is lost—that he will die there an inglorious death, incapable of defending himself; but he will receive insults and balls alike, without wincing, without a murmur.

When day comes the women and children begin to throw stones and abuse their captive enemy—the women are especially active in the latter department; then the men begin to fire balls at the noble beast, who, after he has received some dozen in his body without stirring or uttering a single moan, lifts up his fine majestic head to cast one long look of contempt at his enemies, and then lays down to die.

After the *zubiya* or pit, comes the *malbida* or hiding-places, which are of two kinds; a pit covered with branches of trees, stones, and earth, large enough to contain several men, and with holes left to fire out of, in the direction of a recently killed animal, put there as a bait; and a large old tree, in which several men can hide themselves, and fire away in safety.

There are, however, some tribes who hunt the lion openly, but in numbers, and they have a certain set of signals understood only by one another. The lion never hesitates to attack them, even if they are thirty in number; and he is seldom killed without one of the number falling a victim to his prowess, or several leaving portions of their flesh

in the claws of the expiring animal. A lion, it is to be observed, is always more dangerous at the moment of death than at any other time.

Thus, at the moment of action, if he can reach one of his adversaries before he is wounded, he contents himself with overthrowing him as an obstacle, and the man, if he is covered with a good burnus, often escapes with a few scratches. But if he has received one or more balls, he kills or tears to pieces the first he seizes, or sometimes he will carry him off in his mouth, shaking him till he perceives other assailants, whom he attacks in their turn.

But when he is seriously hurt, struck to death for example, and he gets hold of an assailant, he draws him under him, squeezing him in his powerful grasp; and after having placed the victim's face under his eyes, he appears, like a cat with a mouse, to rejoice in his agony.

Whilst his claws tear away deliberately the flesh from his victim, his flaming eyeballs are fixed on him till he is so fascinated by the look that he neither dares to cry nor moan. From time to time the lion passes his great rough tongue over the face of the moribund, frowns at him, and shows his teeth.

Under such circumstances, as a number firing may involve the death of the man as well as that of the lion, the Arabs always depute one of their number, generally a near relative to the victim, to fire into the lion at the muzzle end of his gun. If the lion is exhausted, he grinds the head of the man that is beneath him the moment he sees the barrel of the gun lowered towards his ear, closes his eyes, and waits the fatal blow; but if, on the contrary, he can still act, he hastens to kill the victim in his grasp, only to spring upon the adventurous hunter who has dared to come to his succour. The duty which thus devolves upon a near relative among the Arabs is of the most perilous description; for as the lion remains couched over his victim it is impossible to form a correct estimate as to his condition, and the new assailant may be torn to pieces before he has even time to fire his gun, still less can any assistance be given to him, although his companions are standing ready only a few paces off.

It was absolutely necessary to understand the character of the African lion, and the difficulty which the Arabs experience in exterminating their most formidable enemy, to appreciate the prowess of the Algerian lion-killer. Should any of our readers experience a qualm of incredulity, we advise them to keep it to themselves, for the lion-killer deals in *lingots de fer*, sometimes *à pointe d'acier*, common bullets having been discarded long ago by him; and he is such a determined rover that, depend upon it, he will come over to administer a dose to any incredulous ally who may venture to impugn his veracity or doubt his good faith.

M. Jules Gerard relates, for example, that he was summoned by the U'lut Kassî, or Ouled Cessi, as he calls them, to assist in the extermination of a couple of lions who had taken up their quarters in their territory. He was glad of the opportunity, he tells us, to show what could be accomplished by the will of a *Christian dog*, and, although he "assisted" at the discussion which always with the Arabs precedes action, he was determined to do the thing himself, attended by only one of the tribe to carry a second rifle:

Scarcely had the Arabs quitted the place of discussion (our lion-killer relates) to reach the position I had assigned them, as one of observation, than

a lion came out of the wood and made right towards me : a second followed at about a distance of fifty paces.

I was seated on a rock which commanded the position, and which could only be reached by steps intersected with crevices.

The Arab was by my side ; I took my Devisme rifle and cocked it. I also cocked the reserve one-barrelled rifle and left it in the man's hands, after having encouraged him, and told him to hand it to me the moment I had fired twice.

The first lion having vaulted upon the lower steps of the rock, he stopped ; I was just going to pull the trigger when he turned to look at his comrade.

This movement presented me the shoulder so advantageously that I no longer hesitated.

He fell roaring at the discharge, tried to get up, but fell down again. Both shoulders were broken.

The second was already at the foot of the rock, his tail up ; he received the first shot a little behind the shoulder when about ten paces from his companion ; he was staggered for a moment, but soon recovered himself, and with a prodigious spring reached the very rock on which I stood.

To take the rifle out of the hands of the trembling Arab, to aim it at the lion's temple, to fire and kill it on the spot at a distance of barely four paces, was done and accomplished, thanks to the protection of Saint Hubert, my patron, in less time than it takes me to write it down.

This is the way to kill lions—two at one sitting—without a scratch or even a chance of resistance on the part of the powerful beasts ! Well may the lion-killer have felt proud of his prowess in the presence of the brave but unskilful Arab ! How such success shows what can be done with efficient arms and a steady hand and eye. The consciousness that the least wavering in firmness of purpose at such a supreme crisis must entail an inevitable and a painful death, would unnerve some people ; others, on the contrary, it would only nerve to the point and steady to the emergency. It is manifestly, however, no sport for a constitutionally nervous man—he had better keep to spearing wild boars in company, or shooting tigers from an elephant's back.

On the 16th of July, 1845, M. Jules Gerard received an invitation from the inhabitants of the Mahuna to assist them in getting rid of a family of lions, who had established themselves in their neighbourhood. On arriving in their territory, he ascertained that the family was in the habit of quenching their thirst every night in the Wad Sharf, and, making his way to the spot indicated, he ascertained by the footprints that the family was numerous, consisting of father and mother and three children, already nearly of the age of adults.

An old shaikh of the tribe—Tayib by name—who was one of the party, said, "There are too many of them; let us go away." The lion-killer only bade the Arabs withdraw, he would remain, and after prayers for his safety, and piling a heap of wood to be fired as a signal of success, they all went away, the old shaikh not forgetting to recommend "the lord with the big head"—the father of the family—to the lion-killer's attentions. He had devoured his favourite mare and ten cows !

A few minutes more (M. Jules Gerard relates) the shaikh had disappeared in the wood, and I remained alone on the banks of the Wad Sharf, in presence of the traces of five lions who had been there the evening before, of the pile erected in their honour, and of the mysterious cover upon which the shadows of night already threw an impenetrable veil, and which my imagination delighted in tearing open in order to count the teeth and claws of the "lord with the large head," and of the family he claimed protection over.

The ravine of the Mahuna, in the depths of which I had taken my station

is at once the most picturesque and the most savage that it is possible to imagine.

Let the reader picture to himself two mountains cleft perpendicularly below, and their slopes above intersected by profound ravines, and covered with forests of evergreen oak, wild olives, and lentiscs.

Between these two mountains is the bed of the Wad Sharf, almost dry in summer, and literally strewn with the dung of animals of different kinds, but in winter-time scarcely fordable from swollen waters.

To look at this ravine from afar, it would be deemed uninhabitable. Yet there have been families sufficiently bold to settle there, at a time when they have been persecuted in the plain, and have been obliged to save their property and their lives—to choose a retreat safe, at all events, from man.

Notwithstanding the ravages committed by lions, these families have chosen to abide by their seclusion; and each of them, when discussing their annual budget, says: "So much for the lions, so much for the state, and so much for us." And the lion's share is always ten times greater than that of the state.

The paths of communication on the slopes of the two mountains are so narrow and bad, that in many places a man on foot can scarcely make his way without running the risk of breaking his neck.

It is the same with regard to the fords which lead across the Wad Sharf, and establish a communication between one slope and the other. That by which the lions came to drink at the stream, and which I was now watching, was, like the rest, narrow and abrupt.

At this place the Wad Sharf made a bend, which limited the view in either direction still more, so that the precise spot where I stood was like the bottom of a funnel, and so dark that neither sun nor moon—my second sun—ever lit it up.

Since that night I have passed many another, and in localities very little frequented, but I have never passed one that appeared to me so short.

Seated near an oleander that overlooked the ford, I sought with eyes and ears the fire of a tent or the barking of a dog in the mountain; something that would say to me: "You are not alone."

But everything was wrapt in silence and obscurity, and as far as the eye or the ear could reach there were no men. I was there alone with my rifle.

Nevertheless time crept on, and the moon, which I had no hopes of seeing, so circumscribed was my horizon, began to cast around me a kind of twilight, which awoke in me a sense of deep gratitude.

It was about eleven o'clock, and I was beginning to feel surprised at having waited so long, when I thought I heard the crackling of wood.

By degrees the sound became more distinct; it came, there was no longer any doubt upon the matter, from several large animals.

Soon I perceived several luminous points of a reddish movable hue that were advancing towards me.

I had now no trouble in making out the family of lions who were coming in a file along the path which led to the ford at which I was stationed.

Instead of five, I could only make out three, and when they stopped at a distance of some fifteen paces, on the banks of the river, it appeared that the one which led the way, although of a more than respectable size and physiognomy, could not be the lord with the great head who had been so strongly recommended to me by the shaikh.

There they were, all three looking at me with an expression of astonishment. According to the plan I had laid out for myself, I aimed at the first, right at the shoulder, and fired. A painful and terrible roar replied to the discharge of my gun, and as soon as the smoke allowed me to perceive anything, I made out two lions retracing their steps slowly into the wood, and the third, with both shoulders broken, dragging himself towards me on his belly.

I at once understood that the father and mother were not of the party, a circumstance which caused me no particular regret.

Feeling satisfied as to the intentions of those whom the fall of their brother

had induced to withdraw themselves so unceremoniously, I only troubled myself with the former.

I had just got down the powder, when, by an effort which made him roar with pain, he got within three paces of me, exhibiting at the same time all his teeth; a second ball made him, like the first, roll down into the bed of the rivulet; three times he returned to the charge, and it was only by the third ball, fired right into his eye, that he was stretched out dead.

I said that at the first fire the lion roared with pain; at the same moment, and as if it had seen what was taking place, a panther began to cry out with all its strength, on the left bank of the Wad Sharf.

At the second shot, the lion having roared as before, the same cry made itself heard, and another like it answered it further on, below the ford.

In short, as long as this drama lasted, three or four panthers, whose presence in the neighbourhood I never suspected, nor have I ever heard them or seen them since, got up a perfect bacchanalian row, in joy for the death of an enemy whom they held in utmost dread.

The lion I had killed was about three years of age, fat, well-proportioned, and armed like an adult.

After having made sure that he was worth the powder expended on him, and that the Arabs, when they saw him, would salute him with satisfaction and respect, I thought of the pile, which was not long lighting up the two sides of the mountain.

The sound of a distant shot was brought to me by the echo; it was the signal of victory sent by the shaikh to all the duars of the Mahuna, who answered it in their turn.

At break of day upwards of two hundred Arabs, men, women, and children, arrived from all sides to contemplate, and insult at their ease, their fallen enemy.

Whilst this drama, as the lion-killer justly enough designates it, was being enacted, it appeared from the report of the old shaikh, Tayib, that the veteran with the big head had made free with another of his oxen. Between the time of the fall of his son on the Wad Sharf and the 13th of August following, a single inhabitant of Mahuna, Lakdar by name, was deprived by this ferocious beast of prey of no less than forty-five sheep, a mare, and twenty-nine head of cattle:

At his earnest request (M. Jules Gerard relates) I arrived at his tent on the evening of the 13th of August; I passed several nights in exploring the neighbourhood without finding the animal. The evening of the 26th, Lakdar said to me: "The black bull is missing from the herd, therefore the lion has come back. To-morrow morning I shall go and seek for his remains, and if I find them had luck to him."

Next morning, scarcely was the sun up before Lakdar had returned.

When he woke me up, I found him doubled up near me and motionless. His face was beaming, his burnus damp with dew; his dogs, couched at his feet, were covered with mud, for the night had been stormy.

"Good morning, brother," he said to me, "I have found him; come."

Without asking him a single question, I took my rifle and followed him.

After having traversed a great wood of wild olives, we descended into a ravine, where tumbled-down rocks and a dense overgrowth rendered further progress extremely difficult.

When we had arrived at the very worst part we found ourselves in presence of the defunct bull.

The breast and thighs had been devoured, the remainder was untouched, and the lion had turned the bull so that the parts on which he was feeding should lie undermost. I said to Lakdar:

"Bring me a cake and some water immediately, and let no one come near here till to-morrow morning."

After he had brought me my dinner, I took up my station at the foot of ~~a~~ a wild olive-tree about three paces distant from the bull.

I cut off a few branches in order to cover myself from behind, and I waited—~~I~~ I waited for a long time.

At about eight o'clock, the dim rays of the new moon which was sinking ~~—g~~ below the horizon no longer lit up the corner in which I lay secreted but very ~~—f~~ feebly.

Leaning against the trunk of the tree, and only able to distinguish such ob— ~~—~~jects as were close to me, I contented myself with listening.

A branch cracked at a distance; I got up and assumed a commodious offe— ~~—~~sive position; my elbow lay upon my left knee, my rifle stuck to my shoulder, my finger was on the trigger, I listened a moment but without hearing any— ~~—~~thing more.

At last a stifled roar broke forth within thirty paces of me, and then came ~~—~~ nearer; it was succeeded by a kind of low guttural sound, which, with the ~~—~~ lion, is a sign of hunger.

Immediately afterwards the animal made no more noise, and I could not ~~—~~ make out where he was till I saw his monstrous head leaning over the shoul— ~~—~~ders of the bull.

He was beginning to lick it, having his eyes fixed on me all the time, when an ingot of iron struck him an inch from his left eye.

He roared, rose up upon his hind legs, and received another ingot, which tumbled him over on the spot. Struck by this second shot in the very centre of his chest, he was stretched on his back by the blow, and worked his enormous paws in the air.

After having reloaded, I went up to the lion, and thinking that he was al— ~~—~~most dead, I struck with my dagger at his heart; but by an involuntary move— ~~—~~ment he warded off the blow, and the blade broke upon his fore-arm.

I jumped back, and as he was lifting up his enormous head, I administered ~~—~~ to him two more ingots, which finished him off.

And thus perished the "lord with the great head."

It is absurd to try and shoot lions when it is perfectly dark—a little moonlight is absolutely necessary. Our lion-killer, accustomed as he was to be out in the darkest nights, acknowledges that such a proceeding is very foolish, and that it nearly cost him his life—indeed, he was not a little glad to escape safe and whole from the first rencounter that he had on a dark night:

It was in the month of February, 1845. I had had the honour of receiving a few months previously a capital rifle from H.R.H. the Duke of Aumale.

I had then only killed two lions, and felt very anxious to kill a third with this weapon, since made illustrious by thirteen victories, but which is even now less dear to me because it has been my companion and my safety for three hundred nights, than because it was given to me by the prince.

A fever which I had caught during my first excursions had prevented me entering upon a new campaign. Hoping that the sea air would benefit me, I went to Bône at the end of February.

But having received intelligence that a great old lion was committing ravages in the neighbourhood of the camp of Drayan, I sent to Ghelma for my arms, and left Bône the 26th of February.

The 27th, at five o'clock in the evening, I arrived at the duar of the U'tut Bu Azizi, not above a mile and a half from the haunt of my beast, which, according to the old men of the tribe, had taken up his abode in the Jibal Krunaga for the last thirty years.

I learnt, on arriving, that every evening, at sunset, the lion roared on leaving his den, and that at night he came down into the plain still roaring.

It appeared impossible that I should not meet him, so I loaded both my guns as hastily as I could, nor indeed scarcely had I concluded the operation, to

which the greatest attention must always be paid, than I heard the lion roaring in the mountain.

My host offered to accompany me to the ford which the lion would pass on leaving the mountain ; so I gave him my other gun to carry, and we started.

It was so dark that we could not see two paces before us. After having walked about a quarter of an hour through cover, we arrived on the banks of a rivulet which flowed from the Jibal Krun-aga.

My guide, exceedingly disturbed by the roaring which kept coming nearer and nearer, said : " The ford is there."

I endeavoured to examine the position, but everything around me was enveloped in utter darkness ; I could not even see my Arab, who touched me.

Not being able to distinguish anything with my eyes, I began to descend to the rivulet, in order to discover by feeling with the hand if there were any remains of animals. It was a narrow pent-up ford, the approaches to which were difficult and abrupt.

Having selected a stone which would serve as a seat, right over the waters of the rivulet and a little above the ford, I dismissed my guide, much to his satisfaction.

Whilst I had been reconnoitring the locality he kept saying : " Let us go back to the duar ; the night is too dark ; we will seek the lion to-morrow by daylight."

Not daring to return to the duar alone, he hid himself in a mass of lentiscs about fifty paces away from the ford. After having ordered him not to move, come what might, I took up my position on the stone.

The lion had never ceased roaring, and was coming gradually nearer and nearer.

Having closed my eyes for a few minutes, I succeeded, on opening them, in making out a vertical bank at my feet, cut out no doubt when the waters were swollen, for the rivulet now flowed at a depth of some feet below : the ford was to my left, a little more than a gun's length : I arranged my plan accordingly.

If I could make out the lion in the rivulet I would fire at him there, the bank being in my favour, if I was lucky enough to wound him seriously.

It was about nine o'clock, when a loud roar burst forth a hundred yards from the rivulet. I cocked my gun and my elbow on my knee, the butt on my shoulder, my eyes fixed on the water, which I caught sight of at times : I waited.

Time began to appear long, when, from the opposite bank of the rivulet, and immediately in front of me, there came a deep sigh, with a guttural sound like the rattling in the throat of a man in the agony of death.

I raised my eyes in the direction of this ominous sound, and I perceived the eyes of the lion fixed upon me like two burning coals. The fixidity of the look, which cast a wan light that lit up nothing around, not even the bead to which it was attached, caused all the blood that was in my veins to regurgitate to my heart.

Only one minute ago I was shivering with cold, now the perspiration rolled down my forehead.

Whoever has not seen an adult lion in a wild state, living or dead, may believe in the possibility of a struggle, body to body, with a lion. He who has seen one knows that a man struggling with a lion is a mouse in the claws of a cat.

I have said that I had already killed two lions ; the smallest weighed five hundred pounds. He had, with one stroke of his enormous paw, brought a horse at full speed to a stand-still. Horse and rider had remained upon the spot.

From that time I was sufficiently aware of their resources to know what I had to do. I no longer, for example, looked to my dagger as a means of safety.

But what I said to myself,—and I repeat it now,—in a case where one or two balls did not succeed in killing a lion (a great possibility), when he should bound upon me, if I could resist the shock, I would make him swallow my gun up to the stock; and then, if his powerful claws have neither torn nor harpooned me, I would work away with my dagger at his eyes or heart, according as I should be placed with regard to the animal and the amount of freedom of action which I still possessed.

If I fell with the shock of the bound (which is more than probable), so long as I had both hands free, my left should search the region of the heart, and my right should strike the blow.

If next morning two bodies are found mutually embracing one another, mine, at all events, will not have left the field of battle, and that of the lion will not be far off,—the dagger will have told the rest.

I had just drawn my dagger from its scabbard, and stuck it in the earth, within reach of my hand, when the lion's eyes began to lower towards the rivulet.

I bade good-by to those I loved best, and having promised them to die well, when my finger sought for the trigger I was less agitated than the lion that was taking to the water.

I heard his first step in the rivulet, which flowed past rapidly and noisily, and then nothing more. Had he stopped? Was he walking towards me? That is what I asked myself as I sought to penetrate with my eyes the dark veil that wrapt everything around me, when I thought I heard close to me, to the left, the sound of his footfall in the mud.

He was indeed out of the rivulet, and was quietly ascending the slope towards the ford, when the movement I made induced him to stop short. He was only four or five paces from me, and could reach me with a single bound.

It is useless to seek the sight of a rifle when one cannot see the barrel. I fired as I best could, my head up and my eyes open, and, by the momentary flash, I made out an enormous mass, hairy, but without form. A terrific roar followed; the lion was mortally wounded.

To the first burst of grief succeeded dull threatening moans. I heard the animal struggling in the mud on the banks of the rivulet, and then he grew quiet.

Thinking he was dead, or at all events incapable of getting out of the hole he was in, I returned to the duar with my guide, who having heard all that had passed, was persuaded that the lion was ours.

I need not say that I did not sleep that night. At the first break of day we arrived at the ford; no lion was to be seen. We found, in the midst of a pool of blood, of which the animal had lost a large quantity, a bone as big as a finger, which led me to suppose he had a shoulder broken.

A great root had been cut in two by the lion's jaws from the side of the embankment, about two feet from where I stood. The agony that he must have felt by the tumble experienced from this mishap was the cause, no doubt, of the moans I had heard, and had prevented him renewing his attack. It was in vain that we followed the traces of his blood; he had kept along the bed of the rivulet, and they were soon lost.

The next day the Arabs of the country, who had many losses to lay to the account of the lion, and who were persuaded that he was mortally wounded, came and offered to help in the search.

There were sixty of us—some on foot, others on horseback; after some hours of ineffectual search, I returned to the duar, and was preparing to take my departure, when I heard several shots fired, followed by loud hurrahs in the direction of the mountain.

I started off as fast as my steed would carry me, and was soon satisfied that my hopes would not be disappointed this time. The Arabs were flying in every direction, and crying out like madmen.

Some had placed the rivulet between them and the lion; others bolder, be-

just they were on horseback, having seen him drag himself with difficulty towards the mountain, which he endeavoured to climb up, had got together, the number of ten, "to finish him off," as they said. The shaikh led them on.

I had just passed the rivulet, and was going to get down off my horse, when I saw the horsemen, the shaikh at the head of them, turn round and make off as fast as ever they could tear.

The lion, with only three legs, bounded over the rocks and lentiscs* with greater agility than they did, roaring all the time so lustily as to terrify the horses to that degree that their riders had no longer any control over them.

The horses continued to gallop, but the lion had stopped in a glade, looking after the runaways with a proud, threatening aspect. And truly magnificent he was, with his open mouth, casting looks of defiance and death upon all round. How stern he looked with his black mane bristling up, and his tail striking his sides with passion.

From the place where I stood to where he was there might be about three hundred paces. I got down and called to one of the Arabs to take my horse. Several ran up, and I was obliged, not to be put back on my horse, or dragged away, to leave the burnus by which they held me in their hands. Some endeavoured to follow me, to dissuade me; but as I quickened my pace to get near the lion, their number kept diminishing.

One only remained: it was my guide of the first night; he said to me: "I received you in my tent; I am answerable for you before God and before men; I will die with you."

The lion had left the glade to bury himself in a deep covert a few paces distant. Walking with great precaution, always ready to fire, I endeavoured in vain to make out his seat amid rocks and shrubbery. I had just been poking my gun into a particularly dense mass of foliage, when my guide, who had remained without, said:

"Death won't have you; you passed the lion so close as to touch it; if your eyes had met his you were a dead man before you could have fired."

For all answer, I told him to throw stones into the cover; at the very first shot a lentisc opened, and the lion, having looked first to the right and then to the left, sprang at me.

He was ten paces off, his tail up, and his mane hanging down to his eyes. Whilst his outstretched neck and broken leg, that trailed behind with the claws turned upside down, gave him somewhat the appearance of a dog setting at game.

As soon as he appeared I sat down, pushing the Arab behind me, as he kept annoying me by exclamations of "Fire! fire!—fire then!" which he mixed with his prayers.

I had scarcely shouldered my rifle, when the lion got a little spring of four or five paces nearer, and he was about to try another, when, struck an inch above the eye, he tumbled over.

My Arab was already returning thanks to God, when the lion turned himself over, got up upon his seat, and then rose upon his hind legs like a horse rearing.

Another ball was sent this time right home to its heart, and he fell over, dead.

Upon examining this lion after death, M. Jules Gerard found that the second ball had flattened itself on the frontal bone without fracturing it in the slightest degree. It was in consequence of this that he adopted from that time forward ingots of iron instead of leaden balls.

* The tree so often alluded to is the *Pistachia lentiscus*, lentisc, or sticky pistachia; one species of which, *P. terebinthus*, produces turpentine—this the gum mastick.

A SOLDIER'S CAREER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

I DO not know whether the following sketch will prove of much interest to the general reader, since it refers to time and events that are past: to that war of ours with the Sikhs in India, now happily over. To those, however, who had relatives in that war, and lost them, it will be welcome, for the incidents related in it are authentic, though they savour strongly of romance.

In the year 1833, a handsome young lad of seventeen, whom it will not do to call here by his real name, went out to India as a cadet. It is his career—and it was but a short one—that I wish to tell you of. He was a high-spirited, noble boy, but wild, thoughtless, and everlastingly in scrapes; and had caused his guardians no end of trouble and expense. But they could not help admiring the lad with all his faults; and his mother, though she would call him her unlucky boy, called him likewise her darling Harry. Harry was his Christian name: there's no necessity to change that: and for the rest let us say Harry Lynn. He was the younger of two sons; his father was a substantial country squire; and a profitable living, in the gift of the family, was destined for him. So, by way of preparation, the child, at nine years old, was sent to Dr. Brington's fast academy in London, where he picked up notions quite at variance with those of his sober father and mother. At twelve years old, he had fallen in love with a soldier's coat, and told his sisters privately, that they should never make a parson of him. At fourteen, ere the mourning he wore for his father was soiled, he wrote word home that he would be a captain in India. He was sent for to the Hall. His mother cried, his guardians talked of a birch-rod, but Master Harry held to his own will. He lavished love upon his mother, but he laughingly defied his guardians; and the upshot of the business was, that Henry Lynn was posted as a gentleman-cadet, and at seventeen set sail for India.

It would seem that he liked the life he found there, for, some five or six years afterwards, when, by the death of his brother, he succeeded to the family estate, and it was supposed he would sell out and go home to enjoy it, he made no change at all; save paying off his debts, and launching forth into fresh expense, which he had been quite ready to do before. Few men were so universally liked as Harry Lynn. Impetuous, open-hearted, generous, and handsome as he had been in boyhood, so he remained in manhood.

Now do you know much about that race of men called the Sikhs? Few do; save that they are people inhabiting certain tracts of land in India. Nobody had ever heard of them till about two hundred years ago, when they came to light as natives of Hindostan; a peaceful, submissive race of men, inoffensive as are our Quakers. Their religion was a mixture of Mahometanism and Hindooism, neither entirely one nor the other, which brought down upon them persecutions from the bigots of

both creeds; and, towards the termination of the empire of Delhi, these persecutions became so excessive, that the Sikhs were compelled to rise in arms against their oppressors. It takes but little, when once the train is laid, to change a peaceful race of men to one of cruelty: and the Sikhs were goaded to become such. They established certain chieftaincies amongst themselves, called *Missals*, and, with time, rose to greatness. Some took possession of that portion of India which, being watered by the five branches of the Indus, is called the Punjab, or land of five waters; whilst others settled themselves on the opposite, or eastern, side of the Sutlej.

It is more than half a century now, that the Sikhs of the Punjab, on the western side of the Sutlej, were first governed by Runjeet Singh. A man of great ability, who established his kingdom, called by the name of its capital, Lahore, on a sure foundation. But power begets the love of power, and Runjeet Singh cast his eye to the Sikhs on the east of the Sutlej, and thought he should like to govern *them*. His hopes were fruitless, for they had been taken under the protection of the British government, and the chances of a war with that formidable power, Runjeet Singh knew better than to hazard. On the contrary, he entered into a treaty with the British authorities, which proved of advantage to both parties. Years wore on, and the kingdom of Lahore increased in importance. On the termination of the continental wars, when Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, numerous European soldiers, men and officers, passed over to India, and enlisted into the service of Runjeet Singh. Under the example and training of these brave men, the army of Runjeet Singh became almost equal to our own. It carried its conquests into Afghanistan, and amongst other provinces that fell before its prowess was the beautiful Vale of Cashmere, so celebrated in song. But Runjeet Singh died in the course of time, and, with his death, all the jealousies and ill-feeling of the Sikhs towards the British, which he had kept under, broke out with irresistible bitterness, and there was little peace in the Punjab afterwards. Not that the animosities, and petty wars of this period, are going to be described here.

In the same year that Harry Lynn obtained his captaincy he went exploring about the country. Amongst other places that he visited was Lahore, and when he left it he performed an exploit that officers have borne the character for being ready at, from a captain, bold, of Halifax and ghostly memory, down to those of our own times. He "ran away with a maid, who"—did *not* hang herself, but flew with him to his quarters at Calcutta.

She was one of the loveliest creatures possible to be imagined: as many living in Calcutta could tell you now: but that was no justification for the conduct of Captain Lynn. Her mother, a Sikh, had married one of those European officers who had joined Runjeet Singh's army, a handsome Frenchman, and this child, Agee, their only one, was strikingly like her father, so that her beauty was of the European, not Asiatic, cast. The Frenchman died when she was an infant, and her mother married again, a Sikh. All trace, nearly all remembrance, of the lady's early alliance was lost, and Agee was brought up in the customs, habits, and religion of her mother's land. During the visit of Captain Lynn at Lahore, he became acquainted with her, a lovely girl just blossoming into

womanhood; a powerful attachment sprung up between them, and the result was—as I have told you above. Such was the history of the girl, and the particulars of the affair, as they became known, bit by bit, to Captain Lynn's circle of friends at Calcutta.

He enshrined her in a secluded home at Calcutta; he surrounded her with all sorts of expensive luxuries; he lavished every proof of affection upon her, save one—marriage. And that she could not now expect: for recollect, young ladies, that if once your steps take you but a single inch out of the beaten track, you never get the ring upon your finger as a sequel.

II.

We must now go on to the autumn of 1845. In her Calcutta home, in a luxurious apartment of it, richly furnished with articles peculiar to an Eastern life, sat this young girl we have been speaking of, Agee. She was in evening dress, enhancing, if that were possible, her surpassing beauty. Her robe was of muslin, spangled with silver, silver ornaments were on her neck and arms, and were interlaced with her dark hair. To look at her, so young and lovely, none would suppose but she held a position in society and was fitted to adorn it; for a nameless grace pervaded her presence, and a sweet, modest refinement shone forth in her every look and action. Poor girl! do not judge her more harshly than you can help, for hers was an unhappy fate. Calcutta railed at her enough, without your doing so, especially those ladies in it who had sisters to marry, and who would have given their heads to have got Harry Lynn. None thought of compassion; it was all censure; but she merited quite as much of the one as of the other, for she was more sinned against than sinning; and, rely upon it, that a life, such as she was leading, brings with it its own punishment. She had not understood these matters when she left Lahore, poor maiden: she understood them too well now. Perhaps some such consciousness as this was present to her on this evening, for her pale features wore a look of pain, and tears gathered frequently in her eyes. The room was redolent of a sweet perfume, emitted from burning pastiles: it was open to the terrace, and the breezy fans intervening kept up a delightful motion. Outside, stretched at his ease on a large bench, his heels higher than his head, and lazily blowing clouds into the air from his cigar, was one of the handsomest men in all Calcutta, and in manners one of the most prepossessing—and the two don't always go together. You guess of course that it was Harry Lynn. He was quite as deep in thought as Agee inside, and it may be that his reflections, like hers, were not agreeable, for a contraction, as of perplexity or anger, sat on his otherwise open brow. You may read them if you like, just in the disjointed interludes that he thought them.

"I was a fool—that's what I was! I might have had the thing over at once there, and have done with it, not have brought her away with me, and saddled myself like this for years. How the deuce it's to be broken through now, I can't see. By Jove! I shall be worn to a skeleton with all this plotting and perplexity. I get no sleep at night for worrying over it."

"My mother writes me that it's time I married; and thinks me an ungrateful dog never to have run over to England."

no, not that, dearest mother: thoughtlessness was born with me, and will never leave me. It is time I married: in a year I shall count thirty summers, and a fellow gets confirmed in bachelor habits after that. I wish I *could* marry. Maria Grame is the dearest and loveliest girl I have ever known, but it's of no use telling the old colonel I think so, till Agee's got rid of. Maria knows nothing about her, that's clear, for she's too correct a girl to have listened to my love-making if she did. We might be married here; I would get leave of absence and take her to England; my dear mother's old heart would be delighted; and Maria—but where's the use of planning if one can't execute? *What's to be done with Agee?* I can't turn her over as one does an opera-dancer. If I could see any way I should not care to drop a few thousands—but there's none to be seen. She would rebel at the first hint of parting, and as to force and stratagem—awkward both; and the end not gained perhaps. The worst is she's so innocent and unsuspecting, so different from this sort of thing in general, that there's no knowing how to deal with her. This all comes of my own folly. Devil take the cigar! it's gone out. I won't light it again."

Rising, and throwing his cigar away, Harry Lynn stepped into the room, and spoke; his tone betraying somewhat of the irritation of his thoughts.

"Agee! how fond you are of those pastiles! The smell of them is quite overpowering."

"I will not light any more; these are nearly out," she answered in very good English, for she had been an apt scholar under his tuition.

"Oh light as many as you please," he returned, in a kinder and more careless tone. "I am going to dress."

"To dress?" she exclaimed.

"There's a party at Colonel Grame's to-night. I promised to be there."

She leaned back on the ottoman, her whole attitude bespeaking disappointment, if not despair.

"How many nights—weeks—months—have you thus spoken: leaving me to this home-solitude! to my dreary thoughts!"

"Now, Agee, don't be unreasonable," he remonstrated. "I am sure you, of all, cannot complain of neglect. But society has also claims on me."

"It had the same claims when I was first here," she answered, mournfully, "and you did not leave me then."

He soothed her, but he evaded a direct answer, and strode out of the room. His conduct towards her was never otherwise than affectionate, though he had tired of her; as it is the nature of man, in these connexions, to tire. When he returned to it, he was in full dress, and, wishing her good night, left for Colonel Grame's, gaily whistling some bars from the last new opera that had found its way from our shores to Calcutta.

Agee sat on where she was. Musical instruments, on which she was a finished performer, were at hand, books lay on the tables, but she neglected all, and never moved from her attitude of despair. Late in the evening, a middle-aged woman, dressed in a fashion peculiar to Lahore, glided in.

"Ever thus, lady," she said, in their native language, "ever cast down.

You would be better and happier in your own land than here: and the time has now come when you must return to it."

The lady looked up with a deepening colour, for the words were peremptorily spoken.

"Listen!" cried the woman, earnestly, as she bent to her mistress. "This bosom pillowed your head in its infancy; you were the solace of this poor heart in your childhood, and when you left us, I thought it would have broken. Your mother died; and I, who felt more to you than mother, set out to seek you. Far, far I travelled; through hunger, and thirst, and heat, and weariness; along plains of sand, over deserts, through rivers, across mountains; with no guide to direct me, save instinct—the same instinct that will take a bird to its nest; and when I was well-nigh wearied out of life, I found you. What motive had I, think you, except love?"

"Dayah!" cried the young lady, rousing herself, "I know your love for me. I know you have been to me all that a mother can be—more than mine was; that you have remained here in this strange land, away from ties and kindred, for my sake. I know all this."

"Then, remembering it, dear lady, you may be sure I would be silent for ever, rather than speak a word to give you pain. Yet I must say that word this night."

"Say on," she faintly cried.

"You have clung to this Englishman longer than you ought. You——"

"Not so," interrupted Agee, her pale cheek flushing. "We shall cling to each other so long as our years shall last."

"No, no, lady," returned the woman; "he seeks to deceive you, even now. There is a fair girl of the north ready to supplant you; one whose eyes are of the beautiful hue of the heavens; whose hair is as sunny threads of gold. I have seen her. This very day, in public, he was by her side."

"What of her?" shivered Agee.

"She is to be his wife: it is no secret in Calcutta. And you, lady, will be put away, and estranged from him more effectually than if you had never known him. It is their custom, these Europeans."

Agee did not answer. She rose and stood there, motionless and rigid, her eyes staring, her lips open. It seemed as if the woman's gaze, as it bent on her, had turned her into stone, like the *Ægis* of old.

The attendant looked round, and bringing her face in closer contact with that of her mistress, proceeded in a cautious whisper:

"I have heard again to-day. The Sikhs waver no longer; they are united and determined, and the war is coming on rapidly. In three moons from this, lady, they will have possession of India."

But still there was no answer. It was as if the young girl heard not.

"The Akalis* are urging them on now," proceeded the old nurse, "so any thought of peace is fruitless. You must not stay here: the land will be overrun with blood, from one end of it to the other."

* Wandering priests. A fanatic race of men, possessing unbounded influence in the Punjab, especially over the native chieftains.

"Who was your messenger?" asked Agee, at length.

"He who always is. He is true to me and swift. He returns the day after to-morrow, not earlier, for he must have time for rest. Leave this false Englishman at once, dearest lady; our people must not find you here with him. I will conduct you back to our own land; and let the two years you have passed out of it be blotted from remembrance."

A step was heard, and the speaker bent down her ear, and listened. It was that of Captain Lynn, and she drew away as noiselessly as she had entered. Agee sank down, and buried her face in her hands.

It was for this then that the unhappy girl had followed him! It was for this she had relinquished her beloved native land, envying the very winds that blew towards it; her dearest friends, her fair fame, her childhood's language—only to be cast aside for another; one to be as much loved and more honoured than she had been!

Captain Lynn came on, whistling; as he often did. But his step was slow, and the tune—if it might be called one—was as melancholy as the Dead March in Saul. She arose in an outburst of passion and sobs when he entered, and throwing herself at his feet, wildly clasped his knees.

"Oh send me not away from you!" she exclaimed, in agony. "This northern girl cannot love you as I have done. Will she tend you in sickness—bear with your wayward moods in health?—would she give up home, mother, reputation for you as I did, and endure silently the scorn and neglect of the world?"

"Agee, what mean you?" he asked, in agitation.

"You are false to me!" she exclaimed; "you are about to turn me adrift that you may wed the fair girl of the north! I have not deserved it of you."

"Stay, Agee!" he interrupted. "Whence you derived this information, I know not. That my name has been coupled with this English lady's is I believe true: but it will never be coupled with hers again; for, from this night, I go to her house no more."

"More deceit! more deceit!" she uttered, placing up her hands wildly, as if to ward him from her. "You are mocking me still!"

"No! on a soldier's honour. I have bid adieu to Maria Grame for ever."

The fact was, Colonel Grame, finding that the attentions of Captain Lynn at his house were daily becoming more particular, had that night intimated to him that, "under existing circumstances," his friendship with his daughters had better cease. Whether, when he lingered with Maria for a moment in parting, Captain Lynn had whispered a hope that a more favourable future might yet dawn for them, cannot be known: if so, he would not be likely to speak of it to the Asiatic girl.

III.

In the following December, Captain Lynn had transferred his quarters to Umballah, where a great portion of the British army was now collected. Preparations were being made for battle, but much uncertainty was experienced regarding the movements of the Sikhs. Some days news would be brought that they were about to cross the Sutlej; others that

they were crossing it; again, that they were retreating and would not cross at all. But these various details are not necessary to be given.

Captain Lynn, to his most excessive annoyance, had been followed to Umballah by the young Sikh woman, Agee—not to his quarters of course, but to the town. Few, perhaps, will be inclined to sympathise with him in his anger, for he had brought the embarrassment upon himself, and it was but fair that he should pay the penalty. The old nurse, or attendant, Dayah, had accompanied her thither, and this woman never ceased to urge upon her mistress the expediency of her quitting the place that contained Captain Lynn. One evening she glided into her presence, her face pale, her mouth compressed, and approached with a dread whisper:

"Lady, you *must* leave him now: the hour has come. A few days will see him and his companions mown down; earth shall hold them no more."

The lady's lips turned as white as marble.

"They are now crossing the Sutlej," continued the woman, in a still lower whisper, as if she feared the very walls would hear her, "an army of from sixty to a hundred thousand strong. What can their handful of British troops effect against it?—and that handful not yet conveyed thither."

"When heard you this?" murmured Agee.

"He came this evening: he is swift and sure of foot, and has outstripped the European scouts by some hours: but their great chieftain will know it ere to-morrow's sun be up. He little thinks the fate that is in store for him! They are fine of limb, these northern soldiers, tall and straight; but ere long they must measure their length upon the earth. As the grass falls before the scythe, so must they fall before their fierce and powerful foe."

"And Captain Lynn?" shivered Agee, from between her bloodless lips.

"He must share the fate of his comrades—what should hinder it? Why, even did you turn apostate to your oath, lady, and betray to him what I have now told you, which you may not do, it could not serve him, for he must go to battle with the rest. You must escape, lady, this night."

But Agee, with an impatient gesture at the word "escape," turned away. Captain Lynn was leaving his quarters to join a night carouse of some of his brother officers, got up on the spur of the moment, when he came full upon her, stealing in.

"You are on the eve of being ordered out to battle," she whispered. "You must not go."

"Not go?" he exclaimed, wondering what she was talking of.

"Sickness must be your excuse," she eagerly explained. "A man unable to rise from his bed, cannot be expected to go out to fight."

"Are you in your right mind, Agee?" he asked, laughing immoderately.

"You would never leave the battle-field with life."

"Then I must die on it, child."

"You can make a joke even of this!"

"No, not a joke. Though that's a good one of yours about sickness. An Englishman does not know what fear is," he said, drawing himself unconsciously to his full height; "and for the chances of war, we must all share them, and trust to Providence."

"Dayah is curious in herbs and medicines," she persisted, in a whisper, "many of our women are. A potion from her would render you incapable of marching with the rest: and to the world you would seem sick unto death."

"That's quite enough, Agee," he said, half peevishly, half laughingly. "You don't understand these things, child. And you promised me yesterday to leave this place: I was in hopes you were gone."

"You seem strangely anxious to harm my countrymen," she exclaimed, still reverting to the war.

"Not at all. I wish to my soul they were other than yours, but I must do my duty."

IV.

THIRTEEN of them were present; the ominous number; and they sat around the convivial table of night. Not with the luxurious appurtenances usual in polished Europe; the rich plate, the glittering crystal, the many lights: such things pertain not to a half-civilised land or to a time of war and tumult; but the gay jest, the sparkling remark, and the merry song went round without. Gallant, gallant officers they were, true-hearted Englishmen, in the flower of early manhood! And they knew not that the shadow of grim DEATH was on them, his dart pointed at the heart of all.

"The information is so imperfect, so contradictory," observed Major Challoner, the only grey-headed man at the board: "if we lance the full tilt of belief into a report one day, it is contradicted the next."

"In my opinion our march will be useless," cried the handsome Lieutenant Bell. "I don't believe the Sikhs are coming forward at all."

"They dare not cross," burst forth the hot-headed young Irishman, Dan Ennis.

"I hope to Heaven they may!" exclaimed little Parker, who had certainly got smuggled into the army, for he was under height, or looked it. "The glory of routing 'em right and left!"

"They may prove a more formidable enemy than we think for," remarked the cautious old major who had spoken first.

"Not they," replied Harry Lynn, contemptuously. "An inorganised rabble never proves formidable. The wine stands with you, Henderson."

"For my part," resumed Major Challoner, as he thoughtfully filled his glass, "I think Sir Henry——"

"Well, major?" cried one; for the major had brought his sentence to a stand-still.

"What's that in the shade? There! by the entrance? Who's eaves-dropping?"

Every head was turned round at the exclamation of Major Challoner. A figure, clad from head to foot in a long, black garment, with a cowl drawn over the face, if it had a face; in short, a dim, shapeless form stood there in the obscurity.

"What do you want? Who are you?" roared out Major Challoner in his mother tongue; indeed he could speak no other.

"Beware!" was uttered by the figure in Hindostanee; but the voice was as a strange, unearthly sound, ringing with startling distinctness through the depths of the room. "You sit here, mocking at the Sikhs; but know that the moment you march upon them you are doomed—doomed! They are crossing the Sutlej now a hundred thousand strong. You will be cut off in your early lives; your fair British homes you will never see again: not one of you but will be struck down; not one will be left alive to mourn the rest! Pray to the Lord for your souls: as sure as that you go out against the Sikhs, your destruction cometh: and they have need of prayer who rush into His presence, uncalled by Him."

Surprise kept the officers silent. Lieutenant Parker, who had more ready bravery in him than many a man twice his size, was the first to start from his seat and rush after the form: others followed; but it was already gone. They looked outside, and could see no trace of it; but there were many ins and outs of buildings close by, that might favour concealment.

"What was it all?" cried Major Challoner, who had not understood a word.

"Oh, a trick of one of the fellows: nothing else."

"I don't know," cried the young Irishman, dubiously. "I hate such tricks. I can fight a host of men hand to hand, and glory in it; but for these ghosts and warnings and omens, I wish the fiend had them all."

"Did you ever see a ghost, Ennis?" asked Captain Lynn, winking at the rest, for the lieutenant's superstitious tendencies were a well-known joke in the regiment. "What are they like?"

"Which of us was to die, eh?" cried Major Challoner.

"Every soul," laughed Bell. "We had better have a batch of will-making, and go to prayers afterwards."

"Ah, eh? That's rather too good a joke," returned the major.

"You and all, major," grinned Quicksilver Peacock, as he was designated amongst his comrades, from the mercurial tendency he possessed of never being still. "By George! but the black fellow, ghost or no ghost, must think we have got tolerable swallows! I should like to get at *his*, with my good sword."

"Thirteen as brave fellows of us as ever drew breath! A pretty go if we are to make food forthwith for the vultures!"

"And sent to our accounts with all our imperfections——"

"If you go on like this, I won't stop with you," interrupted the young Irishman.

They did go on; and enjoyed their laugh at him: but there was scarcely one heart, brave though they all were, on which the incident had not struck an uncomfortable feeling, a sort of chill. It was as if they had seen the shadow of death, which stalked on before.

V.

THE Sikhs advanced, unconscious of the mocking disbelief of their British adversaries, and encamped themselves before the gates of Ferozepore, an army sixty thousand strong. That they did not make themselves masters of the town, was a matter of astonishment then, and will ever remain such.

By command of the Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, all the troops that could be mustered together at Umballah, marched out to meet this force, and to succour Ferozepore. They were headed by the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Hugh Gough, and were accompanied by Sir Henry, who, laying aside his dignity as Governor of India, took upon himself a command in the army under Sir Hugh. The marches were forced, about thirty miles per day. Both men and officers endured all sorts of hardship and privation without a murmur: the most painful to be borne perhaps was that arising from the want of water, there being none to be found on the route. On the 18th December, after some days' march, they reached the village of Moodkee, about one o'clock at noon, and proceeded to encamp there, trusting the next day's march would bring them to Ferozepore.

But we, in our peaceful country, can form no idea of the hardships undergone by the soldier in these Indian plains in time of war: the unconscious British trooper, who has never been out of his own island would scarcely believe in such. Long marches in the burning sun, over roads heavy with sand, which, flying in the eyes, goes half-way towards entailing blindness; or trailing through the tangled jungle and brushwood, with no water, no refreshment, to cool their parched lips. We know not what intense thirst is; the cravings of real hunger; the pain of continued and heavy toil. Sometimes, nay often, it happened, through this period of the Sikh war, that when the men had arrived at the end of their march, it would be two hours before the tents and baggage came up, and, until they did, there was no chance of refreshment. So the troops, all in a state of physical exhaustion, painful to witness, still more painful to bear, would sink down on the ground, utterly prostrated, beneath the burning rays of an Indian sun, or, worse still, under torrents of rain. Was it a matter of surprise that the hospitals were overflowing?

But to return to these men we are speaking of. They arrived at Moodkee, exhausted with their march and with physical privations, and had barely taken up their station before its walls, when the Sikhs bore down upon them, and opened a tremendous fire. But, weary and unfit for contest as they were, the men had the spirit of Britons, and rushed forward to meet their powerful enemy. They repulsed and routed them for the time, but with a fearful loss, both of men and officers.

They were burying their dead the next day, calling over the muster-rolls, succouring the wounded, and consoling the dying, when Captain Lynn and little Parker ran against Lieutenant Ennis.

"I say!" cried the Irishman, "it's beginning to work itself out. We were thirteen, you know, that night at Umballah, and five are already left."

"Four," responded Harry Lynn.

"Wrong, captain. They have just found poor Henderson."

"Dead?"

"Stark and cold. He was under a heap of slain."

On the 21st the army marched out of camp, leaving it standing, and neared Ferozepore, after a march of sixteen miles. Here they met with General Sir John Littler, commanding about five thousand men. The Sikhs were at hand, and the whole body of our troops were at once formed into four divisions, and arranged in fighting order. But again, as in the recent battle of Moodkee, were the unfortunate men hurried into action unfit for the contest, hungry, thirsty, and weary.

The battle of Ferozeshah, as it was called, began under a mutual assault of cannon; but the light artillery of the British was of little avail against the heavy guns of the Sikhs, so the firing was ordered to cease and the infantry to advance. The Sikh army was strongly entrenched among the jungle and brushwood, rendering the approach of our infantry not only difficult but dangerous. They advanced in line, and charged with the bayonet, but the firing of the enemy was redoubled; *and the Sikhs had laid mines, which were now fired underneath our soldiers' feet.* Hundreds were thus shattered to pieces; officers, men, and horses were indiscriminately blown up. The action soon raged fearfully, the slaughter being terrible; the heavy cannonade of the Sikhs kept up a continuous roar, overwhelming with destruction the ill-fated Europeans: but the latter were gallant fellows, cheering on each other with their indomitable breasts of valour, carrying much and overcoming much. The atmosphere seemed alive with bullets; the roll of the musketry grew deeper and deeper; and the shouts and noise of the combatants increased the confusion: above the roar of the tempest were heard the voices of the commanding officers: "Men of the—Europeans, prepare to charge. Charge!" and, mingling painfully with the oaths and the tumult, rose the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying.

Night put a stop to the slaughter. Some of the troops retired to bivouac at a little distance, but considerable numbers of each contending party intermingled on the plain together.

But oh! what a night it was! The air cutting cold; no tents, no covering, no food for the exhausted soldiery, who had been sixteen hours under arms, and, worse than all, *no water!* Many a wounded man died that night for want of it. There was little or no medical assistance, for the numbers wounded were too great to allow of much, and the shades of darkness were upon the earth. And so there they lay, groaning in their agony; no linen to bandage up their wounds; no pillow to lay their beating heads upon, save the dead bodies that crowded there, and the horses that were slain. It was a ghastly sight, that field of battle, by the glimmering of some solitary torch; it would be more ghastly still in the coming moonlight. The forms of the dead lay stiffened and rigid as they had fallen, the sharp expression of anguish still conspicuous on the livid, upturned faces. Officers and men, Sikhs and British, had fallen there together, peaceful towards each other in death, though they were not so in life. Ah! they were equal now: the officers, some perchance of noble family, who had been reared luxuriously, and the men, who, it may be, had never known a home, or an asylum worth the name of one. The one class had received no more care than the other; in

dying: there was no wife or mother to soothe their agonies of body, no priest to administer calmness to the soul: equal as they would be in the next world, so had the last scene of their lives been in this. But, striking more painfully still upon the heart of the beholder, himself hitherto spared, came the incessant cries of the departing—of those who *might* have been saved; the vain cry that went up around for WATER; and the anguished, unanswered calls for assistance, the sharp, eager question of were they to be left there, amongst the dead, to die!

In a part of the field, near to the camp of the Governor-General, reclining on the ground in their arms, was a group of officers. When you last saw some of these, it was at that convivial night-meeting at Umballah. *All* were not there of that thirteen: five had been slain at Moodkee, and three more in that day's carnage. Leaving five: but two of those five were wounded, it was thought mortally.

"I say!" cried Lieutenant Bell, who had been reared in blue and silver at his mother's apron-string, and had never known a care in the world, save that of his handsome face, "we were all calling out for a taste of the battle-field, but I don't like such rough work as this."

"Rough enough," replied Major Challoner. "But there's the glory, you know, Bell."

"Egad! I'd rather have another sort of glory than what's to be got fighting with these demons of Sikhs. If they were but an honourable, open foe, meeting you hand to hand, it would be something like. Who would have laid a powder-magazine under our feet, to blow us up wholesale, save these sneaking cowards of heathens?"

"All stratagems are fair in war, they say."

"Stratagems be shot!" interrupted the lieutenant, wrathfully. "I think those prolific-brained enthusiasts who rave so much of the glories of war, major, exciting one on to become soldiers, might put in a little about its horrors. What was that cry?"

"Only a death-shriek," said Major Challoner.

"Ugh!" shivered the young man. "How ghastly the heaps of slain, with their oozing wounds, look in the moonlight!"

"Why, yes," cried the major. "One who faints at the sight of blood had best go away from a field when the battle's over. I freely admit that it wants the excitement of engagement to keep one's spirit above zero."

"Do you know," resumed the lieutenant, "the scene has several times to-day put me in mind of a war-description of Byron's? It's in a short poem, or fragment, of his, called 'The Devil's Drive.' Do you know it?"

"Not I," growled Major Challoner, "poetry's not in my line: never read a verse in my life. It may be in yours."

"It is a glance at the battle of Leipsic. And he watches the red blood running in such streams from the mountains of slain, that the field looks like the waves of Hell. The 'he' being the Devil, you know."

"Ah," cried the major, "very likely. It partakes more of the Devil's work than angels'."

"Hark at the moans of those poor wretches, dying for water! Ugh!" shivered the young man again, "how damp it is!"

"And bitter cold. Lynn, how are you?"

A groan was the only answer Major Challenger received. Captain Lynn had been dangerously wounded in the leg with grape-shot.

"How's the pain?"

"Oh don't talk about the pain," murmured poor Harry Lynn. "If I could but have some water!" Hundreds echoed the cry that night, in vain.

Major Challenger moved away on a work of succour. Exhausted though he might be, and necessary as repose was to him, he could not hear these wails for help around, and lie down to his own rest. There came up to the spot soon afterwards, making his way over the prostrate bodies, the young Irishman, Ennis.

"Lynn! Bell!" he cried, eagerly, "by Heaven I have seen it again!"

"Seen what?" asked Captain Lynn, rousing himself momentarily from his agony.

"That bird of ill-omen, the black form—ghost, banshee, or whatever it might be—which appeared to us that night at Umballah."

"Don't be a fool," retorted Bell, savagely, disturbed out of the sleep into which he was falling. "Your superstitious absurdities are not wanted to-night, Ennis; here are horrors enough without them."

"I swear I saw it! I swear it by the blessed Virgin! The same black, shapeless figure. It's dodging about the field, as if it were seeking something amongst the dead."

"I wish to the Lord you were dodging amongst the dead!" growled the handsome lieutenant. "Why did you not stop in Ireland along with your banshees, if you are so fond of them? Your teeth are chattering now."

"With cold," answered Ennis, hastily. "But I must go back: I am on the staff, in the place of poor Bellasis. Lynn, can I change your position before I go?"

Towards the hour of midnight, Captain Lynn, between his paroxysms of pain, had dropped into an uneasy doze, when some movement aroused him. The dark shape, spoken of by Lieutenant Ennis, was bending over him.

Doubting if he were awake, or whether it were not a delusion of the imagination, caused by the conversation of his brother officers, he rubbed his eyes and gazed up at it: when the figure threw back the dark cowl and disclosed to his astonished sight the features of the young Asiatic.

"Good God, Ages! what brought—how came you here?"

"I told you I would share your fate, whatever it might be," she said. "You talked of separation, and I let you talk, keeping to my own resolve. I assumed this disguise that night at Umballah, hoping to frighten you from marching against the Sikhs. And when I found it was useless, and you left, I followed in the track of the regiment; but I could not come up with it till this night."

"It was not your voice that spoke to us that night at Umballah!" exclaimed Captain Lynn, bewildered with her words.

"It was my voice, but I spoke through a small bone instrument, in use among the Sikhs, something like a ring; so that none could recognise it to be the voice of a woman. I have come now to save you. I will find you a sure asylum amongst my countrymen. Rise, and follow me."

"I shall never rise again," was his reply. "I am severely wounded."

"Wounded!" she uttered, in an accent of deep horror. "But you must not stay in this spot: it is certain destruction."

"Destruction anywhere for me. Why in this spot more than in another?"

"I have wandered amongst the Sikhs unmolested this night," she whispered, speaking my own tongue. They have just found out the spot where your chiefs are encamped, and are hastening back to fire on it. This is the direct line. You must not remain here."

"Fire on the camp!" he screamed. "Bell!"

But the young lieutenant slept heavily. "Bell! Bell!" continued Captain Lynn.

"What are you about to do?" cried Agee, wildly. "Would you betray me—what I have told you?"

"Betray you? no, no, I don't mean that. Sink down here by my side, Agee; the light does not give here, in the shade of the hillock." He pulled her down with one hand, and managed, though he could not stir his maimed legs, to stretch out the other till it touched the lieutenant, who partially aroused himself.

"Bell! Bell! fly to the camp. The enemy are upon them, opening their guns. Bell, I say!"

"What guns?" cried the sleepy lieutenant, raising himself into a sitting posture. "Guns! Where are our scouts and sentinels then? Have we none out?"

"Good God! are you a coward?" reiterated Captain Lynn; "every moment that you waste is worth a Jew's ransom. Fly for your life, and arouse the staff. Would you have the camp destroyed?"

The lieutenant, fully aroused now to the sense of the words, started up in haste. Captain Lynn turned to that dark figure by his side.

"Now, Agee! quick! you can make your escape."

"As I have clung to thee in life, so will I in death," she murmured.

"What, think you, will existence be for me henceforth, that you should wish me to remain in it?"

"This is madness," he exclaimed, in much excitement. "Agee!—"

"Boom!—boom!—boom!" rolled the thunder of the Sikhs' heavy gun. It had commenced its work of destruction. Captain Lynn raised himself on his elbow, as he best could, and turned his head to look after his messenger. Even in that very moment, as he looked, a shot overtook the young lieutenant. With a wild, piercing cry, that reached and rung in the ear of Captain Lynn, he leaped some feet into the air. It was the last cry that ever came from poor William Bell. He was shot right through the heart.

Captain Lynn, amidst all the smoke and the dismay and the confusion that now reigned around, was conscious of a start and a moan beside him: but not for a few minutes was he aware that the unhappy young lady who lay there had received her death wound.

"Oh, Agee! this is fearful!" he cried, almost beside himself with horror. "And I am helpless—helpless!" he despairingly wailed, wildly throwing his arms up, in vain efforts to move, "I cannot bear you hence to safety and to succour!"

"There is no succour for me," she returned, in hollow tones, "my soul is fleeing. But oh, Henry! which dost thou think is more welcome to me—to live on in perpetual dread that thou wilt desert me for another, or to sink quietly to death thus by thy side?"

The camp, so startlingly aroused from its temporary security, sallied out against the Sikhs, but not until fearful havoc had been committed. The whole of the staff, with the exception of Captain Hardinge, was killed or disabled. Sir Henry ordered her Majesty's 60th Foot and the 1st European Light Infantry to the attack, who drove back the enemy and spiked their gun.

What were the reflections of Captain Lynn as he lay there through the night, with the dead body of the young girl resting against him? Not such that can tend to soothe the conscience of a dying man. He felt that the career bestowed on him from above was over, and how had he worked it out? He saw things clearly now: the near approach of death dashed away the scales from his eyes, and denuded his conscience of its worldly sophistries. The recollection of the life he had led came pressing on his brain. He knew it was not one that fitted him to stand at that judgment-bar whither he was hastening, to which *her* spirit had already flown: and, it may be, in those closing hours, in his soul's sharp tribulation, that he wailed forth an agonised petition for renewed days, like unto one we read of—not that he might return to his years of vanity, but that he might strive to redeem the past. But no: the sun went not back for him.

With daylight, the battle was renewed. The conflict raged with redoubled fury, and the slaughter on both sides was great. Victory appeared at length to favour the British, and the engagement, it was thought, was over. Our troops began to collect their wounded and bury their dead, when, suddenly, a force of the enemy, thirty thousand strong, consisting of cavalry and their camel-corps with swivels, bore down upon them. The infantry drove them back at the point of the bayonet, amidst showers of round and grape. The British forces were certainly at this moment in a critical position: *all their ammunition was expended, and they had not a single gun wherewith to answer the enemy.* Thirty thousand fresh troops and a heavy cannonade brought to bear upon our exhausted, and, as far as artillery went, defenceless soldiers! Yet, strange to say, at sight of some *threatening* manœuvres, the Sikhs fled, leaving the British in possession of the field and of much of their artillery. And thus, in this strange manner, ended the sanguinary battle of Ferose-shah. You don't want to hear of many such, do you?

"A well! a well!" broke forth, in shouts of exultation, from some hundreds of British voices soon after the fighting was over. It was really true: they had discovered one in front of the village they had taken. Bitter disappointment! the water was putrid, it having been half filled with their dead by the Sikhs. Nevertheless, it was greedily partaken of: general-officers, poor soldiers, all pressed round to drink. "Horrible!" shudders the dandy, sipping his claret at home. It *was* horrible: but when you, my dainty sir, shall have experienced the blessings of a forced march under an Indian sun, winding up with a hot engagement of some six-and-twenty hours at its end, without a drop of

moisture having gone into your parched lips, you will not turn away from even putrid water.

Two only remained out of the thirteen officers of Umballah memory, Captain Lynn and the young Irishman, and they were wounded unto death. Major Challenger and Captain Peacock had that day fallen. The Asiatic girl, when she pretended to foretell their doom, knowing nothing of it, gave a pretty good guess at the extent of the carnage. They, the two yet living, had been drawn aside from the dead, and were lying close to each other, amidst a whole crowd of wounded; and the agony of their wounds was even as nothing compared with that arising from their distressing thirst.

"Lynn," cried the Irishman, who retained his lightheartedness to the last, "we can sympathise with Dives now, when he asks for Lazarus to dip the tip of his finger in water and come and cool his tongue. It has been an unlucky fight for us, though!"

"We have earned laurels, you know," returned Captain Lynn, with mocking bitterness on his lip. Poor Harry Lynn! take it for all in all, his was a cruel fate, and his heart was full.

"And lost life," retorted Ennis. "For my part, I *expected* the bullet that struck me. You matter-of-fact Anglicans don't stoop to believe in death-warnings. Perhaps I may see it again before I die: but it must make haste, eh Lynn?"

A paler shade, if that could be, came over the face of Captain Lynn, and he pressed his hands upon his temples. He was about to speak, about to tell Ennis that he need have no fear of seeing "it" again, when a wild, shouting-noise in the distance stopped his words.

"What's all that?" inquired Lieutenant Ennis of a soldier who approached, carrying something in his hand. It was a man belonging to Captain Lynn's corps.

"We have been rummaging over the Sikh entrenchment, sir," was the reply, "and in it we have found the mess stores which they had captured, intended for the Bengal Native Infantry. There was a lot of beer in it—so glorious! It is being dealt out, and I have brought you some."

The officers raised their earnest eyes, their parched, eager lips, and a rush of joy, almost frantic in its excess, illumined their dying features.

"God be thanked!" uttered Lieutenant Ennis, as he fell back, after drinking of the sweetest draught he had ever yet tasted; "we can now die in peace. God be thanked!"

"Amen," responded Harry Lynn.

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

No. XXI.—DR. CROLY.

FOR nearly forty years past, Dr. Croly has been distinguished in the paths of polite literature, by his contributions to the departments of poetry, history, biography, romance, and criticism. As a politician and a divine, he is one of the few surviving representatives of old-fashioned, consistent, leal-hearted conservatism in Church and State. Not High Church, if that implies sympathy with the opinions and practices of our Puseys and Denisons; not Low Church, if a penchant towards the technicals of the Clapham Sect, and the policy of the Evangelical Alliance, enters into that definition; not Broad Church, according to the modern Latitudinarians, as depicted in the *Edinburgh Review*;—but one of those staunch, steadfast, Church-of-England Protestants, whom we are wont to regard as the model clergy after the very mind and heart of good old George the Third. Exception, however, must be allowed to his peculiar views on Prophecy, which are dissonant enough from the harmony of the theological *Georgium sidus*.

Nowhere, probably, is Dr. Croly more emphatically and satisfactorily himself, than in his political memoir of Edmund Burke; a memoir which, had it but comprised also some account of the great statesman's home and private life, would have secured a far more prominent, and maybe a permanent, place in the world of books. The Doctor's enthusiastic appreciation of Burke, it does one good to follow; nor is his own style an unworthy vehicle of such eulogy—cast as it is in so similar a mould, and presenting so many features of high, and not merely mimic, relationship. The glow of affectionate reverence colours with hues warm and lustrous the pages of this biography. The biographer's own eloquence kindles high, when he revives for us the scene of the arch-Orator's parliamentary battles:

While he forewarns, denounces, launches forth,
Against all systems built on abstract rights,
Keen ridicule; the majesty proclaims
Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time;
Declares the vital power of social ties
Endeared by Custom; and with high disdain,
Exploding upstart Theory, insists
Upon the allegiance to which men are born*—

in times big with ominous change, which, "night by night, provoked keen struggles, and black clouds of passion raised"—but when the flightiest and the fiercest of the Orator's foemen would sit "rapt auditors," "dazzled beholders,"

When Wisdom, like the Goddess from Jove's brain,
Broke forth in armour of resplendent words,
Startling the Synod.

* Wordsworth: "Prelude," book vii.

companion work is the similarly executed *éloge* of William Pitt—in the personal character Dr. Croly impressively records the “solid conception of private virtues with public fidelity”—while he insists on the “aven-born minister’s” success as commensurate with the lofty integrity of his principles, and dwells with exultant pride on his achievements building into one superb confederacy the broken system of Europe, closing by an unexampled triumph an unexampled war, which ended the dissolution of every tie of nations and of men.

It is a long tale of years since Dr. Croly won his first laurels in verse in “Paris in 1815”—a decided success, which he followed up by a variety of other poetical ventures,—for example, “The Angel of the Field,” an Arabian legend; “Sebastian,” a Spanish tale; a comedy, called “Pride shall have a Fall;” “Catiline,” a tragedy; “Gems from Antiquity;” numerous lyrics and occasional verses, “Scenes from Nature,” &c., &c. We cannot but assent to a lately deceased critic—himself a poet, tender and true—who, while according to Dr. Croly, as to many great and shining qualities; a rich command of language, and finely attuned to musical expression, a fertile and lucid conceptive power, and an intellect at once subtle and masculine; yet observes, even in the best of his poems, that they are rather effusions than compositions, abound with passages of mere declamation however eloquent, and, unfrequently, substitute rhetoric for inspiration. We are reminded of the buskined tread and the stately regularity of the French theatre. We see the poet don the “learned sock” of one of our great masters, listen in vain for an echo of the “wood-notes wild,” of another and a better. We mark the imposing flow of canorous rhythm, the proportional pomp of artful versification, the classical refinement of an armily elevated diction; but the touch of nature, the sudden thrill of feeling, the simple response of the heart to one that can sway it at will, these we miss, and missing we deplore. Yet as we write, there occurs to us, as an instance quotable *per contra*, the touching song of the gentle Irish minstrel in “Sebastian”—which may be given in as evidence to set us:

Perhaps the most vigorous and characteristic portion, as certainly the best part, of this poem, is that descriptive of the French retreat from Russia in 1812 beginning with the stanzas—

“Magnificence of ruin! what has time
In all it ever gazed upon of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle’s vengeance to compare?
How glorious shone the invader’s pomp afar!
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came;
The land before them silence and despair,
The land behind them massacre and flame;
Blood will have tenfold blood. What are they now? A name.

“Homeward by hundred thousands, column-deep,
Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,
Billow on endless billow; on through wood,
O’er rugged hill, down sunless marshy vale,
The death-devoted moved, to clangour rude
Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.”

Farewell, my gentle harp, farewell,
 Thy task shall soon be done,
 And she who loved thy lonely spell
 Shall, like its tones, be gone;
 Gone to the bed, where mortal pain
 Pursues the weary heart in vain.

I shed no tears, light passes by
 The pang that melts in tears,
 The stricken bosom that can sigh,
 No mortal arrow bears.
 When comes the mortal agony,
 The lip is hush'd, and calm the eye.
 And mine has come, no more I weep,
 No longer passion's slave,
 My sleep must be th' un waking sleep,
 My bed must be the grave.
 Through my wild brain no more shall move
 Or hope, or fear, or joy, or love.

It were libellous to say there are no other such examples of the simply pathetic and tenderly natural in the author's volumes of verse, but there are not many such, so far as our judgment and memory will serve.

From his doings in minstrelsy, turn we to his doings in prose fiction. Most people have heard of "Salathiel," but not many have read it. The reputation which it ensured its author was wide, and emphatic, but it was of a hearsay kind. Men pronounced the story of the Jew a work of genius, and Dr. Croly a distinguished writer, but they wisely confined their admiration to the safe platitudes of general terms, and abstained from asking one another, Have you read "Salathiel?" To have solicited their special opinion on the character of Sabat the Ismaelite, or the description of Rome in flames, and the "Christians to the lions!" would speedily and sadly have reduced them to a nonplus. How often does the same principle hold good in the circles of the fashionable reading world! Even the popularity of the most popular, were it carefully analysed, might show such an absence of the elements of intelligence and actual sympathy as would considerably disgust the object of it. The voice of the multitude is not the most trustworthy of guarantees for immortality—too frequently it illustrates the scornful lines of old *Horace* in the French tragedy:

Sa voix tumultueuse assez souvent fait bruit,
 Mais un moment l'élève, un moment le détruit;
 Et ce qu'il contribue à notre renommée
 Toujours en moins de riens se dissipe en fumée.*

While, then, we are not prepared to say that "Salathiel" deserved more popularity, we think that it deserved more readers. What a magnificent theme, even though a trite and faded one, that of the Wandering Jew! What scope for a soaring imagination, what background for a glowing fancy, in the story of the mortal immortal, the "everlasting" stranger upon earth, the unresting, undying one! And here meets us a fault in Dr. Croly's romance. Beyond a page or two at the beginning and the end of his fiction, there is positively no connexion between Salathiel and

* *Cornéille: Horace, Acte v. Scène III.*

the Wandering Jew. The interest does not attach to the latter as such. The plot does not gather around him as such. He is almost uninfluenced, his career is almost unaffected, by the dread sentence, "Tarry thou till I come!" In fact, we should peruse the tale with greater interest were Salathiel *not* the Wandering Jew—since the supernatural destiny affixed to that traditional being goes far to remove him from the ordinary pale of human sympathies, and transplants him into the shadowy region of features unreal and allegorical. Dr. Croly, indeed, claims for him a share of the common repugnances, hopes, and fears of human nature—and makes him shun pain and disease as instinctively and intensely as if he held his life on the frailest tenure. But there is something incongruous and unsatisfactory in all this. Allan Cunningham observes, that we feel with Salathiel for eighty years and odd; and at the close of the usual term of human life, shut our hearts, and commence wondering. The observation almost implies, however, that "honest Allan" either had never read, or else had forgotten all about Salathiel; for Croly confines his three volumes to fewer than "eighty years and odd," concluding them with the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans under Titus.

If ever the veritable Wandering Jew turns up, and gives the world his autobiography, or some one graphic section thereof, it will not be much in the vein of "Salathiel." Dr. Croly is too rhetorical by half. His excited orientals in their wildest vagaries are cool enough to sacrifice passion for a period, and not unfrequently prefer pomp to pathos. They have one and all been taught to declaim, and to speak their speeches trippingly on the tongue. If they have something akin to Isaiah and Ezekiel, to Paul and John, they also betray their obligations to Edmund Burke and modern oratory. Another valid objection to "Salathiel," is want of unity. It is almost a thing of shreds and patches—a portfolio of ill-connected sketches. It is a rolling picture of eastern scenery, a cyclorama of moving accidents by flood and field. Many of the details are given with the hand of a master. The reader of "Salathiel" cannot but be struck by descriptions like that of the demoniac by the Dead Sea, the burning of Rome under Nero, the fight of Constantius with the lion, the surprise of the citadel of Massada, the orgies in the pirates' cave, and, above all, the solitary passage of Salathiel in the burning galley, when, plunging and tossing like a living creature in its last agony, the trireme he had boarded burst away from her anchors,—the wind was off the shore—a gust, strong as the blow of a battering ram, struck her,—and, on the back of a huge reflux wave, she shot out to sea, a flying pyramid of fire. The book contains, also, several portraits touched off with considerable talent:—Sabat the Ismaelite, first seen as the crazy beggar, the son of El Hakim, and afterwards as that terrible herald of evil, so vigorously described by Josephus, who, in Jerusalem's hour and power of darkness, wandered up and down her streets, crying "Woe! woe! woe!"—Jubal, the impetuous and ill-fated Jewish warrior—Gessius Florus, the infamous Roman procurator, "a little bloated figure, with a countenance that to the casual observer was the model of gross good-nature, a twinkling eye, and a lip on the perpetual laugh"—the Emperor Nero, "a pale, ruder-sized, light-haired young man, sitting before a table with a lyre on it, a few copies of verses and drawings, and a parrot's cage, to whose inmate he was teaching Greek with great assiduity"—Titus, princely,

engaging, with features "handsome and strongly-marked Italian, and form, though tending to breadth, and rather under the usual stature, yet eminently dignified." The character of the troublous times to which this fiction belongs, supplies the author with ample opportunities for getting his hero into strange passes. But the interest is mightily abated when we know how sure he is to get out of them, and the very variety of Salathiel's difficulties becomes at last monotonous and wearisome. He is perpetually being taken prisoner, and perpetually setting himself, or being set, at liberty. The way to catch him, is, to Roman and Jew, easy enough; but the way to keep him is undreamed of in their penal philosophy. Nero despatches him to execution, and a masked figure hurries him instead to liberty. Near the Lake of Tiberias he is captured by a body of Roman troopers, and gives them the slip by a *ruse* of Arab horsemanship. After a two years' durance in an unlighted dungeon, he gropes his subterranean way into a brilliantly illuminated cavern of Cypriote pirates. Onias imprisons him in the upper ward of a stupendous tower, and a boy lets him out of the window in an empty wine-basket. Titus has him fast under trusty lock and key, and a young girl, Naomi, guides him to freedom. Again Onias consigns him to captivity in the Tower of Antonia, in a dungeon undermined and fired by the enemy; and the very means used for his inevitable destruction are those which saved his charmed life, for though the walls collapse, and he is plunged down a chasm, and continues rolling for some moments in a whirl of stones, dust, earth, and smoke, yet, when it subsides, he finds himself lying on the greensward, in noonday, at the bottom of a valley, with the Tower of Antonia covered with the legionaries, five hundred feet above him,—and, as might be expected, he is up and doing again in no time at all.

The management of historical fiction is at all times a matter of nicety and difficulty. We do not think "Salathiel" a triumph of art in this respect. There is either too much or too little history in it. It is neither one thing nor the other. There is something paradoxical in its very starting-point. Why is Salathiel so infinitely affected by the words "Tarry thou till I come," proceeding as they do from the mouth of One in whose divine mission he is not a believer? And then in the evolution of the great drama of Jerusalem's destruction, we have just sufficient adherence to history to make us expect the narration of notorious episodes, inseparably related to the catastrophe, and the introduction of notorious characters, almost essential to the working of the tragedy—in which expectation, however, we find ourselves in error. As a writer of fiction, Dr. Croly was at liberty to use as much and as little of fact as he pleased, always with a due deference to the exigencies of art; and as readers of fiction, we too are at liberty to express our opinion as to the success of his eclecticism in this respect. And now, having growled *ad libitum*, let us own, in conclusion, that "Salathiel" is not lacking in features of power and grandeur, in qualities of lofty conception and elaborate fulfilment, such as would do honour to any writer of the age.

The mere fact of its publication in the pages of *Blackwood* ensured to Dr. Croly's other novel, "Marston," the advantage of a large, if not an eager, public. It failed to excite the interest which some of its "forbearers" and successors, as serial fictions in *Old Ebony*, have so sig-

nally aroused—such as the sea-stories of Michael Scott, the exaggerated but often forcible inventions of Dr. Samuel Warren, and the crowning triumphs of Sir Bulwer Lytton. But “Marston” has high merits of its kind—and to those who relish the introduction of political and historical portraits, mingling on the stage of the action,—after the manner of Scott in “Peveril,” or of the last-named *maestro* in “Devereux”—these “Memoirs of a Statesman,” walking and talking with statesmen French and English, during the agitating years of the French Revolution, are replete with attraction. The principles in politics, the elucidation of which had occupied Dr. Croly’s mind while engaged on the biographies of Burke and Pitt, he had now an opportunity of illustrating in the form, and with the vivid aids, and the appliances and means to boot, of fictitious narrative—philosophy teaching by example—and this opportunity he turned to account with skill, and with fair success. It involved the peril of indulgence in disquisition, and of postponing story to argumentative discourse (which the subscribers to Hookham’s, Ebers’, Mudie’s, &c., profanely style “prosing”), and of making plot and passion yield the *pas* to dissertation and description; but the writer was too experienced in his craft, and too lively in his ideas, ever to become absolutely dry; too animated in his perceptions, and too graphic in the expression of them, ever to be voted unconditionally “slow,”—unless, peradventure, by some of those very “fast” fellows, who are themselves superlatively slow in their upper-works—in the mechanics (it were absurd, in their case, to say the dynamics) of *vous*.

Of Dr. Croly’s minor tales, one of the most remarkable is that entitled “Colonna the Painter,” a tale of Italy and the Arts, with *la Vendetta* for its stirring, thrilling, all-absorbing theme. The conduct of the narrative is admirable; and the diction, like that of its imaginary manuscript, lofty and impassioned—occasionally rising into a sustained harmony, a rhythmical beauty and balance, consonant with the *locale* and the accessories of the story. There is masterly art in the narrator’s prefiguration of the catastrophe by the picture in Colonna’s Saloon, and his gradual development of the events of which it was the dark culmination. The whole is highly wrought, but without any of the strain and startling distortion of the French school. The “Tales of the Great St. Bernard,” some of which made a sensation when they appeared, we can do no more than name. And to the same nominative case, in the plural number, must be referred the diligent author’s edition of Pope, his Reign of George the Fourth, and other miscellaneous works.

Theology falls not within our province; yet, omitting mention of the Rector of St. Stephen’s (Walbrook) general performances in this department, we are tempted to bestow a parting word on that particular book of his, which, from the nature of its subject, of all others, it might seem our chiefest duty to leave undisturbed—his Commentary, namely, on the Apocalypse of St. John the Divine. This exposition it is almost difficult to reconcile with our previous impressions of the writer, as a man of highly cultivated intellectual power, and gifted with much practical sagacity—indeed, one of his critics defines his intellectual distinction to be strong, nervous, and manly sense. But he is also of an imaginative and ardent temperament,—and to this he seems to have yielded the direction of his exegetical pen, when transporting himself in spirit to the isle called

Patmos, and interpreting the mysteries of the seven-sealed scrolls. His ebullient Protestantism and his rampant anti-Gallicism got the better of him, and fired him to explain the vastest, sublimest, most inscrutable of apocalyptic symbols, by *their* "things of the day." He could decry, in the spelling of Apollyon a dreadful identity with that of Napoleon. His eager snatches at allusions and analogies may remind us of Wordsworth's smile

At gravest heads, by eamity to France
Distempered, till they found, in every blast
Forced from the street-disturbing newsman's horn,
For her great cause record or prophecy
Of utter ruin.

Coleridge, whose *haison* with Edward Irving must have imparted to him a special extrinsic interest in the theme of this Commentary, was even vehement in the tone of his strictures upon it. We find him writing as follows, in a letter to *Dante* Cary:—"I have been just looking, *rectius* staring, at the Theologian Croly's Revelations of the Revelations of St. John the Theologian—both poets, both seers—the one saw visions, and the other dreams dreams; but John was no Tory, and Croly is no conjuror. Therefore, though his views extend to the last conflagration, he is not, in my humble judgment, likely to bear a part in it by setting the Thames on fire. The divine, Croly, sets John the Divine's trumpets and vials aside by side. Methinks trumpets and *viols* would make the better accompaniment—the more so as there is a particular kind of fiddle, though not strung with *cat-gut*, for which Mr. Croly's book would make an appropriate bow. Verily, verily, my dear friend! I feel it impossible to think of this shallow, fiddle-faddle trumpery, and how it has been trumpeted and patronised by our bishops and dignitaries, and not enact either Heraclitus or Democritus. I laugh that I may not weep. You know me too well to suppose me capable of treating even an error of faith with levity. But these are not errors of faith; but blunders from the utter want of faith, a vertigo from spiritual inanition, from the lack of all internal strength; even as a man giddy-drunk throws his arms about, and clasps hold of a barber's block for support, and mistakes seeing double for 'additional evidences.' "• The most sage and sensible of men appear, somehow, liable to monomaniac tendencies on the one subject of prophecy: even Newton was crotchety here; and Dr. Croly but adds another name to the list of those celebrated by his satirical fellow-countryman, such as

— Whiston, who learnedly took Prince Eugene
For the man who must bring the Millennium about;
And Faber, whose pious productions have been
All belied, ere his book's first edition was out.

* Memoirs of the Rev. H. F. Cary.

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.*

If contradictions, conflicts, and national wars may be regarded as misfortunes, in that case the peninsula of the Hæmus is most assuredly the Pandora's box for European futurity, for its condition presupposes protracted and sanguinary contests. The fact that the Osmanli dominion is gradually drawing to its close—that the suppressed races are incapable, without foreign assistance, of political regeneration, but that the European powers are as little inclined to give up the whole booty to one among their number, as they are able to settle about its division—such is the nucleus of the Eastern question and the torment of diplomatists. No one can furnish any advice in the difficulties raised by the solution of this question; every one feels that the old continental traditions of diplomacy are not capable of arranging this solution, that a re-construction of Europe must be united with it, the plan of which is not yet clearly defined. Hence the universal desire to defer the decision and to maintain the *status quo*.

Austria feels this desire most heartily, and has entire cause to do so. When the Osmanli forced their way into Europe, the period of ideal policy was not yet past. People still talked of the unity of Christianity: the Hapsburg emperors were still regarded as the temporal governors of this Christianity; and this was not an utterly empty title, as long as the national policy was silent, in opposition to the Turkish "hereditary foe," and combatants collected from nearly all the Christian countries beneath the banners of the Hapsburgs, in order to support Austria in her defensive opposition to the Osmanli. For the traditions and maxims of the House of Hapsburg,—that type of the most corrupt form of Romanism, which was sunk in the slough of apathy and Spanish ceremonial,—could never lead them beyond the system of defence. The positive, the aggressive, the initiative, were utterly ignored by these traditions. They caused Austria to be so dependent on the *status quo*, that is, on the preservation of the Turkish empire; for she felt, that when this empire collapses, Austria must either become positive—that is, give up her nature and traditions—or else perish. She became, as soon as her territories were liberated from the Turkish sway—in just distrust of the expansive abilities of a state which strenuously strove to weaken and suppress her own elements of nationality—the truest and most disinterested friend of the Turks, and remained so, until she was driven from her orbit by the revolution of 1848; and now helplessly oscillates between the past and the future—powerfully drawn backwards by her traditions, and the interests recently aroused by the present reaction, which represents them; driven forwards by her destiny and the progress of the world.

There is in the life of a nation a certain period, which, in the East, occupies the whole existence of the people, when religion is all in all, and religion and state, unless they wish to perish utterly, are indissolubly connected. A nation which is capable of development breaks through this connexion, and strives to render religion a matter affecting the indi-

* Russland, Deutschland, und die östliche Frage. Von Gustav Diezel. Williams and Norgate.

vidual, and to separate it from the state. In such a case it is possible to fuse different religions and nationalities into an harmonious whole; the only condition is, that men, spite of the difference of religion and nationality, regard each other as possessing equal privileges, and that the government protects the life and property of all alike.

At this stage of its development the state is capable of unbounded extension, as it everywhere recognises the existing. But so long as it remains in this stage, fusion, assimilation, both national and religious, are connected with this expansion, and when this appears impossible, the expansion ceases. Austria found, from her inability to raise herself from this lower stage of political development to a higher one, the bounds of her expansion in the Greek-Byzantine empire—although it was of the highest importance for Austria, composed as she is of so many various nationalities, which can never be fused into a whole, to emancipate the state from everything connected with dogmatism. She felt that she neither possessed the power to catholicise these countries by force, nor was she able to join them to herself by the propagation of a system of cultivation in a perfect state of independence on religious relations. Hence she fell into a state of stagnation, wasted away, and pretended to believe in the eternal duration of the *status quo*. Hence, too, she was lauded for her deep political wisdom—for the maintenance of the *status quo* in Turkey was a subject of intense interest to all; but while England and Russia were growing stronger, and so became more able to assert their claims in the settlement of the Turkish inheritance—whenever the catastrophe could no longer be deferred—Austria became,—by this *status-quo* policy, by this purposed suppression of the national energies, by this systematic exclusion of progress,—each day more powerless, more incapable for action when the catastrophe arrived. She sedulously played into the hands of her future rivals, who were gradually growing more prepared to accept the inheritance, while she was continually becoming weaker.

This is the necessary consequence of that unhappy Spanish policy, which in the 16th century opposed the Reformation—not recognising it as a necessary expression of the national vitality—and suppressed it by bloodshed in the Austrian family lands. The sins of this policy—which only fools can call conservative, for it is not conservative to engraft Spanish corruption on a healthy nationality—have not yet borne all their fruit; but the time is at hand when the ulcer will burst and the stonement will ensue.

Russia has displayed less reluctance to attack the *status quo* generally, and in Turkey more especially. This is very natural. Russia has managed to fasten to its interests all that fancied itself menaced by the revolution in the widest extent of the term, but is itself thoroughly revolutionary in its being. If we comprehend by revolution the compulsory alteration of all existing relations, Russia is, in fact, the revolutionist among European states. Its mere appearance in the European state family was an act of revolution: the balance of power was disturbed by this very fact. The creator of modern Russia was the most terrible revolutionist whom the world ever saw, although he was seated on a throne: nothing existing was sacred to him; all that was ancient and venerable he overthrew, and he refrained from no means, however

ive they might appear to morality, religion, or humanity, as long as he helped him in the furtherance of his designs. The problem, as before the Russian state, involves the utter subversion of the European edifice, and can only be solved by the overthrow of the solid and deepest foundations of the European system. If ever perform this task, it will have to remain for a long while stationary or non-conservative. Still Russia is very clever in giving these revolutionary movements, when it thinks proper, the appearance of legality. When opposed to Turkey, religion, the identical at which had set bounds to Austria, furnished suitable means, and the foundation of that supremacy which Russian policy has gained over the Austrian, during the last eighty years, in the East. Russia was christianised from Byzantium, and for a length of time ruled by its religion. The old Varagian grand-dukes attempted in vain to render Russia independent in ecclesiastical affairs. Through the Macedonian conquest, which gave the Christians of the Greek empire new masters, and placed them in a state of subjection and vassalage, no object was attained. Russia had from that epoch its own independent patriarch, whom Peter the Great, in consequence of the clergy making his changes, removed without any difficulty, and substituted a ruler under the immediate authority of the state. Since then the church in Russia has become a mere instrument of the government, must assure it an influence over the masses, who are so ignorant and devoted to religious forms. But it also contrives most cleverly to use this influence externally. The Byzantine Greeks were a dead people long before they had fallen under the yoke of the Osmanli. Their rich political and moral life had sunk into corruption, and this smoothed the path for the unrestrained, obstinate dominion of Islam. Religion was the only thing which the old dying world still showed; the religious society had swallowed up the political. While in the west the Germans, benefited by this religion, furnished the materials for an entirely new national and political development which extended during the next centuries in the richest abundance of variety, the dogma found nothing in the Byzantine empire which was capable of fertilisation and expansion. By a simple comparison, we here estimate the great importance which must be attached to Germanic influence upon our western civilisation. In the Greek world Christianity remained without blossom or fruit. It was only the result of exhaustion and atrophy. And yet the Hæmæus territory was some measure revived by the infusion of new blood. It has been amply proved, that through the continual immigration from without the original Greek blood was considerably mixed and transformed. A new political life was imparted by this mixture of races, when aided with the collision with the old forms of society. The Slavons became Hellenised, i. e. were drawn into the Greek corruption and were lost in it, or they retained their savageness and barbarism, as Slavics who had remained at home, and restricted themselves to the external assumption of Christianity. A celebrated writer upon these historical and ethnographical relations mentions one effect of this Slavonic invasion of Greece. "As long as Rome," says Fallersmeyer, in his "*Fragmente aus dem*

- Orient," "was Greek, the Catholic of Byzantium and the Catholic of Rome met, if with some coldness, still always as brethren and members of one faith. The bond was first severed, and the rupture rendered incurable, after the Slavons had poured over Rumania. With this people, who were ever in a state of opposition to us, an element of irreconcilable contradiction, fell into the lap of Anatolian Christianity." Fallermeyer concludes, from this spirit of the Greek population of the Osmanli empire being in harmony with that of the Russian nation, and from this spirit of opposition and hostility toward the West, that the Russians are destined to be the heirs of the Osmanli, and that this catastrophe cannot be averted by the West. And he would assuredly be correct, could the mere unity of belief decide the question, which is of such importance to Europe, or if the western cultivation could not oppose a most formidable power to this union, and be forced to suffer the fairest countries of Europe to be given up to Russia, who not only would foster no cultivation in these lands, but the cultivation flourishing in the West would be restricted, menaced, and perhaps destroyed.

Russia has assuredly based its plans for the future occupation of these countries upon this religious unity with the subjected Greeks. When, under the successors of Peter the Great, after Austria had given up the prosecution of her schemes upon Turkey, the coasts of the Black Sea and Sea of Azov were taken by the sacrifice of those hecatombs of soldiers which form the chief strength of the Russian, or of every barbarous system of strategy, Russia applied itself to acquire silently and gradually, through its treaties, a protectorate over the Greek Christians of the Turkish empire. As the Osmanli, who had never been adapted for cultivation—just as the Greeks are no longer capable of it—always evinced toleration towards the Christian confessions, and willingly guaranteed to the Greek Church not only religious liberty, but also a share in the municipal administration, they innocently entered into agreements, binding themselves with Russia to favour the Greek religion, which they never had any intention of assailing. Thus it happened that, even in the treaty of Kudjuk Kainardji, of 1775, the Porte promised to give the Christian religion a firm protection, empowered the servants of the Russian court to make representations to it, whenever anything occurred in contradiction to the maintenance of this protection, and at a later date bound itself not to offer any impediment to the free confession of the Christian religion and the performance of its duties.

The Porte had, as it seems, no idea of the latitude of such concessions, and of the attacks to which they exposed the Turkish government, although the foreign envoys, especially the Austrian, understood it very well, and bitterly complained of this blindness. In this method Russia advanced, slowly but surely, at the same time recommending itself to the Greek population as their protector, and avenger of any injustice they suffered; and thus it came about that when the Russian envoy demanded last year a formal treaty, or a surrogate to it, in favour of the Greeks, this demand in fact could be represented, after the preceding treaties, as something quite natural,—we may say—well-evident. The distinction was only this: when Russia formed those treaties with the Porte, which contained the premises of the latest Russian demands, the Porte was still in a state of recognised indepen-

dence. It is true it was gradually sinking, but no one yet thought of its ruin, least of all itself, and hence the carelessness with which it entered into agreements, which a powerful state can alone undertake without danger, but which must hasten the end of a tottering empire.

In the mean while, however, a great change has taken place in Turkey. Her natural historical foundations were subverted during the reign of the last Sultan; a system of cultivation has been forced upon her, which is in the most striking opposition to the temper of the Osmanli, and against which they must continually struggle. Since that time the Porte does not exist from its own strength, but through the European powers, as a so-called European necessity, which may burst like a soap-bubble at any moment. And the danger is the greater, as they are rival powers who support the Porte, powers who are continually trying their strength upon the Porte, whose independence they pretend to respect, and, as in consequence of this conflict, one influence, one system follows on the other, can only accelerate the end of the whole, which they wish to protract.

The result of the western revolutionary movements in 1848, of which scarcely a trace can now be found in many of the western states, necessarily exercised a most important influence upon the Eastern question, not on account of the Magyar and Slavon fugitives who went to Turkey and there derived their convictions of the strength of the Osmanli empire; but because, while all the continental states were thereby greatly weakened—in reality, we should say, for in appearance they have become stronger, and many consider themselves since that time invincible—Russia has been collecting all the strength which the others lost. Through this new and tremendous extension of the Russian power, the long silently-existing conflict between Russia and England has ripened to an open outbreak, and all attempts to patch it up will be useless. The proprietorship of this bone of contention, which will not be so speedily arranged, will be contested in the East, in Constantinople. England immediately took the part of the Porte in the most energetic manner against the pretension of Russia and of Austria in the fugitive question, and if later, in consequence of the unexpected change of affairs in France, the English policy seemed to retrograde, still this could not possibly be permanent—this apparent retreat only formed a bridge for the renewal of the contest in which France, to whom this momentary armistice was owing, must either definitely join the English policy, or become a mere satellite of Russia. Since Russia has become, through the result of the movement of 1848, the supporter and representative of the so-termed conservative policy on the Continent, England is forced to display revolutionising tendencies. With Austria, as the former focus of the conservative policy, it was possible for England to remain in alliance: with Russia she can only share advantages, but never keep up any political harmony. Hence it became a necessity that Russia should be driven from the field by the English diplomatists at Constantinople, and as it could not be assumed that Russia would yield without a blow all the immeasurable advantages it had gained in the last four years, a war was only natural, though no one can foretell when the first act of the drama will be over.

The protection of the Greeks, or the maintenance of the integrity of the Porte, and so on, is therefore a very secondary point; the real ques-

tion is the opposition between England and Russia, which can no longer be healed ever, and which finally has led to a collision. England is constantly compelled to defend the sovereignty of the Porte, and to make the attempt whether a better social position of the Greeks is compatible with the endurance of the Osmanli empire, or not. On the other hand, Russia defends the interests of the Greeks, the majority of whom, it has been proved, are in no way ambitious to taste the Muscovite kneut. The contest will hardly be carried on for any length of time under this pretext, as victory or defeat will be equally destructive to the Osmanli empire. The contest will not become genuine until the Turkish empire has yielded its fate, and the reconstruction of the Byzantine kingdom has to be effected. Then the struggle between England and Russia will become as exciting as it will be interesting to cultivated Europe; it is the contest of liberty against slavery, of civilisation against barbarism, of dignity against dishonour. In this contest the mighty humbug of the Russian preservation of civilisation will burst simultaneously with the feverish illusion that Germany and Russia must be first incorporated ere the Germanic spirit can burst forth again.

That the Turks are not only not adapted for cultivation, in our western sense, but fiercely opposed to it; that the Porte, in proportion as it yields access to western cultivation, gives up Islamism and destroys its own basis, without converting or extirpating the spirit of the nation, which will ever break out with the old fanaticism, whenever the Porte is engaged in a contest with real or so-called Christian powers—requires no proof. It is an Asiatic state, that is, a state without personal liberty, without law, without protection for property and labour, built upon coarse enjoyment and sensuality; and in its religious-national arrogance, an insult, if not a danger, for Europe. The reforms announced by the Turkish Government have been till now an immense lie, and will doubtless ever remain so, because they are impracticable, not only through the temper of the nation, but also through the national fundamental principles and regulations. It is another question, however, whether the mere overthrow of the Osmanli government, possibly through an insurrection of the Christian population, could improve the position of the Greeks; and a further question, whether this would be possible, by giving up the Holy Land to the Russians.

It is only too fully proved that the moral corruption of the Greeks is more extensive than that of the Osmanli; that the latter are honest, faithful to their word, and conscientious; while the Greeks lie and cheat without the slightest scruple. At the same time, the lower Greek population is not so much plundered by their Moslem masters as by their own co-religionists—their bishops and patriarchs. We cannot even say in apology, that these faults have only been developed under a foreign yoke; these were evident long prior to that event, and the Greek population has remained stationary for nearly 1000 years in its character and morality. It is impossible to assume that such a nation can be regenerated without foreign intervention, and the attempt which has been made in the southern portion of the peninsula of the Helles, is a clear proof of the truth of this view.

Still less, however, could any benefit be expected from the Russians obtaining possession of the country. Russia is powerful enough to sup-

part a party in Greece, but is not powerful enough to govern Greece, and govern it satisfactorily. The pride of antiquity would summon up a much more furious opposition against the new rulers, who received their religion and civilisation from this country, than would be developed against any other master; an opposition, of which, it is true, only little is heard, as long as the object is to struggle with their nearest and most immediate foes, the Turks. The privileges of ecclesiastical self-government, and the intervention of the Church in the civil administration, it would be impossible for Russia to allow, although it now pretends, when opposed to Turkey, to insist on their fulfilment; consequently the Greek Church would be almost immediately engaged in the most furious contest with the Russian government, and nothing would be left to the latter, in the barbarity of its measures, save a compulsory Russification.

These difficulties within would have to be modified and concealed by a development of strength without, and these Russo-Greek wars could only be directed against western civilisation. Even if Russia wished to implant internal cultivation after its own peculiar fashion, it would be forced to derive its elements from external sources, such as was the case with their importation into Russia. In short, we cannot consider the consequences of the cession of Greece to Russia, even if we could believe in the possibility, that such an unbounded extension of the Russian empire would not entail its immediate dissolution, without meeting with impossibilities and absurdities—the idea of a perfect destruction of our western cultivation, or a reduction of our countries to a level with the *Hæmus* provinces, i. e. their sinking into a state of barbarism, against which England, at least, can and will defend us, even if the Continent had not sufficient strength.

1. The cession of European Turkey, or merely of the Dardanelles to Russia, would be the subjugation of the West to the East, the dominion of Asia over Europe, the overthrow of long subsisting relations, which can only eventuate, when the Germanic world with all its branches is utterly worn out and exhausted. It is evincing the most *bornè* territorial policy, if Austria habituates herself to the notion of settling the Eastern question by a division between Russia and herself, in which Moldavia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, with Constantinople and the Dardanelles, would fall to the share of Russia. The interests of the West would be irremediably injured by this step, and Austria would not be strengthened, but weakened. If Germany is not able to exert an influence over the Greek lands in any other way than by tearing off a few shreds and tacking them on to Austria, it neither deserves, nor will it have a future in the East.

Nothing is so little and unstatesmanlike, but so truly *German-princely* as this policy, which announces an immense triumph, when it has succeeded in tearing away a patch of territory with a few thousand "souls" and "incorporating" it. Nothing proves more patently how far back Germany still is in its political development, than the barbarism and crudeness of this territorial policy, that must be first entirely overcome, and abolished within Germany, which is fancied to be firmly established again, before the Germans assume a position in the world corresponding with their national qualities and historical mission. From the very fact that Austria, spite of her universal monarchical traditions and velleities, never rises above this miserable territorial policy,

and seeks her strength, not in the culture of independent interests, but in the subjugation, incorporation, and regular reduction of all the elements to the level of the Hapsburg Absolutism—from this very reason—Austria, with her present constitution and her former traditions, will proportionally effect little in the solution of the Eastern question, despite of the favourable nature of her position.

This duty will devolve principally on England, who, because she has carried out her reform in a social point of view, and has got rid of the Hapsburger, has raised herself to the first rank among the Germanic nations, and advances as the representative of Germany in Europe. Her interests, as well as the principles of state, and the nature of the people, throw the solution of this question into her hands. It may be a matter of regret that this part has been allotted to her and not to Germany, whose position should render the latter the protector of European liberty; but we must confess that Germany, from its own fault, is entirely incapable of effecting this, and should owe deep gratitude to the English, if they check the progress of Russia. If the people of the Grecian peninsula can be regenerated, this will not be possible by the inundation of a materially barbarous nation, even if united with them by a religious bond, but only by the intervention of a free nation, whose state is based on self-government, which promotes self-government everywhere, which protects and develops labour and property, and manages to open out and *exploiter* the national resources in every direction. After an impartial consideration, we must allow that the English, of all the great and governing nations whom Europe has seen during the course of a long history, are best adapted to govern foreign nations, dissimilar, or even opposed, to them in character. The simplicity of their political arrangements and principles of government, which they derive from home, and which are suited for every country and every nationality, because they care for protection of liberty, life, and property, and everywhere extend the spirit of self-government—the respect for foreign institutions, which the English suffer to exist without modification, while the French and the Russians are always eager for assimilation and transformation—the strength and manliness of their character; and, finally, their superiority in every description of productive cultivation,—all these qualities impart to their government, not the character of an oppressive despotism, but that of an institution fostering liberty, independence, and civilisation.

The English have succeeded in arousing peoples and countries of the most opposite character from the deepest sleep and political dissolution to new life, and in re-opening long-choked sources of prosperity and riches, without any sensible nation being able to deny them the testimony of the service performed to the land and people. A nation, however, which has so thoroughly exhausted life in all its phases, like the Byzantine, can only gradually rise from its slough by the influence of a race in every respect superior to it, by growing accustomed to new interests and their promotion, through the example of the in-flocking strangers, and by a limited self-government, that is to say, a government which is deprived of the power of destroying itself. In this sense will England have to develop her influence in the East, for her own sake and that of European

cultivation; and, in truth, things will follow this track, now that war has been once declared.

—And as formerly the contest between England and France was not confined to the limits of both countries and their waters, but set the whole of Europe in motion; in the same way the struggle between Russia and England will not be fought out in the East, where the nations come into collision, but all Europe will be gradually drawn into the conflict. It is one of the most remarkable facts in recent history, that under a Napoleonic empire, a lustre after Trafalgar and Waterloo, an approximation—an alliance between England and France could become possible. It would be very foolish to believe in the eternal duration of such an alliance, to fancy that now the national antipathy existing for ages between the two nations, and increased during a long history, should be done away with, and both would work hand in hand, with disinterested love, for the propagation of civilisation. But it may be asserted, without danger, that the reconciliation between England and France must be a necessity, so long as the Holy Alliance exists: that is, so long as Germany only serves to strengthen the preponderance of Russia. The Napoleonic period of France, which accepted the contest with the whole of Europe, and from whose traditions, hopes, and apprehensions, the wise diplomacy of the Continent is liberating itself with such extraordinary slowness, was a sickly and spasmodic condition: it will hardly return—for even a new and successful French revolution, in which many still believe, would not augment the power of the state in such measure that France could again subjugate Europe—least of all will it do so under Napoleon III. France will have to accustom herself to a modest policy; she will have to become reconciled with her old foes, one after the other; and so long as Russia domineers over the German governments, she will be in alliance with England. If this condition is only transitory, still it will serve as the introduction to a new period in European history. The war between England and France is over: the war of England and Russia is commencing, and France can only take part in *this* war, while in the other it occupied a first rank. It is the great fact of our era that France has descended from her umquihle elevation.

For the Russians, as it seems, the time is past, when they could take advantage of the hostility subsisting between the two great Western Powers, in order to quietly increase their own strength. Russia has now to defend her own cause, and prove the claims, which she has asserted, to the dictatorship of Europe. With her the *hic Rhodus, hic salta*, is now true. She must show whether her nationality and her government, in junction with the sympathies of a portion of the East, will be strong enough to carry out the war against the West. It was by no means probable that she would rush headlong into this contest, but it was equally impossible for her to withdraw from it without permanent injury to her reputation. Let the decision be deferred, let the Ministry, which still manages English affairs, build a golden bridge for Russia's retreat: the battle-field is chosen, the combatants are drawn up—they may hesitate in commencing the war, but they can no longer decline it.

As far as we are acquainted with Russia, her nation, and her history, we cannot doubt but that the only possibility of her enduring the issue

of the struggle lies in her authority over Germany. As long as this unhappy state endures, her position is strong, if not to attack, still in defence. In Germany, therefore, the question must be decided; and if Germany persists in her present conduct, that country will again become the scene of sanguinary contests, in spite of all the nonsense about the impossibility of a war. In Germany the battles were fought which England waged against France: shall the struggle between East and West be decided on German soil, when the German nation only requires *one* decision and *one* deed to settle the question without bloodshed? But whenever German states entered into alliance with England or France, it was for the interest of civilisation that the alliance was formed, and the war, if for the moment ruinous, was followed by beneficial results. But what can induce Germany, who has not yet ended all her internal struggles, whose interests imperatively demand national unity and national policy, to join the Russians, or, which in the end would be the same thing, to promote their interests by her moral support, and so imperil her own future existence more and more?

The importance of the impending struggle for Germany lies in the fact that it places the antagonism of the national interests with those of the dynasties in the clearest light, and naturally gives rise to the question which of the two shall have the supremacy. The national interests imperatively demand an alliance with Western cultivation in opposition to the barbarism that menaces them from the East; the return of Russia to that position to which its cultivation and the character of the nation entitle it: the alteration of the present dependence of Germany on Russia, into that of the dependence of Russia, as the receiver, upon the West as the donor; the settlement of the question, whether the masses must rule over cultivation, or cultivation over the masses. The position of the world and the weight of England render it almost an impossibility for Germany to join Russia, while it is bound by all the fibres of its existence to English civilisation; but, on the other hand, the interests of the dynasties cause it to appear equally impossible for the princes to desert the cause of the Tzar. The impending struggle will entail the settlement of this important question, through which an entirely new order of things may be anticipated.

This the dynasties appear to comprehend more clearly than the nation, whose more intelligent representatives do not yet understand the full extent of the conflict—that the principles, which sought and did not find a settlement in Germany in 1848, have retired to the two ends of Europe, and here are opposed to each other. The struggle is inevitable, and no neutrality will be possible. But fruitless are the hopes that Russia will accept the intervention of the German courts, or be induced by them to withdraw or make any concessions. The brother-in-law of the Prussian king, the friend of the Emperor of Austria, would *perhaps* do so, but the Tzar of all the Russias cannot. The great politicians of Vienna and Berlin, who believed in the disinterested nature of the Russian assistance, must see this illusion vanish, and derive the conviction that the growth of power, which they have given Russia by their un-German policy, will turn directly against the interests of the West, which are based on a common foundation, and against those of their own countries, and bring into a clear and dangerous light the antagonism of the national and

dynastic interests. They must perceive, not merely that they have played into the hands of Slavonism, but that they are now incapable of checking its progress, and it is only the folly which seems to be peculiar to the defenders of a bad cause that tries to make the Palmerston policy responsible for the extension of the Russian power.

The majority of the intelligent Germans still delude themselves with the hope that Austria will have the power and will to represent the interests of Germany in this struggle. This illusion, which is the consequence of the apathy originating from the shipwreck of 1849, may possibly entail a multitude of misfortunes on Germany; but it is the last illusion which Germany will have to overcome. It is superfluous to prove that it is an illusion. The Optimists would not allow themselves to be convinced by arguments: facts, we fancy, will soon prove the truth of our remarks.

Those who are free from this illusion—and their number will rapidly increase—will await the development of affairs with the greatest apprehension. For if the opposition against Russia is not sufficient inducement to the nation to collect in a firm bond and attain a new national life, then this hope will for ever be a chimera, and those were right who prophesied the dissolution of Germany and the extension of neighbouring states by the appropriation of her various components. Then the Continent will sink for ages into a death-sleep, and the dictum will be most rapidly and fully verified—that “the history of the world is hurrying towards the West.”

HITHER AND THITHER.*

THE late Mr. John Fitchett of Warrington, attorney-at-law, made it the great end and object of his life to produce as much blank verse, upon the subject of King Alfred, as would fill *six* closely-printed volumes, in royal octavo; and then died, leaving to his kind and talented executor the task, which he accomplished, of completing this awful labour in a forty-eighth book, of two thousand five hundred and eighty-five lines. We might seem to be quoting from some quaint fiction; but the facts are incontestable; for the mighty work (after two years had been consumed in passing it through the press) was actually published by Mr. William Pickering, *Aldi discipulus Anglus*, in the year of Grace 1842. It may be presumed that, with Mr. John Fitchett, this race of authors has become extinct. Men of talent and leisure can now find higher employment than writing forty-seven books of blank verse; and there are few persons so unoccupied as to read them. Our comfort as intelligent beings, as well as the proper economy of our time, is beginning to make it necessary that all books shall be kept within some reasonable dimensions. Three-volume novels must be abolished by act of Parliament; it might even be well to

* Hither and Thither; or, Sketches of Travels on both sides of the Atlantic. By Reginald Fowler, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Frederick R. Daldy, 10, Paternoster-row. 1854.

impeach Sir Bulwer Lytton; and, at a time when men are in the habit of merely adding their personal adventures to the facts of their predecessors, there is no class of books to which a statutory limit should be more rigidly applied than to Books of Travels. Travelling itself has undergone a revolution, and so must its records. Once it was otherwise. Though we have now been long accustomed to the useful Hand-books issued from Albemarle-street, there are persons still living who commenced their grand tour with *Reichard's Guide*; which opened, as they may remember, with one or two dismal chapters on the dangers the traveller was about to encounter, and the precautions necessary for avoiding them. He was recommended to have a servant who (not metaphorically, but literally) could bleed him. He was to have double-barrelled pistols, and was instructed how to carry them; but his valour was to be tempered with discretion, as he was informed that it was a very delicate question to determine when he should make use of them; and when he had escaped the dangers of the road, he was to pay as much attention to the locks of his rooms as to those of his double-barrelled pistols. In those primeval times, pages interminable could be filled with a narrative of way-side adventures. Every town that was passed through had its history and description, and every suspected imposition was treasured as an incident:

Wheresoe'er we turn'd our view,
All was charming, all was new.

From many places we were so long excluded, that they were re-opened to us as undiscovered countries. It is now very different. The road from London to Naples is as familiar as the pavement of Piccadilly. The Overland route to India is better known than the country which lies between the Mansion House and the East India Docks. Intermediate distances are annihilated. The United States are explored during the Summer holidays. Greece and Turkey serve for a vacation ramble. Abyssinia has become common-place; and the far-off Himalayas are taking customers from the Alps. Still, however, even on the most beaten track, there will always be something to be observed and reported upon. The question is how it may best be done. Writers such as Mr. Curzon and Sir Charles Lyell travel with a specific object, and we receive their works without too minutely inquiring whether the attraction is in the subject or the author. It is the same with the *Tours of Mr. Laing*, and those of our botanists in India and China. They have a speciality. But the traveller whose object is self, in its various forms of health, amusement, economy, or notoriety, must conform to the plan of the writer whose work is now before us, and select, from his *Note-book*, only its more interesting portions. In this way—though with a title rather more odd than suggestive—Mr. Fowler has produced a very agreeable volume. We do not mean to say that he has at once achieved perfection; but when he thinks anything worth describing, he certainly describes it well.

After some "free-hand" sketches of Madeira, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Cadiz, and Seville—to which we shall again advert—he crosses the Atlantic. In his own words, he proceeds "from Rome to New York;" and though we are not aware of any such direct communication between the harbour of the Riba Grande and the commercial capital of America;—and find

As we proceed with the chapter, that it is merely an *ad cap-*
mode of announcing a change of scene—we willingly follow
To this portion of his volume we shall, on many accounts, give our
attention. He describes the external aspects of the country with
and freshness; and he speaks, with a manly liberality of tone, of
people and their institutions. It may seem a paradox, but it is true
older states, that during the last forty years America has under-
very little change. Lord Carlisle's description of its northern cities,
as Bremer's account of Carolina and Georgia, would have been as
t half a century since as they are now. New states may be created;
territory may be acquired; its cities may spread their limits; or
commerce may increase with "a potentiality of wealth beyond the
s of avarice;" but the people are essentially the same. There is
e the qualities good or bad) the same absorbing love of gain—of
ing rather than accumulating—which was long since described as
ntre of their social system; the same pride in their country and its
f government; the same political intolerance;—which often assumes
rm of insufferable tyranny. In periods of excitement there is
al risk in differing with the majority; and a striking instance of it
to our recollection.

rtly before the commencement of the last war between Great
and the United States, some articles appeared in a Baltimore
l strongly animadverting upon the conduct of the government, and
policy of the contest in which they were about to engage. As
ore was to be one of the principal ports for privateering, such
is were unpalatable to the people, and the editor of the paper was
ned with their vengeance. He treated the threat with contempt;
ay determined to show him they were in earnest by levelling his
g-office with the ground. He then prepared for defence, by barri-
his premises; and his garrison was strengthened by a few friends;
them an officer who had served in the revolutionary war, and
r an Englishman named Thompson. Upon the first attacks of the
ey were fired upon and repulsed with some loss. But this only
d them. On their next appearance they placed cannon in a street
nding the printing-office, and as the position of the besieged began
esperate, overtures were made to the authorities of the city that
ould give themselves up, and abide the decision of a legal tribunal,
could, in the mean time, be defended from personal injury. The
ce was given; and with some difficulty they were conducted,
the yells and execrations of the people, to an apartment in one of
gs of the city prison. Shortly after nightfall a confused noise was
outside the walls; and soon afterwards shouts and approaching
s sounded through the corridor which led to the room where they
n placed. It was a moment of horrible suspense; there seemed
ibility of escape, and there was little time for deliberation. The
the revolutionary war, "more like an antique Roman" than a
citizen, produced a dagger, and proposed that they should suc-
stab each other, the last survivor inflicting the same fate upon
It was a proposal very coldly received; and a man of more
wisdom suggested that their only chance would be to extinguish
ce, place themselves behind the door, and join and mingle with

the people as they entered. To this stratagem several of them owed their safety. But amongst those who were identified was the unfortunate Englishman. Wounded severely in the head during the scuffle, he was seized upon by the mob; and, a barrel of tar having been emptied over him, he was powdered with feathers from head to foot, and conducted in a cart, to the music of a hooting populace, through the streets of the city. To a less robust frame, the torture and exhaustion would have been fatal. At last he was recognised, at one of the halting places, by a friendly American (and we are bound to say that some of them behave nobly on such occasions), who concealed him in a neighbouring ditch, and he ultimately escaped; though, several weeks after, he might have been seen, on his way to England, with the wounds in his head still festering. Now it may be thought unfair to bring forward, as a trait of national character, an incident which occurred upwards of forty years since. We should think so too, did we not remember, in later times, the treatment of the Abolitionists; and that there are places where it would have been dangerous to have pronounced that the Cuban invasion was an act of piracy.

We will give another instance. The liberties of America are founded upon the following declaration:—*"We regard this truth as self-evident, that all mankind are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that amongst these are life, liberty, and the endeavour after happiness."* Where we at present write, we cannot refer to the document *in extenso*; we take it, therefore, as quoted by Miss Bremer; but we believe it is correctly given.

It is quite evident, however, that no animals in existence are created equal. From the first descendants of Adam to the present hour, we see, in every family, original differences both physical and intellectual; and, if they did not exist from the beginning, they would soon be formed by habit and circumstances. With this inequality, the wise and prudent will always govern, and the strong subdue; and no people can ever have *political rights* till they are so far advanced in civilisation and power as to acquire and maintain them. Nor have we a single liberty or right which is "inalienable." All civilised society is formed by a relinquishment of rights. It is scarcely possible to conceive a clearer right than that of freely going into and out of the place where we reside. But the public safety may require that the gates should be closed at a certain hour, and the right is, without any injustice, alienated. To class "the endeavour after happiness" as a "right," is merely, perhaps, a loose mode of expression. Yet there is not a single city in the Union where all this might be strongly and publicly expressed, or the nonsense of the passage be exposed, without the risk of personal insult, or deadly arbitrement.

When the present Chancellor of the Exchequer was conducting one of his measures through the House of Commons, he was somewhat peremptorily contradicted by a member on the opposite benches. After a short explanation, he inquired if the honourable gentleman still held the same opinion, and was answered, "Yes, I do." "Then," said Mr. Gladstone, "I can only say that *I don't agree with you.*" We hold that no difference upon a public question should ever go beyond this. When it comes to bowie-knives and revolvers—with every wish to be courteous to our Anglo-Saxon brethren—we cannot admit that free discussion any longer exists. There is as little liberty of opinion, under such a system of

anism, as under the most absolute despotism in Europe; it is a blot on their national character; and, in dismissing one of the few points upon which we would speak of them unfavourably, while we admit, as regards heavy sin, that they have "reformed it indifferently," we would add, Hamlet did, "Reform it altogether." The sketches of Mr. Fowler, we know, be more agreeable to them than the tone of these remarks. has done them full justice; and, as a specimen of his manner, we set a description of the passage from New York to Albany:

The Hudson is a noble stream. One bank, for some miles after leaving New York, is covered with country houses and their pleasure-grounds; the other is bounded by a flat ridge of rocks, rising to a height of about 500 feet, forming a strong contrast to the gently sloping shore of the opposite bank. Here the river expands into a broad sheet of water called the Tappan Zee. Next, the boat rapidly glides through a succession of apparently small rapids, twisting and turning through abrupt, precipitous, rocky hills, but covered with small timber to the water's edge. This is the most beautiful part of the stream. Like the Rhine forcing its way through the Tannus of hills, the Hudson is here compelled to yield to the nature of the land. Beautiful, indeed, are the little lake-like expansions which here break on the river. West Point, situated on the shore of one of them, is a little town; and some care has been judiciously exercised in not defacing this retreat, more than is absolutely necessary, by the buildings of the United States Military Academy. West Point has been so often described, that it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon it here. It is the only military training place in the United States, and is regarded by the mass of the people with great jealousy—some difficulty being generally experienced in passing an annual vote, for its support, through Congress. The discipline maintained is very strict. Very many of the students leave before their course of study is completed. Most young men are, in all countries, impatient of restraint, and are particularly so in America; added to which, the military profession does not hold the same rank in society as in other countries: it is simply looked upon as a necessary nuisance. The army is very small (about 9000 men), and is chiefly employed in small detachments in the thankless, dull, inglorious duty of guarding the extended frontier of the Union against the Indians. The militia force looks down upon the regular; the colonel of militia is a greater personage than the colonel of the regular army. The soldiers are almost all Irish or Dutch, with some few deserters from English regiments quartered in the State. Few native Americans will enlist—and they are right; no career is offered, no little inducement. The officers are so scattered that they have no esprit de corps, which, in most services, promotes esprit de corps, and gives a higher tone both of manners and feeling. Above this, the stream flows through a country, abounding in clean, snug little towns, and here and there a residence of the better class perched on some knoll, or on the shore of a green bay. These houses have invariably some attempt at architectural beauty, none are without wide sweeping verandahs. At Kingston the Kaatskill Mountains, the scene of Rip van Winkle's twenty years' nap, come into sight. The river is thickly timbered throughout, and is some distance from the shore; the intervening space being a level plain of about ten or twelve miles long, only partially cleared, and thinly inhabited. The banks gradually become more tame, the stream narrower, the current more rapid; and the navigation, for vessels of any burden, ceases at Troy; about five miles above New York. As far as Albany the average width of the almost currentless stream is about a mile; and I myself saw a square-rigged ship of about 400 tons lying off a wharf more than 100 miles from New York. Its capacity for navigation may therefore be imagined. On my return from Albany I landed at this part of the river to pay a visit of a few days to the

far-famed Pine Orchard Hotel, situated on this range of mountains, 3000 feet above the level of the sea. The ascent of the mountain offers most lovely views over an immense extent of country; and the spot on which the hotel stands is one of the most striking in the world. A small space, at the very brink of a precipice 1500 feet deep, has been cleared; on this, within a few yards of the edge, stands the hotel. The view is magnificent. An immense tract of country lies below you, through which the white stream of the Hudson flows like a silken thread. The dark foliage of the trees, and the little towns on the margin of the stream, enable the eye to trace its course mile after mile—until to the south it is lost among the high lands about West Point, and to the north among the hills of Connecticut. The view extends at least 100 miles in every direction, presenting a most exquisite panorama of a large part of the states of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Vermont. One cannot help being struck with the immense quantity of forest still standing, the small part of the country which is under arable cultivation, and the apparent sparseness of the population in so old settled a district, and so near a city which may be said to be not only the capital of the state of New York but of the whole Union.

We have given so long an extract, because with this description, and the frontispiece to Miss Bremer's second volume before us, the appearance of the Hudson may be as distinctly conceived as if we were actually upon its banks. Mr. Fowler also confirms what we have said as to the little change which has taken place in the character of the older cities. "In New York," he observes, "there are so many persons who have been accustomed to the gaiety and light-heartedness of a continental life, that this city is, undoubtedly, the most agreeable in America, with the exception, perhaps, of St. Louis or New Orleans during the proper season. At Boston one acquires a decided dislike to Puritanism, and learns to consider a 'blue' lady a bore; at Philadelphia, the primness and propriety of the Quakers, and the rectangular construction of their city [and of themselves] are almost painful. Baltimore is a little more south, and therefore less straitlaced; and Washington is, of course, interesting to a traveller, from being the seat of government; though in itself a melancholy skeleton." All this would have been equally correct if written immediately before the last war. To the character of American society he does more justice than the generality of English travellers. He reminds them that "to seize upon any peculiarity, and exaggerate it, is easy. To represent, as characteristic of a whole people, manners which are to be found in a mere section of it—to dress them up and present them to the reader in amusing language—may flatter national vanity; but it is highly unfair. . . . I mixed during several months (he says) in every class of American society. The highly-bred English or French gentleman, accustomed to the best and most refined, is not to be found. . . . But you will find, with this exception, most native Americans (I use this term advisedly, because the states are deluged with people from other countries, who are the loudest talkers and most obtrusively ill-mannered) superior in intelligence and manners to persons filling the same position elsewhere." This is not Mr. Fowler's best-constructed sentence; but he continues to remark, with great truth, that "really good society is not easy of access to a traveller in the United States; he must not only come well recommended, but must linger long upon his road." The writer of these pages is gratefully sensible that

had he not taken letters from one who was honoured as much in America as at home, as a philanthropist and man of genius, he should not have been able to appreciate as he does the best of American society. "All society in a city like New York cannot be good; neither have I found it so elsewhere. Take class for class, and it need not blush by the side of its European competitors." "To know the Americans," he adds, "you must visit them. No written description will be just. Like a rule relating to the gender of French nouns, the exceptions will be so numerous, that in the end the rule itself will be forgotten. Every climate, from tropical heat to Siberian cold; pursuits the most various; the wealthy luxurious city, and the newly-planted log-hut, whose inhabitants see but the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, must and do present striking contrasts."

From the United States, Mr. Fowler proceeded into Canada. He describes its scenery, especially his voyages on its lakes and rivers, with his usual clearness; and he gives a striking instance of the folly of retaining in emigration a taste for the luxuries and amusements which the settler has formerly enjoyed. To disappointed expectations he attributes the general disposition of the emigrants to sell their farms. "Nearly every farmer appeared to be not only willing but desirous of parting with his land—if a purchaser could be found—denoting either that farming is unremunerative, or the farmer extravagant, and, therefore, involved. The truth is, that people come to the colony with small resources and old-country habits, and soon dissipate whatever capital they bring with them. Discontent, neglect of their business, and reckless improvidence follow. Too much is expected from a small capital; and it is only when too late, that emigrants find out the real truth, that none but hard-working, careful people, can succeed here—unless backed by an income drawn from other sources than their farms."

Mr. Fowler shrinks from a description of Niagara. He says that language cannot be made to rise to such majesty; that it is without a parallel in nature. "The mind can only grasp it through the external senses; it must be seen and heard—not frittered away and toned down through the cold medium of a string of expletives and superlatives. There is, besides, something almost sacred in the thoughts and feelings to which the scene gives rise: he who feels it most will say the least. You cannot prattle in the face of such sublimity." This seems a repetition, in word-painting, of the artist who concealed one of the principal faces in a group because he was unable to give it adequate expression. Yet we do not remember to have had the scene more satisfactorily brought before us than in the pages which it prefaces. If satisfied with the society of New York, with that of Montreal he was delighted. He describes it as "most excellent, and the hospitality and kindness of the resident French Canadians unbounded. All (we are told) who have visited the city will bear willing testimony to this, and to the mild, lady-like, winning manners of its fair inhabitants. The change from the abrupt rusticity of the greater part of the upper province strikes a traveller forcibly. He passes at a bound, as it were, into an entirely new social atmosphere, which recalls to his mind the never-to-be-forgotten charms of a French drawing-room. The French Canadian has retained

the suavity, and, in a great measure, the ideas, both social and political, of the ancestors from whom he sprung; and who quitted their native land about the time of Louis Quatorze."

Our notice of the European portion of the volume must be brief. There are some very sensible remarks upon the religious dissensions amongst the English at Madeira; and the account of Gibraltar takes us to the place itself. We wander about its rock; shudder as we contemplate the slow torture of its military prison; and make excursions to Campo and S. Roque; and, through the cork wood to Almoraima; with something like a vague belief that we once were there. We will spare the ladies of Portugal his description of their *personal attractions*, though it only confirms what we have formerly heard from their countrymen—by way of contrast—when descanting with rapture upon the beauty of Englishwomen. It might reconcile them to our author's opinion to know that even the fair dames of Cadiz fail to satisfy his fastidious taste. "Do they deserve the praise so lavishly bestowed upon them?" he asks. "I think not. Dark and carefully-arranged hair, and bright piercing eyes, are their chief beauty. The features are not very regular, nor is their complexion good. Their walk is unrivalled." Yet if we strike a balance upon such items as these, the result will still be in favour of beauty: and the possessors of such attractions would not, we should think, lessen the pleasures of a Spanish supper. "About eight or nine in the evening comes the really social meal. Then the family meet, friends drop in, the girls bring out the guitars, and music and dancing are kept up till midnight. This is the time to see a Spanish family in good humour, and to the greatest advantage; for these four or five hours are the enjoyment of the day. When once admitted on terms of intimacy, you may run about their houses at all hours like a pet dog. Even the women will not run away from you, although they be in morning deshabille; and no servant (when your face is known) will ever trouble himself to announce you; he simply admits you, and leaves you to wander over the house when, where, and how you like."

Agreeable as this mode of visiting seems to be, it may be doubted whether it would be much relished in England. Mr. Fowler's next chapter is of Malta, which offers little that is new. The quality that gives life to his sketches is less a graphic power than an evident sincerity. A total absence of exaggeration:—in a word, Reliability. We abstain from further extracts. It is unnecessary to cut into fragments what is already so brief. We may do so to exempt from the necessity of reading more ponderous works; but, in Mr. Fowler's case, the volume itself will amply repay the time which it may occupy. He never tires; and has given us a pleasant and readable book.

DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

Audience of the Pope—Villa Doria Pamfili.

I AM just returned from an audience of the Pope, and sit down to write with all my impressions fresh on my mind. Two days ago a French dragoon made his appearance at my door very early in the morning, before I was up, to the infinite alarm of my Italian *servant*, who thought he had come to arrest me, I believe. He only bore, however, a very peaceable intimation, printed on an extra large sheet of paper, notifying that I was to make my appearance at the Vatican, dressed in black, on the following Sunday at three o'clock.

Sunday came, and in the morning our English service, where 700 so-called "*heretics*" offer up their prayers in every variety of fashionable silks and satins, with unmistakable Parisian bonnets *en suite*. The walls of the "upper chamber" appropriated by the "Protesters" of the nineteenth century are painted in glaring frescoes, looking as little like a church as possible. Everybody stares with that insolent knock-me-down air, considered indicative of high *ton* by English *alone*, every other nation increasing in courtesy precisely in proportion to the rank of the individual. In good sooth we are fearfully and wonderfully made, specially on the Continent.

By three o'clock I had dressed myself *selon les règles* for presentation to the head of the rival establishment, viz., in black, with a veil over my head à l'*Espagnole*, a very becoming coiffeur by the way, which must, I think, have been introduced by Lucrezia Borgia or some other ecclesiastical belle, as being the prettiest and most taking costume their fertile imaginations had hit upon. Up we drove to St. Peter's, where those glorious fountains shoot up in masses of molten silver towards the bright sun, typical in their transparent purity of the faith which martyrs on that very spot have sealed with their blood. I was afraid I was late, and hurried along the marble corridor and up the regal staircase, extending from the colonnades to the interior of the Vatican. The quaint Swiss guard were lounging about and talking some utterly unintelligible jargon. These men are regular "bestie," as the Italians say, and cannot be classed under any denomination of Christians; they have scarcely the attributes of humanity, and only understand "*la raison de la force*," being gifted with particularly sharp elbows, as every one has felt ever jammed into a church-crowd in St. Peter's or the Sistine Chapel. At the top of the steps stood a servant in crimson uniform; a little further on, another. All things have an end—so at last had the climbing up stairs. I found myself landed in the first room of the picture-gallery, where San Romualdo and his companions are represented as ascending still further *en route* to heaven, in voluminous white dresses. I was so out of breath I don't think I could have followed them had I

had a chance—perhaps, after all, they mistook the way; and I could do so—?

Next to this empty *sala* is a room furnished with a brass *vestibolo* in the midst, and some chairs—a perfect specimen of Italian audacity. Round the walls were ranged about twenty persons, waiting like myself the good pleasure of his Holiness. As we miserable schismatics and sinners were kept waiting at least an hour, I had abundant time to observe them. There was a group unmistakably French—two ladies as coquetishly dressed as black would allow, with veils more exposing than hiding their faces. With them were two gentlemen, who fidgeted incessantly, used their handkerchiefs like minute-guns, and took snuff by handfuls. The ladies rattled away incessantly, like true Frenchwomen. Bless their souls, how they must talk in their sleep! Next to them was a party as decidedly English; they laughed and nudged each other, and made fun of everything, were very ill-dressed, and seemed utterly out of place. Then came a whole circle of French again, with two abbés and a small, round boy, coloured in the face like a rosy pippin. These people had brought some excellent jokes along with them, and laughed so long and loud the walls must have been scandalised, the priests heartily joining in the fun. Certainly the vicinity of the Holy Father had no effect upon them, nor were they sobered by the presence of two nuns or pilgrims, who sat motionless beside them. These were two young creatures of most interesting appearance, with white cloths wrapped closely round their faces, precisely as the early masters, Perugino and his predecessors, represent the *Mater Dolorosa*. They wore dresses of dark brown stuff, with girdles of coarse, knotted rope; a cross lay on their bosom, and coarse sandals bound their naked feet; in their hands they held broad-brimmed straw hats. I understood that they were destined to some mission in North Africa. Poor things! what devotion such a life requires! Immovable they sat, like monumental effigies, and as the deep shadows fell on the delicate face of the younger of the two, and a slight hectic colour flushed her ivory cheek, she looked like some pre-Raphaelite saint listening to the preaching of an Augustine or an Ambrose! I wonder what they thought of the world and its vanities in the person of the French lady, flourishing an embroidered pocket-handkerchief and rattling her jewellery?

Dr. Johnson says, "An hour may be tedious but never can be long!"—a proposition I utterly controvert, for I found that division of time allotted to waiting exceeding lengthy. I grew so cold and chilled I felt actually turning into stone—still no summons came. I looked at the pictures; opposite to me was a large fresco representing Sixtus IV. giving audience to some mediæval gentleman devoutly kneeling—a delicate hint to Protestants present: "to go and do likewise." I got quite angry with a bonneted Doge of Venice, by Titian, simply because I could not help staring at him, and, in fact, hated all the *chef-d'œuvres* around, being in a very sulky humour. When hope seemed quite vain, and after even the pilgrim nuns had moved the quintessential part of an inch, steps were heard approaching; the curtain over the door was drawn aside, and Monsignore Talbot, a member of the Malabide branch of that ancient line, private chamberlain to Pius, advanced into the room, bare-

hooded, magnificently attired in light purple robes, with a great cross embroidered on his breast. Grand and courtly in bearing, with a dignified address, lending importance to his fresh and handsome face, he might have sat to Titian, and been admired as one of his happiest subjects. Making a general bow to the assembled company, who rose at his entrance, he pronounced the name of the French party and retired, they following him. Next were summoned the noisy priests, quite quiet now, and the little boy cowed into good behaviour by the apparition of Monsignore. Next my "*rispettato nome*," as the Italians have it, was uttered, and I exit through two or three empty rooms. Before entering the audience gallery, called Degli Arazzi, from the glorious tapestries that hang along the walls, designed by Raphael, Monsignore Talbot instructed me how to behave, and made me take off my gloves, which are never worn in the presence of papal royalty. Beside the door stood another valet in crimson; a bell rung, and I was signed to advance. Pius stood at the top of a long gallery. On entering I knelt; on advancing to the middle of the room I knelt again; and at last, on arriving before him, a third time I knelt. All this is difficult to execute decorously. The aspect of the Pope is extremely benignant and pleasing; a halo of kindness and benevolence hovers around him, and the sweet smile on his calm, composed features immediately prepossesses one towards him. As I made the allotted genuflections, he seemed to wave his hand as though deprecating the formality, and bidding me freely advance. He looked almost pained at being approached so ceremoniously. On reaching his feet, at the third kneel, he presented me his bare hand, and I kissed a splendid ruby ring which he wears. Gregory, the late Pope, desired and submitted to having his foot kissed, the orthodox salutation in papal audiences; but the amiable Pius prevents even such an attempt, by frankly stretching forth his hand at once. He was dressed entirely in white, with a small cap on his head and shoes of red, bearing a cross embroidered in gold, and stood beside a table at the top of the room. His white robes hanging in heavy folds around him, the tapestried walls of the gallery, his grave and immovable attitude, one hand resting on the table, altogether conveyed the idea of an historical picture more than an actual scene. He addressed various questions to me respecting my own family affairs, and listened with interest to my replies, first asking me in which language, French or Italian, I could most easily express myself. His voice is soft and musical, as all know who have heard how sweetly he chants the high mass at St. Peter's; and his manner full of paternal kindness and affability. "Nella gioventù," said he; "c'è sempre vanità, le tribolazioni ci vengano da Dio pregiamo dunque che siano santificati per voi." ("Youth," said he, "is full of vanity; misfortunes, though grievous, bring us nearer to God; pray, therefore, that your own may be sanctified to you.")

After some further talk, during which he spoke emphatically of H—ry M——g* with high praise, he raised his hand with a sweet smile,

* There was a sermon preached by H—ry M——g at San Isidoro, on St. Patrick's Day, none who ever heard can forget. But beautiful as was his discourse, it is himself more than his words that I admire. He has studied the lives and appropriated the virtues of the great Fathers of the Church, until the inner

and said, "Figlia mia io ti benedico," upon which he again gave me the hand, which I of course received and kissed kneeling, as is the etiquette, and forthwith retreated, the Pope sounding a small hand-bell, on which the closed doors were swung open. It is an extremely nervous operation to retire backwards, as one is in full view the whole time.

I returned with the most agreeable impression of his Holiness, and quite able to understand what Count L——, of the Guardia nobile, felt when he said—"I love Pius far more than even my own father."

Among all the villas I have seen, none have charmed me like the Doria Pamfili, now a desolate, forsaken wilderness of sweets. As the grounds were the very *campus belli* of the French soldiers and the republicans during the siege, and the villa was taken and retaken over and over again, all neatness and order are gone. But it is this very circumstance that makes the grounds so delicious, and lends them the appearance of some enchanted garden, such as Armida created to retain Rinaldo. On entering the great gates, three separate roads diverge in different directions, through dense avenues and woods of ilex. In a dreamy and melancholy state of mind—for I had been vexed in the great city below—I chose the central one. I went on until I found myself in an open park, undulating in graceful lines, and rising into rounded heights crowned with wood, from which descended little valleys and deep nooks, black with shade, all backed by great weird pine-trees, whose

man has become so purified and illuminated, that the outward man bears unmistakably the seal of the great ecclesiastical school to which he belongs—that school of love, resignation, heavenly-mindedness, faith, fervent prayers, watchings, fastings, and unwearied labour in the great harvest of our Lord. When he stands in the pulpit, clothed in the white stole, that pale angelic face, beaming with chastened intelligence and spiritualised intellect, looks actually transfigured. The moral influence that man exercises here is unbounded, but to those who know him perfectly, comprehensible power goes out from him as from a prophet of old, irradiating all within his sphere. He is all goodness, humility, and meekness, and yet wields an intellectual strength so powerful, that he has but to raise his voice, and the attention of all, Roman Catholic and Protestant, is riveted. He has suffered much from the unkindness of friends since his change, and sorrow is indelibly written on his countenance; but it is that sorrow which our Divine Saviour tells us shall be blessed. If aught can reconcile that gentle soul to the wrongs a rough, unfeeling world have inflicted, it is the extraordinary moral influence he is permitted to exercise, and the almost devotion he excites in all here who know him. No one this winter has made so many converts among both the English and Americans, the number quite incredible, and yet his influence is far from being confined to Catholics, for he seeks to make all who approach him, whatever be their creed, holier and better. Like the pale rays of the chastened moon, he sheds a mild, luminous light around him, as antagonist to the fervid glare and garish brilliancy of the day, as is his soul to the vain scene of folly moving around him. Is any sorry?—he has advice and counsel, and solid, quiet wisdom. Is any oppressed with sin?—ah, how he leads the sorrowing soul out of the mire and the filth contracted in the passage through this defiled road of life on to those hopes and aspirations he can paint so well, because for them alone he lives. Long may he be spared to comfort the mourner, to admonish the sinner, and to present to the degenerate century the perfect pattern of a priest, as sanctified as any mediæval saint the Church has canonised, and honoured with altars, magnificent shrines raised to their names under lofty domes, in solemn churches. The altars raised to our saint are in the hearts of those who know him, and as long as they bear his name will be venerated and his help invoked.

snowed and-naked trunks stood out clearly against the blue sky ; for it was a mellow, bright day in the early spring. Tracks, rather than roads, made the verdant grass carpeting all around. From the summit of one hill-top, and under the shadow of the overarching ilex branches, a sweet prospect opened out towards Albano, with the long solemn line of the Campagna stretching away to Ostia, and that now-untrodden shore where once the mighty vessels rode superbly at anchor, bearing the Roman or the Carthaginian warriors, whose footsteps trod in blood. From the hill I perceived a garden beneath me, and the casino, or house with its high terrazzo, or topmost gallery. I descended into the garden, and wandered about as if under a magic spell, for not a soul, not even a dog, was to be seen, and no sound broke the murmur of the low splashing of the fountains falling into broken marble basins. All was ruin ; yet, oh ! how beautiful in decay ! Great plots of ground filled with waxy camelias, some pure white, others rosy red, peeping out from the rich shining leaves ; beds of violets of every hue made the very air heavy with their sweet perfume—odours all of Araby the blest ; beside them grew long rows and plots of oranges, laden with that same glowing fruit which must have tempted our first mother, rather than the pale apple, in the gardens of Paradise. Ruined conservatories edged the grass-grown walks, where the flowers still blossomed and wooed the loving breeze that fanned their leaves. Anon I mounted a double flight of steps, by a great stream spouting out from some marble devices of dolphins and sea-gods, and reached an upper terrace-garden immediately under the casino. The sun's rays here, in January, were oppressive, and the thousand orange-trees, dotted about and ranged against the baking walls, rejoiced in the heat, opening their golden bosoms to be warmed by Phoebus himself. I drank in deep draughts of beauty with every breath. Glorious land ! When the great Creator counts up his jewels, shalt not thou be esteemed the brightest and the best ? In the depths of the wall were cool seats, and purling fountains dashing down through creepers, and moss, and plants, and disappearing one knew not whither ; still the only sounds reminding me that I walked not in a dream. Hard by, long flights of steps led from the hill above down lower than the garden where I stood. Along the ridge of the hill grew the sacred ilex trees, devoted to mystery and midnight deeds ; in the town-garden were the flowers, and as their sweet breath uprose to greet me as I leaned over the stone balustrade, visions of angels radiant with celestial brightness, ascending and descending, seemed to glide before me. Alas ! those early days of legendary innocence are fled, and spirits now are but delusions of the fiend.

I left the solitary garden where Nature reigned supreme, and reached a large green plateau occupying the summit of the gentle eminence. Here the pine-wood stretched away into dells and vales far beyond, leading the eye through perspectives of unspeakable beauty. The grass was dotted with the loveliest flowers, anemones of all colours, the snowy leaves shading into red, and purple and pink petals ; star-like crocuses, with yellow hearts ; pink hepaticas ; and bold stalwart daisies, like young sunflowers, courting the invigorating heat—a carpet fresh from the woofs of heaven, embroidered by Nature alone, and scented by the spirit of morning with her balmy breath.

Within the house, which is desolate and despoiled, are some solemn statues, but above, in the terrazzo, where we were led by an antiquated crone, is the most wonderful panorama that ever greeted human eyes. Below stands the great Basilica, within whose walls one loves to think repose all that is mortal of that often erring, but attached disciple to whom Christ entrusted the spiritual keys. Its colonnades—its fountains—its courts—its pillars—its vast dome—revealed in all their immense proportions, white and chaste as the pure bride who waits the coming of her lord—typical of an unsullied church. Heavens! what a noble sight! Behind uprose the stern solemn line of Mount Soracte, standing alone, like an island on an earthy ocean—disdaining its Alpine fellows, who cluster and crouch together on either hand, leaving it in solitary grandeur. Then there was Tivoli wrapt in the Sabine Hills as in a mantle, their summits covered with snow, glistening in the sunshine far up in the azure sky. Then came a deep valley, and further on lay Albano, and Castel Gondolfo, and Rocca di Papa, and Frascati—each like a white blossom nestling in the purple mountains; and then the long straight line marking the sea-shore, and beyond the pine-woods—what a circle of loveliness, a very zone of beauty. I felt that “it was good for me to be here.” Such a scene is a manifestation of the great Eternal to us poor worms in his softest and gentlest attributes; for shall not the Creator, who bids such scenes arise out of chaos for our enjoyment, be full of mercy?

Afterwards the hobbling old woman led us to some Roman tombs in a sequestered grove beside the Casino—Colombarie, deep underground, where the ashes of the dead repose in little apertures carved in the wall, like pigeon-holes, green, damp, and decaying, full of corruptions and the rust of centuries. Ruins were heaped around, among dark shrubs, and wild roses with pale blossoms waved over the tombs of the past.

Through a long, long vista was a modern tomb, erected by Prince Doria to the French troops shot in these grounds. Perhaps it is the spirit of these unfortunates that sheds such a melancholy over the scene, for here death reigns rather than life, and tombs are more numerous than the living; save the old crone no mortal appeared.

I came to a deep green dell, shut in by ilex woods and rising hills, where three separate fountains sent forth their silvery streams in varied devices of tiny, bright, threadlike jets, or in large, gushing, echoing volume. There they gurgled and splashed to the spirits enshrouded in those mysterious trees, and the moss grew unchecked over their marble basins. Lower down was a river formed by the accumulated waters, on whose banks the willow grew, sweeping their trailing boughs into the still water.

QUINTIN BAGSHAW'S DUEL WITH MAXWELL.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

DUELLING disappeared from England in the woods of Esher, put to flight by the "Cock Pheasant" of the *Times*; but there are many yet living—it is true they are somewhat in the sere, the yellow leaf—who remember when a duel was a thing of every-day occurrence, nor does it require any very great effort of memory to instance a score or two of affairs of honour that have made a sensation within the last five-and-twenty years. These encounters are known to all the world and have become matters of history, but the duel of which I am about to speak is as yet unrecorded. When I call to mind all the circumstances that attended upon its getting up, and consider what was the issue, I do not think I should be warranted in withholding from the public all I know about it.

The event of which I am the narrator came off about fifteen years ago, a period when it was still a part of every gentleman's creed that the proper way to repair one wrong was by the commission of another. The actors—but, as I am only bound to describe that of which I am personally cognisant, I should rather say *the principal actor* in the affair, was an individual with whom I had long been acquainted; of the other party I know nothing, except what I derived from the information given by a third person.

To do justice to the case it will be necessary that I should enter into some detail respecting "the man so-called my friend."

Quintin Bagshaw,—that was his name—one better known than trusted,—ought to have been the eldest son of his very wealthy father, for he possessed the faculty, common to a great many beside, of being able to get through any given (or borrowed) amount with as much facility as if he had been born to a large succession.

While a distinguished nobleman now living, who has always been honoured for his princely munificence, was yet in his minority, his liberal expenditure gave some alarm to the steward of his father's vast estates, and the man of business thought it necessary to represent the fact in the proper quarter. "I am sorry," he said, "to be obliged to inform your grace that Lord H—— is spending a great deal of money!" "Is he?" returned the duke; "I am glad to hear it, for he'll have a great deal to spend!"

Now Quintin Bagshaw when he was in his minority very much resembled Lord H——; but, unluckily for him, old Mr. Bagshaw had no such answer to give to the numerous applicants who sent in their little bills. He settled them, it is true, but with the customary parental reluctance and the customary parental objurgations, neither of which were much cared for by the parties most immediately concerned. But every time Mr. Bagshaw paid Quintin's debts, he gave him and his creditors "distinctly to understand" that "it was the very last time he intended to be guilty of such a weakness;" and, as a matter of course, Quintin always promised that he would "never again, under any circumstances whatever, exceed his allowance." When Quintin Bagshaw forgot his vow, which generally took place

the day after the whitewashing process, he used to justify the act by the following argument: "I know I gave my word that I wouldn't get into debt again, but hasn't the governor sworn over and over that he'd never pay another shilling for me? Well, he broke *his* promise, and I don't see why I shouldn't break *mine*! If he sets me a bad example he can't blame me for following it."

So decided was Quintin Bagshaw's propensity for getting into everybody's books, that he never seemed happy at the idea of being out of them. Whether or not he studied Rabelais while he was at Oxford is a question, but at all events he understood and practised the philosophy of the Sage Alcofribas.

"But," demanded Pantagruel, "when will you be out of debt?"

"At the Greek Kalends," replied Panurge; "when all the world are content, and you become your own heir. God keep me from ever being out of debt! Nobody then would lend me a penny!"

It was impossible for any one to understand the art of robbing Peter to pay Paul—"versurum facere," as his tutor at Christ Church said—better than Quintin Bagshaw. The system of "bill-transactions" seemed to have been invented on his account: the more he gave the less he got, and he was always giving. You may easily imagine, then, what kind of balance-sheet he exhibited by the time he had finished his University career and had lived "about town" for two or three years. Accustomed as he was to Quintin's extravagance, old Mr. Bagshaw opened the eyes of astonishment when he found himself called upon once more to pay his son's debts to an amount which appeared to him the aggregate of all he had paid before,—the ghosts of the old bills not yet laid and clamorously walking. Silas Bagshaw, Quintin's elder brother, as prudent as his junior was improvident, in a truly fraternal spirit counselled the Insolvent Debtors' Court; but old Mr. Bagshaw's pride was too much for that, and as to Quintin, when he heard the friendly proposition, he declared that "he would rather earn his bread, for the rest of his days, by breaking stones on the road." Up to that time he had never earned so much as would pay for a penny roll, and his habits of life were more likely to break hearts than stones, though fathers, it is said, have flinty ones, which are not easily broken. The practical character of Quintin's determination was not likely, therefore, to be very useful; but he was spared the necessity of making his words good. His debts were once more paid, and really before he had time to incur fresh ones he was married to a lady of good family and some fortune; while, to keep him straight, a handsome addition was made to his former allowance, so that, at four-and-twenty, he was the possessor of a very respectable income, with expectations in store in the event of good behaviour.

How long that "good behaviour" lasted—though the "expectations" were never lost sight of—it is scarcely worth while to inquire. Without going through the particulars, which would involve no very pleasant task, it may suffice to describe his position at the end of six years. He was ruined; but that you have anticipated. His wife had gone back to her family; his children had been "taken" by their paternal grandfather; and a second Mrs. Quintin Bagshaw presided over his establishment in Brussels, which, considering the ruin that had overtaken him, was kept up in a style truly surprising to those who were aware of the real state of the case. To those, however, who were not, it was a very simple

matter. Here was a Milord Anglais who had a large and first-rate set of acquaintance—as far as that goes in a place like Brussels,—who kept houses and carriages, gave splendid dinners, and carried everything off with such a *grand air*, that not to have supposed him a man of fortune would have disturbed some of the most agreeable illusions that self-interest ever nursed.

“I tell these fellows,” Quintin used laughingly to say to a friend, now and then, in the presence of the people where he dealt—“I tell these fellows they’ll never get their money; but they won’t believe me!”

The time, however, came when they were not quite so hard of belief. It happened when, Brussels being completely *exploité*, Quintin Bagshaw betook himself without beat of drum to one of the German baths, and left neither effects nor address behind him; that is to say, he left only moral effects, and the recollection of the address with which he had “done” everybody.

It is not so easy to get into debt at a German bath as in a large capital, though money disappears at the former quite as quickly. Somehow or other Quintin Bagshaw contrived to accomplish the difficult feat; but what he did in that way he looked upon as a *bagatelle*; it was merely a trifle for three months’ board and lodging at the Golden Sun, the price of the carriage in which he drove away, and some forty Napoleons borrowed of Herr Dummkopf, the landlord, to whom he gave a “Wechsel” for the whole amount, having, as he said, been cleaned out of all his “ready” at the *Redoute* (which was true enough), and not expecting a fresh remittance in time for his departure (which was equally true). How much the landlord of the Golden Sun gained by this transaction I never knew; in all probability it did not enable him to build a new wing to his hotel, unless he too was in the habit of giving bills, for the “Wechsel,” after more than one fruitless journey across the British Channel, may still be seen under a glass-case in Herr Dummkopf’s bureau, with the ominous word “Zurückgewiesen” stamped on the face of it.

To say that Quintin Bagshaw afterwards flourished in Paris, himself the best dressed man on the Boulevard Italien, and Mrs. Q. B. (Secundus) the gayest lady there, is only to describe the natural course of such a career as his. It will appear less natural if I add that this “renewed existence” was not extinguished by any violent *contrecoup* on the part of unsatisfied creditors. I cannot explain the phenomenon—but, as far as I know, Quintin Bagshaw was never in *Sts. Pâlagis*, never sold up, nor Mrs. Q. B. (Secundus) an object of commiseration (and subscription) to the English residents in Paris. What his secret was, he kept to himself, but it seemed as if, in a mild way, he had discovered the philosopher’s stone. He was hospitable, gave better dinners than when he lived in Brussels, was always to be seen where people “most do congregate,” in the *Champs Elysées*, the *Palais Royal*, the Garden of the *Tuileries*, at the *Vaudeville*, the *Français*, the *Bal de l’Opera*, at “good men’s feasts”—at every place, in short, where those who are fond of pleasure and can afford to pay for it are to be found. Perhaps he exercised his powers of persuasion on a grand scale, and lived on *post obits*; perhaps he paid a little and promised more; perhaps—to use a common but expressive phrase—he contrived to “milk the ducks” belonging to his rich old maiden aunts,

who, in spite of all his peccadilloes, never turned their backs on him; but, in any case, *there he was*, enjoying Parisian life as perfectly as if his actual income of six hundred a year had been the six thousand which some gave out he was heir to.

It was at this period of his existence that I became acquainted with him. He was what the world calls "a capital fellow," with a good person, a frank, jovial air, and certainly a very winning style of conversation; his manners were excellent, and, as far as external appearances went, his proper place was good society. Not, however, that he was always to be found there; but this was a failing which he shared, or shares, with greater men than himself. He had another failing, too, but this I did not discover till later. It will develop itself before I have done.

After the revolution of 1830, a considerable clearance of the English took place in Paris. I was amongst those who, after setting up my tent in other parts of the Continent, finally returned to England; but Quintin Bagshaw stuck as firmly to the *Quartier d'Antin* as a limpet to a rock. Indeed he united himself to France by still closer ties than those of residence and expenditure: without actually naturalising, he took advantage of a permission which was generally accorded, and enrolled himself amongst the defenders of the French capital. In London, in the hour of emergency, Louis Napoleon took up the staff of special constable; in Paris, after the excitement of the Three Days, Quintin Bagshaw sported the uniform of a Lancer of the National Guard; he was a private only, but, having once "served" and retired, it was not difficult afterwards to assume the rank of colonel.

But although Paris continued to be his head-quarters, Quintin Bagshaw paid frequent visits to England, and on one of these occasions I accidentally met him in London, an interval of two or three years having elapsed since our last meeting. He manifested the same *empressement*, the same hospitable feeling, but did not appear quite so much at his ease in London as had been his wont in Paris. There was a good reason for this, and it was not very difficult to divine it when I observed that, at every fresh visit to London, he invariably dated his notes of invitation from a different part of the town to that in which he had previously resided. Thus, the first time I encountered him he had taken up his quarters at an hotel in St. Paul's Churchyard; on the next occasion, he was lodged at the western extremity of Oxford-street; on the third, at an hotel abutting on Westminster-bridge; on the fourth, in Rathbone-place; on the fifth, in Pimlico; and so on. No credit, however, was due to me on the score of sagacity, in having guessed the cause of these changes, for he "frankly"—it was a favourite phrase of Quintin Bagshaw's, and he looked so very honest when he used it—"frankly" confessed that a certain process called "outlawry" having taken place, by which the capture of his person became an object of interest to more people than one, it was desirable for his safety that he should never remain long in one place, or ever return to the same neighbourhood.

Having once broken the ice, Quintin Bagshaw became extremely confidential, and related many of the occurrences of his past life, which, in his mode of telling them, appeared to be as full of "moving incidents" and "hairbreadth 'scapes" as that of Othello, though they were

actly in the same line. He had, of course, been "cruelly treated" spendthrifts are—by friends, creditors, and relatives. If certain is "whom he forbore to name" had not "goaded," "suspected," "iffed," "calumniated," "harassed," "wronged," and "persecuted" he might at that very moment, he said, have had one of the finest s in England, have commanded a regiment, been a member of the e of Commons, perhaps, with his interest, in the ministry, and the husband of one of the loveliest women in the three kingdoms! At oint of his narrative, the recollection of the past, assisted by a good f hot brandy-and-water, usually overcame him, and he was in the of shedding tears. He would recover himself, however, and be communicative still. All the misfortunes that had befallen him, ince he went to Oxford, had been caused, he told me, by the con- of *one* person. But for *her* his prospects would never have been ed, he should never have owed any man a shilling, his father and r would never have quarrelled with him, he should never have lived e he did, his path would have been strewn with nothing but roses, the malice of others" would never have succeeded in making him miserable being" he now was.

ere were some things in this statement which I found difficult to ile, and when I looked as if I thought so, Quintin Bagshaw ex- l. The fatal fair one of whom he spoke had not literally presided ll the untoward phases of his career, but, "*in his own mind*," he uted everything that had happened since he arrived at man's estate fact of her having married another, heedless of the oaths which d sworn to be his—and his only. At eighteen, as he averred, a heart smouldered within his bosom; the volcano was extinct; the rrent had ceased to flow; its course from that time forward imaged t but desolation. For this cause he had—at eighteen—thrown f headlong into all the dissipation of the University. It was to uted love that he ascribed the first occasion on which he cut ,—the first time he neglected to cap the proctor;—to that he sted his first dog-cart, his first boat-race, his first tailor's bill; the wn and gown row he ever joined in,—the first wine party he ever when for the first and only time he ever, *really*, became intoxi- —the first prize-fight he ever attended.

h, my dear fellow," Quintin Bagshaw used to exclaim, "if that could only have foreseen the fearful extremes to which her per- terwards drove me, I cannot conceive—in point of fact, I don't —she would have behaved as she did."

had, indeed, according to his showing, incurred a fearful respon- . But for her he should never have got into debt, never have kept t, never have played at hazard, never have forgotten his own wife, n away with another man's. She it was who had shaped his and made him do all these things. Becoming poetical on the , he generally wound up in the following strain:

he fact is, though he does not mention it in his works, it was me oore meant in the song when, you know, he said all that about the fection the sorrow that throws its black shade alike o'er our joys r woes to which life nothing darker or brighter can bring to which s no balm and affliction no sting,"—and here, out of breath with

the exertion of repeating so many words without making a single stop, he always pulled up, looked as sentimental as he could, and flooded his misery with hot brandy-and-water, for which beverage he would never have acquired a taste if it hadn't been for the author of all his woes.

Without being over-well skilled in the art of reading character, it yet appeared evident to me that Quintin Bagshaw was either the victim of a considerable amount of self-delusion, or that a slight tendency to romance was amongst his peculiarities. By degrees the latter opinion gained ground, for as our familiarity grew he opened out still more, accompanying each confidential stride by a fresh demand upon my credulity until I scarcely knew when to take his revelations *au sérieux*. I may observe, *en passant*, that, for a miserable man, the victim of an overwhelming fate, I never saw anybody who carried off his sorrows in a jollier or less repining way: to judge by his personal appearance one would have said that he throve upon them.

But this state of things, it appeared, was not to last.

One morning, while I was sitting at breakfast, the following note was placed in my hands, which had just been brought by the porter of an hotel in Covent Garden:

"MY DEAR FELLOW,—I arrived here from Paris yesterday. For God's sake come to me directly. I have something of the greatest importance to communicate. Don't let a human being know that I am in town.

"Yours,

"Q. B."

I at once obeyed the summons and hastened to the hotel indicated, where I found Quintin Bagshaw looking quite unlike himself. His cheeks were hollow and careworn, his eye was troubled, his voice had lost its cheering tone, his hand trembled, and his whole bearing was such as to leave no doubt in my mind that he had got, at last, into some very unpleasant fix.

"Devilish glad you've come," he exclaimed as I entered; "what will you take?"

"Nothing, thank you," I replied; "I've only just breakfasted. What's the matter?"

Instead of replying at once to my question, Bagshaw walked towards the door, opened it, thrust out his head, withdrew it, closed the door again, and then coming close up to me, whispered hoarsely in my ear, "I'm in for it."

"In for *what*?" I asked,—there being so many things that he might have got into.

"The fact is"—he began, but, stopping himself, he inquired, "Is Blunt in town?"

I replied in the affirmative. Blunt was a mutual friend.

"I want you two to dine here to-day; not later than five, for I must be off at half-past seven. Do you think he could come as early as four?"

I had no doubt of it.

"Well," said Quintin, "that's a load off my mind. If I couldn't share

got you two fellows, I don't know what I should have done! Now then," he continued, sitting down at a table on which were writing materials and a glass of cold brandy-and-water—"now then, you shall know all about it."

He fortified himself by an appeal to the tumbler, and resumed: "You have heard me speak of a Mrs. Maxwell? That beautiful woman, you know, who was on board the steamer the last time I came over,—from Calais to London?"

I remembered. "You called upon her afterwards, you said, somewhere near Portland-place,—Devonshire-street, wasn't it?"

"Don't speak so loud," he said; "I wouldn't have her name and address known here for the world;—it's the same. Well," he continued, after a pause, "I *did* call upon her; more than once too, and—the fact is—we have corresponded since."

"But isn't she married?" I inquired. "I thought you mentioned something about a Colonel Maxwell."

"So I did; but, married or not," he said, with a smile which for the moment completely banished all the gloom from his features, "she took a tremendous fancy to me. I could show you letters of hers—only I make a point of never doing that,—but you can understand. Well, sir, I came to town yesterday, as I told you in my note, and after dinner I took a cab and drove up to Devonshire-street. She was at home; indeed, she expected me, for the day I left Paris I wrote to say when I should call. I can't tell you how handsome she looked!"

"And her husband?"

"Oh, I knew beforehand that he was at Nottingham with his regiment; he commands the Tenth Dragoon Guards. Well, sir, after tea we had some music. I sang that song I wrote at Oxford—'The Night-blowing Careus,'—Tom Moore has often said he'd rather have written it than all the melodies put together. I was in capital voice, and she accompanied me on the harp. What a splendid figure she has,—such an arm, too!"

"A delightful evening!"

"Heavenly, sir, as far as it went; but—the fact is—it was spoilt; spoilt by the sudden arrival of that infernal fellow Maxwell. I was just striking up 'A te ô Cara!' when in he came, looking daggers. Madame introduced me; but, without taking any notice of the introduction, he came straight up to where I was standing and desired me to leave the house. 'When Mrs. Maxwell, whose guest I am,' I answered coldly, 'requires me to do so, I shall obey her commands.' 'I am the master here,' he thundered, 'and I order you out.' I folded my arms and smiled contemptuously. He was foaming with passion, and cried: 'If words are of no use I must try force,' and he advanced to seize me. I don't know if you have ever seen Maxwell, but he is a man at least six-foot-four, and stout in proportion. I am, perhaps, not so tall by nearly three inches; but when I tell you that I have tumbled over Jack Spring in a fair stand-up mill with the gloves, you may fancy I am not one to be turned out very easily. Well, sir, he came at me. I fell back a pace, saying calmly, 'In a lady's presence I strike no man, except in self-defence. Have a care!' He was deaf and blind with passion, and made a desperate attack. What did I do, sir? With my left hand I parried the blow he aimed at me, and then, grasping him by the collar of his

coat, I whirled him round with such violence that he flew right across the room and pitched head foremost into the tea-tray, coming down amongst the broken cups and saucers with a terrific crash. There he lay quite stunned. 'Fly with me!' I exclaimed to Laura,—that's her name,—but she had fainted. At this moment the butler and two footmen rushed in. It was useless for me to remain any longer. 'Be kind enough,' said I, as coolly as if nothing had happened, 'to give this card to your master when he comes to himself again—send for Mrs. Maxwell's maid—and pick up the crockery!' I longed to have bestowed a parting embrace on Laura, but I would not compromise her before menials, and putting on my hat and gloves I slowly walked down stairs,—of course without further molestation."

"What a tremendous scene. I guess the rest. You have had a message, and want a second."

"You are right about the message. A friend of Maxwell's,—Major Brown, of his own corps, was with me this morning by daylight. Personally, I care nothing about the matter, but when I think of Laura—," he paused, drove his fist against his forehead, had a pull at the cold brandy-and-water, took a turn across the coffee-room, and then sat down again.

"Yes," he said, "it is all settled about the meeting."

"What!" I observed, "settled between second and principal! That can't be!"

"Yes, it is though. The fact is, owing to that late affair between Lord C—— and Capt. T——, Maxwell is afraid of losing his commission if anything takes place in England, and we are to meet on the beach at Ostend the day after to-morrow. Now I don't ask either you or Blunt to go there with me, for I know how inconvenient that would be, so I have written off to my brother-in-law, Baron von Schamp, who happens just now to be at Ostend, and, as I said before, there the thing is to come off. I shall go down to Dover by the mail to-night, cross over to-morrow, and the next day, I flatter myself, Maxwell will get his gruel. Now, what I want you, like a good fellow, to do, is to come with me and get a case of pistols; we can have an hour or two's practice at the gallery in Leicester-square; we'll come back here at four,—I shall get you and Blunt to witness some papers for me,—we'll then dine quietly together,—I needn't say more,—I'll tell you the rest by-and-by. And now," said he, with a cheerful air, "pull the bell, I'll order dinner. We must have a good one—it may be the last we shall ever eat together."

The waiter came,—the bill of fare was produced,—Bagshaw gave particular directions, especially with regard to some choice old hock for which, he said, the house was famous, and while I disappeared for half an hour to arrange with Blunt, whose club was close at hand, Quintin resumed his writing.

On my return I found him in much better spirits than before. "I have made short work of it," he observed, pointing to some sealed letters that lay on the table,—"it doesn't do to say too much on these occasions. I shall give you them by-and-by." He then locked the letters in his desk, and we went out to get "the marking irons," as he called the pistols. We drove to a gunsmith's in the Strand.

"Has Colonel Pooter of the Guards," said Bagshaw, on entering the

shop,—“has Colonel Pooter of the Guards—he’s a cousin of mine—sent a rifle to have something done to it?”

The shopman believed he had, but would inquire. It was found to be the case.

“Ah,” said Bagshaw, “I thought so. The fact is, I want one exactly like Pooter’s; just the same weight and length; you could get one up for me I suppose,—in what time now?”

A period was mentioned; Bagshaw wanted it a little sooner; however, if it was well finished, he shouldn’t mind waiting. After a little discussion the order was booked, and Bagshaw moved towards the door, when suddenly stopping, he said to me: “By Jove, I forgot the very thing I came for. Let me see some pistols.”

Several pairs were brought, and while Bagshaw was looking at them, he interspersed his examination with frequent references to his cousin, Colonel Pooter, what a good shot he was, and so forth, and finally selected a very handsome pair, which he thought would do. They were ordered to be sent to the hotel in Covent Garden, with a supply of powder and ball, and all things needful for immediate use. Bagshaw wrote a cheque for the amount, which he carefully crossed, asked for a receipt for the same, and deposited it in his pocket-book, and taking me by the arm, walked out of the shop. We directed our steps towards Leicester-square. On the way there I asked him if it was quite correct to practise before a duel?

“Why, the fact is,” he replied, “all I want is just to bring my hand in. I’m told that Maxwell’s a dead shot, and I mustn’t be taken at a disadvantage. Of course I wouldn’t practise with my own pistols, but all’s fair at a gallery. I may amuse myself there as well as anywhere else. I used to hit the ace of diamonds at twelve paces, nine shots out of ten, but I dare say I’ve fallen off.”

He evidently had, for during the couple of hours that we stayed in the gallery he only once hit the target, and I began to tremble for my friend when set up before the weapon of the deadly colonel. But “the fact was,” he observed, that he wanted a glass of brandy-and-water to steady his nerves: he should be all right, however, when he had got something real to shoot at. I trusted so, for his sake, though now and then a doubt would arise, whether society might not be benefited by Bagshaw’s removal from it.

At four o’clock Blunt met us at the hotel; we were closeted in Bagshaw’s bedroom; the desk was reopened, and Bagshaw drew forth a paper. It was his last will and testament: its contents surprised me, for I had not imagined that so much personal property as was named in it was his to dispose of. Blunt and I duly witnessed the document. Bagshaw sealed it up in a sheet of foolscap, which he addressed to his solicitors, a well-known firm in Lincoln’s Inn-fields, and requested me—“*in case he fell*”—to forward it to its destination, together with the letters which he had previously written. He then went to his dressing-table, took up a pair of scissors, cut off a lock of his hair—he had a very frizzly head—folded it up in a piece of silver paper, enclosed that again in an envelope, and having written upon it simply the name of “Laura,” placed it without speaking in my hand, and threw himself on the bed, burying his face in a pillow. In a few moments he rose, flushed in

countenance, but apparently calm, and we descended to a private room to dinner.

I never knew a man who got over painful emotions more rapidly than Bagshaw. He had a power equal to that of "The Duke" in banishing unpleasant thoughts from his mind, and on no occasion do I remember him in a merrier mood than during this dinner. We had everything in season, the hock was first-rate, and Bagshaw told some of his best stories better than usual, for though they related to personal adventures which we had heard before, they were so altered in the telling as to appear quite new. But the moment for separation came, and in the friendliest manner—dashed, it might be, with a touch of sadness—Bagshaw wrung both our hands, and uttering only the word "Remember!"—I knew what he meant—got into the cab which was to carry him to the Dover mail, leaving Blunt and I to talk over the singular circumstances under which our friend had been involved in this duel.

On the morning of the fourth day after Bagshaw's departure, I received a letter, bearing the Dover postmark, the address of which was so badly written that I wondered how it ever reached me. Not knowing the hand, my first thought was that it came from the Belgian baron, Bagshaw's brother-in-law, and I feared the worst. On opening it, however, my fears were dissipated by the sight of the initials "Q. B.," though they bore very little resemblance to Bagshaw's usual signature; the letter itself, too, was a terrible scrawl. It ran thus:

"Ship Hotel, Dover, Friday.

"Here I am again,—safe, if not sound,—for M.'s third ball passed through my right arm just above the elbow. It is only a flesh wound, but I am obliged to write with my left hand. I dropped him too,—but, I am thankful to say, he is not dead. After he was down he made me a complete apology, so my honour is restored. I hope to reach town to-morrow night, unless fever supervenes, and keeps me in bed. Come to me at Ruddle's Hotel in the Blackfriars-road and ask for Captain Battersby. I am obliged for the present to remain *incog.* till I know for certain that M. is out of danger. Bring Blunt with you.

"Q. B."

I communicated the contents of this letter to Blunt, and we mutually expressed our satisfaction that nothing worse had happened. At nine o'clock that evening we went to Ruddle's Hotel, and learned that "Captain Battersby" had arrived. We found him—that is, Bagshaw,—in a small, private room, lit only by one lamp, which was covered with a green shade and shed a sickly ray. Bagshaw had just dined, but a glass of brandy-and-water was before him; he seemed very pale—quite chalky in fact,—as if he had lost a good deal of blood, and his right arm was in a sling; his voice, too, was much subdued, and he smiled in a ghastly kind of way.

"Glad to see you—my dear fellows," he gasped—"take care—of this arm—I've still got—a hand for you—though—not one—apiece. I'm afraid—the journey—has—been a—little—too much for—my strength

—but I—dare say—I shall be—better—presently—what—will you—take?”

We urged him not to excite himself, and by degrees he began to rally. ~~There~~ was no fever, he said, only weakness—and he felt that the brandy-and-water did him good. Its effects, indeed, were quite marvellous, for in less than half an hour he appeared quite himself again; his voice had resumed its usual tone, and he was able to relate some of the particulars of the duel. He did not, however, add much to the account which he had written, but told us that he had received a letter from Van Schamp that morning, before he left Dover, to say that his late antagonist was much better.

“I perfectly exonerated *her*,” he said, “and Maxwell was quite satisfied that my visit was a purely innocent one, but, of course, under the circumstances, I can’t see her again. Indeed, it would be of no use trying to do so, for she has taken refuge in a convent. The fact is, she is a Catholic! You can give me back that letter—and the others. If I can stand the journey I shall go down to-morrow to my father’s in Wiltshire. I haven’t been on very good terms with the old gentleman lately, and that thought haunted me a good deal while I was at Ostend.”

This show of feeling was creditable to him, and both Blunt and I looked as if we thought so; not to fatigue him we then took leave, promising to see him off next morning.

We breakfasted accordingly at Ruddle’s; Bagshaw seemed much better, the colour had returned to his cheeks, and his arm, he said, was going on very well. He had a narrow escape, however, of being thrown back again, for just as he was stepping into the Wiltshire Telegraph an awkward porter ran against him with a heavy carpet-bag, striking him on the right shoulder. I expected to have seen him drop, but he took no notice of the accident, his attention being, apparently, absorbed at the moment by a very pretty girl at the bar of the hotel, to whom he was in the act of kissing his hand.

“How uncommonly well Bagshaw bears pain,” I remarked to Blunt, as the Wiltshire Telegraph drove off.

“Uncommonly!” said Blunt, drily.

Well he might say so; for, about six months afterwards, we both discovered, what various circumstances had led us to suspect—that there was nothing the matter with Bagshaw’s arm.

To use his own words: “the fact is,” there had been no duel—he never went to Ostend—but had run up a bill at Dover instead—Laura was a creature of his imagination, and *there never was such a person as Maxwell!*

How this all came out arose from the fact of my being applied to, to pay the cheque which was returned to the gunsmith, with “no effects” written across it. The pistols, I suspect, found their way to the pawn-broker’s.

SHALL THE RUSSIAN REACH THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS?

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

ON Hæmus' hills of ancient fame we stand*—
 Grand towers and ramparts reared by Nature's hand,
 To bar from Northern hordes, whose savage ire
 Would waste the blooming South with sword and fire.
 Night caps each pinnacle of snow,
 On which the moon doth glory throw,
 Like beams wreathed round the sainted head,
 Most meekly, purely, softly shed;
 And stars, still sentinels, are keeping
 Watch o'er the giant mountains sleeping;
 No sound to break their slumbers, save the dash
 Of yon wild torrents that, like diamonds, flash
 Down the steep toppling crags, while echo still
 Wails back their voice from each dark hollow hill.
 No more from clouds the eagle sends his shriek,
 But folds his wing on yon high splintered peak.
 Through chasms and gulfs the night-winds faintly sigh,
 The moveless pines stand sculptured on the sky;
 Below, Maritza trails its silvery line,
 While, shimmering 'neath the moon,
 Like a still smooth lagoon,
 Far to the East the Euxine's waters shine:
 There Gaul's and Albion's guardian fleets are riding,
 Though nought the ken descries,
 Save, hung 'twixt waves and skies,
 Some star-lit sail, like a white spirit, gliding,
 Along the blue flat sea,
 All slowly, silently.
 Grandeur and Solitude on these vast steeps
 Have made their throne, and hermit Quiet keeps
 His vigil here, and Night, nor sad, nor dull,
 Crowned with her stars, makes terror beautiful.

 And shall the Invader reach this mountain mass?
 And through these gates shall Russia's myriads pass?
 Fancy beholds them now—their legions come,
 Like the thick Persian host,
 That blackened Græcia's coast,
 And sent from hill to hill its bee-like hum.
 Men bold of heart are here, and strong of hand,
 As those in Sparta's ne'er-forgotten band;

* The Balkan range—the Hæmus of the Greeks.

But different shall their doom be ; Britain, Gaul,
And Othman's children, do not fight to fall :
 No slain Leonidas,
 No sad three hundred brave,
 Shall choke this rugged pass,
 Or fill a gory grave ;
For power, as well as valour, on our side,
We'll crush the Vandals, bow the Northmen's pride.
See ! late so lone, each rock is swarming now
With dauntless warriors ; on the crag's tall brow
The cannon bristles, ready to give breath
In deep-tongued thunder, and to belch forth death.
Back, Northmen ! to your wilds, nor tempt your fate ;
 For if ye enter here,
Blind, rash aggressors ! it will be too late ;
 Few shall survive to tell the tale of fear.

How changed the scene ! peace, solitude, no more
Brood o'er the Balkans ; far and wide the roar
Of red-mouthed cannon sounds through each defile,
Alive with fire seems each high craggy pile :
Here from black pines a column swift advances,
There a long hedge of glittering bayonets glances ;
The cheer of Gaul and England, the loud cry
Of Islam's followers, wildly mix on high :
 The startled wolf hath fled ;
 War's clouds around are spread ;
 The stream, so pure before,
 Is running stained with gore,
 And Death and Havoc close
 Alike o'er friends and foes.

Shall Stamboul fall, and savage Cossacks ride
Through Europe's garden on their steeds of pride ?
Right yield to Wrong ? fair Civilisation bow ?—
Thou God of battles ! smile, decide it now !

The wall of brass that England rears,
Scotia's claymore, the Moslem's spears,
Gaul, active, skilled, with guns that make
The mountains and our foemen quake,
 Have foiled the myriads there !
 Let shouts now rend the air,
 As back from Balkan passes,
 In broken, bleeding masses,
The vanquished Russians swift retire ;
Up ! on their flying squadrons fire !
Drive them to whence they came—the land of bears ;
The Eden of the South shall ne'er be theirs :
Tell them and him, the guilty cause of all,
Aggressors thus shall bow, and tyrants fall,
Insulted Europe thus hath vengeance hurled,
And thus shall Justice triumph in the world.

REVELATIONS OF THE FRENCH OPERA.*

THUCYDIDES has written that she is the most virtuous woman of whom the least is said. The ladies of the Opera are, according to M. Véron, *ancien directeur* of the French Opera, those of whom the most is said. It is to them in particular that he tells us the unjust and ungallant definition of a woman, "*La femme est une créature humaine qui s'habille, babille, et se déshabille,*" applies itself—a definition which, unlike the fair ladies in question, would manifestly lose by translation, as the play upon the words could not be preserved.

Are the ladies of the Opera then modern illustrations of the wisdom and truth of the Athenian's apothegm, or do they contradict a saying only true some 400 years ago? If much was said in those times of the Glyceras, the Lais, the Phrynes, and the Aspasia, does it at all follow, because much is said in modern times of the Taglionis, the Elsslers, and the Duvernays, that they in any way resemble their antique predecessors? M. Véron will tell us. He is in the humour for revelations. In whatever position of life he has been placed, he says, he has been assailed and calumniated. He will reply to these attacks by exposing the system. Not that he pretends to have come off scathless. "In France," the Director tells us, "most of our statesmen manifest, no matter how old they are, a certain taste for gallantry. The position of minister is more especially sought for in order to dazzle the vanity and the hearts of the fair sex, or to carry by assault the beauties of the *coulisses*." Most worthy object of ambition! the height of political success is to be temporary master of a pair of legs or of a melodious throat! We can fancy the sneer that would curl on a Guizot's or a Martignac's lip. Even a director is not invincible. "Opera directors," M. Véron tells us, "have hearts like other men, and all the resources of coquetry are brought into operation to become master of the place. The love of a director meets with a constant excitement in the successes of her whom he prefers, and in the decent reserve which is imposed upon him in the presence of people at once curious and fond of scandal."

Such preferences might possibly be kept secret from the eyes of men, but they would never be lost to rival choregraphists. The director was upon one occasion rendered sensible of this fact in a remarkably ingenious manner. It was not customary to give benefits at the Opera, but when benefits were given at other theatres, to the Mars, the Duchenois, or the Branchus, the artists and the repertory of the Opera were placed at their disposal. One day Madame Pradher had a benefit at the Opera Comique. After having asked from the Director the services upon that night of Nourrit, Levasseur, and Madame Damoreau, she added, in the most innocent manner possible, "That is not all; you have a charming dancer, who in my opinion has almost as much talent as Mademoiselle Taglioni; I hope you will allow her to dance at my benefit." "She then named," says the Director, "confidentially, the one who obtained my more or less secret preferences, and more or less discreet attentions. I

* *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, par Le Docteur L. Véron. Tome Troisième.

was thus made to find in these praises and this admiration, more insidious than really deserved, an excuse for my weakness. Madame Pradher had surprised the secret of an attachment which I struggled against without hopes of conquering it, and she at once gratified my self-love and cheered my heart. Madame Pradher won her suit; I refused nothing that she asked me, so delighted was I to find my *protégée* placed upon the same footing as the great artists of the Opera."

Doctor Véron, director of the Grand Opera, met with great successes, and, with the modesty peculiar to Parisian life, he does not fail to let us hear some of these *bonnes fortunes*. "Faithful," he says "to the traditions of the old Opera, when Vestris believed that I had taken a fancy to one of his pupils, he used to run for me in a state of great excitement, his hair floating in the wind, his toes turned out, his hands in his pockets, to say obligingly, 'She is there without her mother!' I honoured," adds the director, "the old age of this Nestor of dance with some *disinterested gratuities*." Strange inconsistency, the same communicative historian of the Opera says, almost in the same breath, Vestris took particular interest in the education of two young and charming women: the wild, joyous Pauline Leroux, and the melancholy Pauline Duvernay; nothing could be more coquettish than their costume for study. They had during their class hours no other tutor than Vestris, to whom they were confided as to a father: *c'était des filles bien gardées*. Mademoiselle Leroux was always laughing. Mademoiselle Duvernay often wept; Vestris used to grieve at her sorrow, and, to win me over to his pupil, would show me some drops of water on the floor, and which had been projected from a miniature watering-pot. "Look," he would say; "see her tears!" In the *coulisses*, from morning to night, with or without appropriate costume, everybody is playing a part. The director monopolising the fatuity.

The greatest triumph is recorded in the following words. We give the author's own words, for several reasons. First, for the mock-modesty of the exordium, which forms a kind of apology for he, the director, being favoured by the preferences of so distinguished an artist as Taglioni—he for whom Leroux had smiled, and Duvernay wept in vain; secondly, for the mystical manner in which the whole is told; and lastly, because it is fitting and proper that the director should speak for himself:

Mademoiselle Taglioni was not wanting in intelligence; she took great pleasure in quizzing people. Certain of acquiring wealth by her talent, her heart only sought in those whom she loved elegance, distinction, a good figure, and claims to a noble descent; she has never experienced any real passion except for men little protected by fortune; she was, indeed, a good and honest person. There never occurred between her and my directorate but light and fugitive clouds. When I left the Opera she had still a year's engagement to go through with M. Duponchel. Almost immediately after my departure Mademoiselle Taglioni was laid up with a pain in her knee; all the physicians and surgeons, ordinary and extraordinary, of the Opera, were summoned to a consultation: my friends, De Guise, Roux, Marjolin, and Magendie, were there; the consultation was long and serious; there was no swelling, no redness, but touch the knee however slightly, and the dancer's physiognomy expressed the greatest agony. Whilst the surgeons were discussing with great warmth all the varieties presented by neuralgias and sprains, M. Magendie and I were laughing in our beards. Mademoiselle Taglioni remained some

months without dancing. Three or four years afterwards my friend Adam went to St. Petersburg as composer. Going into the apartment of Mademoiselle Taglioni, who was at that time first dancer at the Imperial Theatre, a charming little girl ran towards him. "To whom does this pretty little girl belong?" inquired the composer. "That," replied Mademoiselle Taglioni, with a smile—"that is my pain in the knee!"

Notwithstanding these weighty responsibilities of the directorate, M. Véron assures us that he recovered at times all liberty of mind and reason. "A director," he tells us, "who allows his baton to be transformed into a distaff is at once the dupe and the victim of his blind impulses and ill-regulated passions. The artist who is the object of so many protections, and the cause of so many acts of injustice, is soon surrounded by enemies; the public deprives her of his favour and his applause, and as it perceives that every occasion is taken to overrate her talents, it even refuses to do justice when deserved. This queen of the theatre keeps greater talents away, for they dread being sacrificed to the favourite. The artist and the director sink together, and their passion only increases by all the sacrifices, by all the mutual devotedness into which they are led. During my direction, I always reigned and governed alone at the Opera!" This peroration is great—*l'état d'est moi*—and all the great sayings of antiquity have nothing to compare with it. Leroux smiled, Duvernay wept, even Taglioni capitulated to elegance, distinction, a good figure (this was before the expanse of white waistcoat had obtained renown at an Imperial court), and claims to noble descent—that is the nobility of letters patent given to artists of the Opera; but the director was impartial, inflexible: he always reigned and governed alone at—the Opera.

M. le Docteur Véron entered upon his duties as director of the Opera after the revolution of July, and the rise to power of a citizen king. He looked upon his position accordingly. "The revolution of July," he said to himself, "is a triumph of the *bourgeoisie*: this victorious *bourgeoisie* will wish to rule the roast, to amuse itself a little; the Opera will become its Versailles, it will crowd there to usurp the places of the noble lords and courtiers exiled from the capital." He resolved, therefore, upon giving to the Opera a character of popularity as well as brilliancy.

The preliminaries were not got over without much trouble and anxiety. There was the budget; in 1829 the Theatres Royal had cost Charles X. 966,000,923 francs, 84 centimes, nearly a million of French money! Louis Philippe sought for a director who would carry on the Opera at his own personal risk and expense. Then there was the guarantee, in which M. Véron was assisted by M. Aguado. M. de Montalivet was at that time Minister of the Interior, and the affair was settled at the bewitching hour of midnight.

This arrangement, and what M. Véron calls the *cahier des charges*—the minutes of ministerial instructions—underwent many vicissitudes. In May, 1831, all the theatres were placed under the Minister of Commerce and Public Works, and the Count d'Argout hastened to add a supplement to the instructions, with what was more satisfactory, a grant of 100,000 francs, towards internal improvements and bringing out *Robert le Diable*. This seems to have been the chief thing the minister had at heart. A commission of surveillance was named at the same time, and

misunderstandings and conflicts soon arose between the two antagonistic powers. M. Véron was fined a thousand francs for bringing out *Le Serment* with old decorations. But still the Opera went on, and that so successfully, that M. Thiers thought it was high time to add another supplement to the "instructions," which reduced the annual subsidy to 670,000 francs. This was in 1834. The next year cholera broke out, and M. Véron asserts that he lost 356,000 francs during the seven months that the epidemic lasted. Still the prosperity of the Opera was so great, that M. Thiers brought forward another candidate for the directorate. It was at length decided that M. Véron, M. Duponchel, and M. Loëwe Weimar should act conjointly. This was after a sole reign of four years and a few months. The result was that discussions took the place of administration, and soon M. Véron was glad to give way to M. Aguado upon receiving a sufficient indemnification, whilst M. Loëwe Weimar obtained a mission to Russia, an insight into human nature, as obtained in the *coulisses* of the Opera, being apparently considered as a proper qualification for ambassadorial functions at the Court of the Autocrat.

When M. Véron took possession of the *cabinet de direction* of the Opera, and which he tells us was very meagrely furnished, he did not find that he had to do with a society which was easily satisfied. One of the orchestra said to him, "You are a doctor, sir; you are not a musician; how did they come to make you an opera director?" Another said, "How can you think, sir, of diminishing my salary—I who only a few years ago selected you for my doctor—I whom you have actually bled!" M. Véron did not wish to bleed the artist for a second time, and she (for it was a lady of the ballet) escaped.

M. Véron tells us that it was M. Duponchel who imagined the scene of the nuns arising from their graves in *Robert le Diable*, and that Meyerbeer was anything but pleased with it. "All that is very fine," said the *maestro* at the rehearsal, "but you do not believe in the success of my music—you seek for success in your decorations."

It appears that, notwithstanding his efforts to bring out *Robert le Diable* in an effective manner, and the felicitous changes which M. Véron lays claim to having introduced into its performance, that it has been frequently laid to his charge that it was against his own wish and feelings that the said piece was ever produced at all. In order to vindicate himself from these charges, M. Véron prints a letter from Meyerbeer, dated Paris, February 9th, 1854, and written since the publication of the two first volumes of the Memoirs:

Sir,—I have made it a constant principle, an invariable habit, not to correct the false reports spread about in reference to myself.

Nevertheless, I acknowledge that my conscience has often reproached me for not having broken the rule in a circumstance in which not only I myself was concerned, but in which, in reference to one of my works, an injury was inflicted on one, of whom I had nothing to say except in praise, and who merited on my part a reciprocity of good feeling; I allude here to the false reports, accredited by a host of papers, that you did not get up the work of *Robert le Diable*, except against your own feelings and wishes, and according to which I was obliged to pay from my own purse the expenses of the organ used in the fifth act of that work.

My conscience often troubled me for not having contradicted these misre-

presentations in the papers, but time moved on, years passed, and I feared it would be very late to awaken the memory of a thing long gone by.

But now an opportunity presents itself, and you offer it to me, sir, by publishing your Memoirs, in which no doubt a few lines will be devoted to the work of which you made one of the events of your brilliant direction. I willingly avail myself of the opportunity, declaring that the facts in question are completely false.

The organ was paid for by you, provided by you, as well as all other things requisite for effectively getting up *Robert le Diable* for the stage, and I must declare that, so far from restraining yourself to what was strictly necessary, you far exceeded the ordinary obligations of a director towards the author and the public.

I shall never forget the great service which you rendered me by changing the personification of the part of Bertram, which I had had the weakness to give to an artist in other respects of most praiseworthy abilities—to Dabadie,—and had not the courage to take away from him. You luckily had the resolution which failed me, the negotiation succeeded, and the part was entrusted to Levasseur. Massol, a distinguished artist, was charged by you with only the flag-end of a part—he was actually converted into a herald-at-arms.

The pupils of the Conservatory, summoned by you, came every evening to reinforce the choruses; no effort, indeed, was spared to bring out the piece effectively in so far as regarded scenery, costumes, or other accessories. If I bring these facts forward, it is to acknowledge them, and to recognise publicly, as far as it is in my power, the great, intelligent, and devoted part, which you took in the success of *Robert le Diable*.

What I regret most not to be able to bring also forward again, are the thousand ingenious cares, the delicate attentions, which addressed themselves to the composer as well as to the work, and for which my gratitude would not be the more lively or more profound even if the public could appreciate them as I do.

Receive, sir, the expression of my most respectful feelings.

G. METZGER.

During the run of *Robert le Diable*, Madame Damoreau, who had threatened the director with her absence after the first month unless her salary underwent a very considerable increase, was taken suddenly ill. A Madame Pouillet, of the Odéon, consented to take her place as the Sicilian princess. This lady was separated from her husband, who was attached to the Opera. M. Pouillet, not being aware of the change, went before the curtain was drawn up to pay his respects to Madame Damoreau, and, lifting up the veil that enveloped the princess, found himself in presence of his wife. The compliments which he had intended for Madame Damoreau were, we need scarcely say, omitted upon this occasion.

In 1834 (M. Véron relates) I made a journey to London; I met there Mademoiselle Fanny Elssler, whom I had already heard much spoken of: she at once won me by her charming physiognomy, her expressive and intelligent looks, and her talents as a dancer, which were characterised by so much individuality. Thérèse, now united in Prussia, by a left-hand marriage, to a royal prince, did not prepossess one so much; she was taller than her sister. Fanny wished much to come to Paris; she received me with much graciousness. These two artists were not well paid in London, and at that time the great theatre was not even regular in its payments. Thérèse, on the contrary, dreaded a first appearance in Paris, and she resisted to the last my proposals for engaging her and her sister, over whom she had great influence. Yet I offered them forty thousand francs a year. In order to succeed I sought to

give them a good idea of the manner in which the Opera of Paris was administered. I invited them to dine at *Clarendon's Hotel en haute compagnie*; the dinner did great honour to the master of the hotel, and at the dessert a silver salver was placed on the table, upon which were heaped up two hundred thousand francs' worth of jewels and diamonds. The salver was passed at the same time as the baskets of fruits, and the two Misses Elssler, although anxious enough to make their selection, would nevertheless only consent to accept two of the most unpretending objects, representing barely the value of six to eight thousand francs.

When the Elsslers were in Paris, it was rumoured abroad, but more especially in the German papers, that Mademoiselle Fanny Elssler had inspired the Duc de Reichstadt with *une grande passion*. "I interrogated," says M. Véron, "the ex-dancer of Vienna upon the subject with lively curiosity; I always found her sincere, without affected reserve, and she assured me that this passion of the son of the Emperor for her was a mere invention."

Mademoiselle Fanny, we are told, leads a retired life in a German chateau, having with her a faithful cousin, who never quitted her, and whose disinterested devotedness has something in it as original as are the qualities of her mind. Artists of a higher class avoid the snares and the pitfalls which are placed in the way of less successful candidates for public favour.

If licentiousness reigns dominant in the *coulisses* of the Opera, M. Véron tells us it is in main part due solely to the immorality of the mothers. Always excepting the few cases in which irresistible impulses take young girls to the theatre against the will of their parents, the generality of mothers who destine their daughters for the Opera give them the most deplorable advice, place before them the most scandalous examples, inspire them with hopes of ambition, pride, and fortune, to give them perseverance and courage. They initiate them from early youth in all the arts of coquetry, and, in lieu of morals and religion, teach them to be handsome and to please.

I have heard, says M. Véron, a curious sermon preached by the mother of an artist to her daughter. She was reproaching her for being so distant towards her admirers. "Do be a little more amiable to them," she said, "more conciliating, more zealous; if not for your child's or your mother's sake, at least for that of your carriage!"

From their earliest years, these young girls hear of nothing but incomes, allowances, settlements, and a whole vocabulary of *petits ménages*, and of affairs which they often speak of in the most amusing manner. "I inquired," says M. Véron, "one day of a young dancer who the gentleman was I had met her walking with; she answered me with great pride, 'He is a very rich gentleman, who has houses and lands, and all very well mortgaged!'"

Another does not appear to have been so communicative. "I remarked," M. Véron relates, "that one of the *figurantes* was in an interesting way. I accordingly recommended her to suspend her vocation for a time, and I added with an expression of interest, 'who was the cause of this necessary seclusion?' The poor girl, whose early years had been deprived of all good example or advice, merely answered, 'C'est des mes-sieurs que vous ne connaissez pas.'"

M. Véron admits infinitely worse things of the Opera than we believed of it. Anxious to take a medium between the extreme of puritanical denunciations and rumours often gathered from the tongue of fashionable flippancy, we set down part as true, but still what was really bad as exceptional. It appears, as far as Paris is concerned, we were in error. We did not take into consideration that opera *figurantes* are now almost a race of themselves, destined to be the mothers of young artists, whom they will bring up just as their mothers brought them up; and thus this corrupt state of things is hereditarily handed down. Virtue at the Opera is evidently the exception—vice the example and the rule. All M. Véron can say for his amiable young clients is, that a *figurante* of the lowest abilities does not deserve to be treated with the same contempt as those idle beauties who only live by their attractions. The artists of the ballet, and still more the artists of the chorus, have this distinction, that they are capable of study and work, and are very assiduous in certain duties. Many of them have been most carefully educated in dancing or singing, many of them play on the piano, can write and spell correctly, have even learnt English (for especial purposes, we suppose). "I have even met with some," he adds, "who were reading *Madame de Sévigné*, *J. J. Rousseau*, *Chateaubriand*, *et qui avaient du style*!" There is positively a *naïveté* in M. Véron, just such as he himself attributes to his young clients—a *naïveté*, in speaking of vicious things, which is truly Parisian, and is only one degree removed from vice itself.

The letters patent delivered in 1672 by Louis XIV. concerning the *non dérogeance* of the demoiselles and gentlemen of the Opera constitute titles of nobility for the artists, and, says M. Véron, *noblesse oblige*. In what way, to purity of manners, to virtuous thoughts and honourable deeds? Not at all. "As soon as the poor *figurante* of the Opera can decorate her foot with a laced boot, can put a good shawl on her shoulders, and can brighten up her physiognomy with coquettish ribbons, she assumes from that moment the airs of a lady and a certain sedateness and sobriety of language." Nobility, we suppose, insisting upon such.

The demoiselles of the Opera, we are seriously told, are susceptible of real love. There are some examples of their hearts having been opened to the *grande passion*. Many unions which begin with love are continued with exemplary fidelity, and end in marriage. Marriages also occur pretty frequently between the artists of the Opera and the musicians of the orchestra, these marriages are mostly happy and honourable. One of these musicians, second violin, was so enamoured of his own wife, that, although very assiduous in his duty, he could not play a note from the moment that she made her appearance on the boards and began to dance; from that moment love and admiration rendered his bow motionless.

Duclos used to say that pretty women are like a theatre, run after or deserted. In the *coulisses* of the Opera, as in the world at large, fortune spreads her favours and her gifts, often with her eyes closed, but also sometimes with eyes open. More than one dancer, whose *début* at the Opera received my protection, has made a rich and brilliant marriage, of which they were worthy by their talents, their wit, and their beauty; they have now an honourable name, live in the bosom of opulence, and are respected for their good conduct.

and exhaustless beneficence. Some only entered the married state with repugnance; whilst others only arrived at this *dénouement* by dint of talent and perseverance. Here is how one of my old clients succeeded in transforming her *petit ménage* into a regular and durable union.

An English lady of title having died, a *dame de compagnie*, of serious aspect, and well known for her severe manners, good conduct, and high principles, was left at liberty. The young dancer took it into her head to give herself the moral luxury of so great a *dame de compagnie*: the theatre inspires a taste for all luxuries. This fantasy was gratified; the expense of the luxury was not even taken into consideration. One day that a few friends had assembled in this "small household" to dinner, my clever *ex-pensionnaire* refused to join, and when her lover and his friends went to her, they found her in tears. "I cannot," she said, "live any longer an object of contempt; my *dame de compagnie* has found out that I am only your mistress, and she refuses to remain with me any longer. I shall never survive such a disgrace. To-morrow I must leave, if you intend that such a state of things is to last." Affected by this politic indignation of an honest heart, the lover hastened to put an end to so much grief; he promised to marry her, and did so a few days afterwards. The *dame de compagnie* no longer laboured under the apprehension of compromising her principles or her reputation by remaining with a married woman—on the contrary, she had reason to rejoice in the turn affairs had taken, for they were mainly her work.

This young artist, brought up by an experienced mother, had made an especial study of the power of tears. One day she had to dance with Mademoiselle Lise Noblet. I went to see her, and found her in tears. On inquiring into the cause of this deep grief, an obstinate silence was all that was shown to my anxious curiosity. Witness of my entreaties, her mother, who could not help smiling, re-assured me. "I will tell you all," she said. "She dances to-night by the side of Mademoiselle Noblet: Mademoiselle Noblet has some very fine jewels, and my daughter has none." Notwithstanding my long experience, a woman's tears always affect me, and I sent at once to Madame Janisset's, to fetch the sovereign remedy for such deep suffering and such agonising griefs. I was in one of my days of administrative weakness.

It appears, from the same authority, that a happy and brilliant destiny not only awaits the pretty woman, but also comes sometimes to surprise the plain one. The latter event occurs, M. Véron tells us, because a pretty woman insists upon being loved, while the plain woman gives herself the trouble to make herself loved.

During my direction, I every month passed the *corps de ballet* in review; in its ranks I remarked a *figurante* peculiarly ill-favoured and of a certain age; at each inspection I ordered her name to be struck off the lists, but still there she ever was continuing her duties at rehearsals and public representations alike; she excited the interest and compassion of every one, even of the ballet-masters. One day she came up to me on the stage. "Do not send me away," she said, "I beseech you; it would be to consign me to the depths of misery. I am very punctual, I know how to dance, and I take the place of such of my companions as fail to attend the rehearsals in the morning or the performances in the evening; I place myself behind all the others, so that I am not seen—have pity on me." This poor girl's speech affected me, and I left her on the lists; I even now and then spoke to her in terms of encouragement; but one night she came up to me, thanked me for my kindness, "and now," she added, "you can rid yourself of me when you like." She had earrings, and a gold chain, to which was attached a watch, which she showed me. Her whole aspect was redolent of joy and happiness. "Yes, M. Véron, I have at length succeeded in making myself loved, and it is to your compassion that I owe my good luck; had you expelled me from the theatre, I should have been for

ever involved in misfortune." She had met with a tender and a faithful heart; she had several children, and married the man whose lasting affections she had learnt to merit.

It was to me (continues M. Véron) a pleasant and a continual comedy to watch the rises and falls which occurred in the existence of these light troops of the Opera; one who the evening before was grateful for a pair of cast-off pumps, which served her for shoes, would come to the theatre two days afterwards in a most elegant dress, with her attendants, English horses, and a carriage just out of Erlher's factory. Two sisters, punctual at their dancing lessons and at the performances, were missing for several days continuously from their class and from the stage; they came back not with the repentant air of the Prodigal, but with the joyous pride of young princesses. During their absence they had won the hearts of two young princes of the blood.

Luxury and display have after a time no more power to astonish these poor girls than misery has to discourage them or dishearten them.

The chances of their fate makes them all superstitious: not one but carries on her neck or finger some kind of amulet; almost all go to mass and have a prodigious number of wax-lights burnt on the altar of the Virgin, under the strangest pretext, thus showing more taste for external worship and the ceremonies of the church, than for the duties which it imposes. Some even affect an inclination for the severities of a cloistered life. One of my most charming *pensionnaires*, being unable to support any longer the despotic constraint to which she was condemned, fled from the maternal roof; every one believed in an elopement or a suicide. The police received information, but the same evening one of the orchestra met her in the Rue de Faubourg Montmartre, arm-in-arm with a nun, who was conducting her, at her own request, to a convent. She was soon restored to her family and to the Opera.

A peculiarity, which the director seems to consider almost an impertinence, on the part of the artists of the Opera, is a pretension to having relatives—among some even to being of good origin. Lesage has long ago depicted this family pride of the *coulisses*, when Laura introduces Gil Blas as her brother. The demoiselles of the Opera carry the feeling so far as sometimes to affect mourning, although the excuse for assuming such a garb is often nothing more than the death of their porter, their *bonne*, or even a pet dog!

Yet the hearts of these poor children of chance are always open to misfortune; they delight in relieving all who are afflicted or who are in distress. The prettiest and the most fashionable place themselves at the head of any movement of benevolence, and they go right up to their acquaintances and numerous clients. Collections, subscriptions, and concerts for some charitable purpose or other are constantly going on.

Lemontey, a writer on the physiology of dancing, pretends that, in the artist, the spirits destined to nourish the fire of the passions and the work of the brain are turned from their course. "The kind of enchantment," he says, "which surrounds a dancer has nothing real in it; no moral stimulus comes to awaken the torpor in which the excesses of dancing envelop the organs of sensibility." M. Véron denies this. There are, he says, dancers and vocalists alike *qui dansent bête et qui chantent bête* in the language of the *coulisses*, but in dancing, as in singing, head, understanding, and imagination are indispensable to success.

Certain it is that the upper portion of the body suffers for the unusual development of the lower—vocalists have not this disadvantage. The latter have most feeling, the dancers most *physique*; hence dancers often make their fortunes while the vocalists live in misery. This we

are told in virtue of the divorce established of old between fortune and love.

Among the female choristers of the Opera (says M. Véron) the greatest number have never troubled themselves with their interests or their future; they have lived, but they have not enriched themselves. Some have made humble enough marriages; several very good musicians, besides their service at the Opera, obtain a livelihood by teaching. They are in general *de bonnes pâtes de filles*, who refuse nothing to whosoever pleases them and loves them; they only believe in love; one would say that, like singing-birds, they are only on earth in order to love.

In the *corps de ballet*, on the contrary, we meet at once the greatest misery, and, as I have said before, sudden fortunes with settlements, carriages, and diamonds. In the jargon of the *coulisses*, all settlements are called *un papier*, and the young *figurante*, to excuse her first fault, says, with pride: "*Mais j'ai un papier.*" No idea can be formed of the privation, the sufferings, the fatigues, the courage, of those poor girls upon whom fortune has never smiled. Hope sustains them; they say, smilingly, "I suffer to-day; to-morrow, perhaps, I may be rich." Several come on foot from Montmartre, the Batignolles, or the quarter of the Hotel de Ville for their dancing-lesson, their rehearsal, and their performance, and they go back in the dead of night, in rain or snow, to those distant regions. Some find time to give dancing-lessons in their own neighbourhood. I was one day speaking, in terms of admiration, of a girl who was improving every day in her appearance and good looks. "We are very poor, nevertheless," said her mother, "and I would give her to whoever would have her, only for our support."

All this does not say much for the vaunted liberality of the administration of the Opera, assisted as it is by ministerial subsidies; a liberality of which M. Véron is never tired of boasting. One of the worst features of the theatrical system, as pursued in Paris, was, that in former times the minor theatres had to contribute, and that largely too, to the support of the Opera. Better any number of minor theatres and a means of obtaining an honest livelihood, than all the false glare and glittering of the Opera, and the vice which it tinsels and bespangles. First-rate artists get enormous appointments; inferior, and yet necessary adjuncts, not enough to preserve them from sin. This is not as it ought to be. Some of the jewels heaped up on the salver at "Clarendon's Hotel" might have been better bestowed. The Swedish nightingale was eminently charitable—did she ever hear the cry of her sisters in distress? M. Véron acknowledges his gallantry—did he ever hold out his hand to save from error? It would appear not, for it is evident that the privations to be gone through antecedent to the arrival of some wealthy greenhorn, are looked upon as a matter of course, and the gauze-enveloped maiden flutters like a moth before the foot-lights, her mind made up to self-sacrifice, and uttering aloud, "To-morrow I may be rich."

The principles here denounced, not in a more serious tone than they deserve, were, it appears, actually introduced in the system of teaching—formed, in fact, a part of the apprenticeship to the art—that is to say, under the Gardels and the Vestrises, and till M. Taglioni père wrought a reform on the boards. Vestris, M. Véron tells us, taught the arts of grace and seduction. He insisted upon provoking smiles, poses, and attitudes, void of all decency and modesty. I have often heard him say to his pupils in a cynical tone: "My good friends, be charming, be coquettish, exhibit in all your movements the most seductive liberty; you must inspire love both before and after the dance."

The school, the style, and language of M. Taglioni père was quite different; it demanded a graceful facility of motion, lightness, especially elevation, *du ballon*; but it did not permit to his daughter a gesture or an attitude which betrayed an absence of decency or shame. He used to say to her, "Women and young girls must see you without blushing; let your dance be austere while it is tasteful and replete with delicacy."

Vestris wished his pupils to dance as at Athens, like *bacchantes*; M. Taglioni insisted upon a simplicity in dancing; which was almost mystical and religious. The one taught Pagan dancing; it might be said that the other preferred Catholic dancing. Mademoiselle Taglioni danced differently and better than any one had ever danced before her. "Her name," says the learned director and enthusiastic admirer, "represents a whole school of dancing, and will live in the annals of the art known to the ancients, and which modifies itself according to the laws, manners, and religion!" Long may that school live, is all we can add; it teaches that grace is not essentially licentious, nor to be charming does it require to be frivolous.

DE QUINCEY'S "MISCELLANIES."*

THIS, the third volume of Mr. de Quincey's "Selections"—each volume, however, being complete in itself (albeit we understand not their taste who would be satisfied with the single-blessedness of *such* completeness)—

—But we must draw breath after that parenthesis, and begin again. This, then, being volume the third of "Selections, Grave and Gay," is admirably adapted, at once by the variety and the unity of its contents, to the study of those who may be, as yet, slenderly conversant, or even quite unacquainted, with the genius of the inimitable author. It forms a kind of epitomised sample of his discursive powers—a "cunningly-devised" trysting-place of his most salient characteristics. GRAVE and GAY still weave the warp and weave the woof—still, as in this varicoloured life, cross, and intertwine, and relieve one the other—meeting us, like the being "beautiful and bright" in Coleridge's romaunt,

—sometimes from the *darksome shade*,
And sometimes starting up at once
In *green and sunny glade*.

The author's grandeur of speculative thought, wandering at its own high will through eternity of time, and infinitude of space; his pathos, deeper than ever plummet sounded, deeper than (too deep for) tears; his scholarship, mastered with so much labour, but wielded with such sprightly ease; his narrative art (in his hands really an art), in which every paragraph is so matterful and every epithet so *telling*; his stores of illustrations, culled from "a' the airts," and ingeniously introduced in all sorts of places; his pensive humour, now dry, now unctuous, alternating and

* *Miscellanies*: Chiefly Narrative. By Thomas de Quincey. London: Groombridge. 1854. (Forming the third volume of De Quincey's "Selections, Grave and Gay.")

commingling the grave and gay; his forays of wit, his quaint flourishes of fancy, his adroit but never malicious passes of satire; all are fairly, if not fully, represented in this volume of *Miscellanies*.

Dull, dense, matter-of-fact people—people of "imperfect sympathies"—people who recognise no line of beauty that is not straight, and whose literary vision is exercised from an angle anything but acute, though so narrow in its range—people who know little Latin beyond *Cui bono* (which they are quoting in season, out of season), and who never could see the joke of the senior wrangler's objection to Milton's epic, But what does it prove?—good, worthy, solid, stolid, stupid souls of this order, will probably enough be "stumped" by the very first subject in the present volume—the Military Nun of Spain. We can make nothing of it, you may hear them say. They are perplexed as to its drift. They resent the dubious tactics of the narrator, who leaves them uncertain whether or when they are to laugh or cry. Fairly started as they suppose in a paragraph grave even to tragedy, abruptly they are thrown into a perfect quandary by interjectional sentences, allusions, fancies, boldly and broadly ludicrous. Endeavouring to accommodate themselves to this new inspiration, and to enter into the mirth which they presume is in store for them, they are again flung back by their author's seemingly capricious recurrence to tones of solemn reverie and passionate earnestness. Shakspeare himself, bounding from sleepless *Macbeth* to a sleepy *Porter*,—Shakspeare himself, interrupting the stern, sad contemplations of *Hamlet* by the songs of the churchyard *Clown*,—Shakspeare himself, who intersperses the latest agonising words and thoughts of *Cleopatra* with the quips and quirks of the "rural fellow," who brings her "the pretty worm of Nilus, that kills and pains not,"—Shakspeare himself, in this eccentric orbit, this lawless mood of his, is not more unaccountable, not to say offensive, to a starched and straitlaced Frenchman, imbued with the prejudices of pedantry, and saturated with the traditions of the schools, than is the Opium-eater in his "miscellaneous" mood, in his truant disposition, to a non-plussed literalist of the kind just supposed.

How the story of this Military Nun of Spain would fare at the hands of a prosaic matter-of-fact man, scribbling right on, as the crow flies, jealous or incapable of pause, or parenthesis—errantry, or excursus—break, or interval—additament, or episode,—we know not, nor care to know. Enough, that told as Mr. de Quincey tells it, with its fulness of moving accidents by flood and field, it is a singularly interesting tale, garnished with an odd intermixture of reflections, suggestions, and non-descript details, often piquant, often affecting, not unfrequently

Solemn and sweet as when low winds attune

The midnight pines.

Happy Catalina, to have met, centuries after her life's fitful fever, with such a biographer! A right admiring and affectionate one withal—chivalric and cordial as could have been any compatriot and contemporary of her own. "Bonny Kate! Noble Kate!" he once exclaims, and seems again and again on the point of repeating the benison and the homage—"I would there were not two centuries laid between us, that I might have the pleasure of kissing thy fair hand." But for the two centuries, Kate's lips would be at the service of such a biographer, and a hundred welcomes too.

What a description is that of Kate's passage over the Andes! How burn our hearts within us as we mark her fearful encounter with wasting solitude and frost, and the sudden apprehension of deliverance that dawns on the poor wanderer. "Frightful was the spasm of joy which whispered that the worst was over. It was as when the shadow of midnight, that murderers had relied on, is passing away from your beleaguered shelter, and dawn will soon be manifest. It was as when a flood, that all day long has raved against the walls of your house, has ceased (you suddenly think) to rise; yes! measured by a golden plummet, it is sinking beyond a doubt, and the darlings of your household are saved. . . . Yes, Kate is leaving behind her the kingdom of frost and the victories of death. Two miles farther there may be rest, if there is not shelter. And very soon, as the crest of her new-born happiness, she distinguished at the other end of that rocky vista, a pavilion-shaped mass of dark-green foliage—a belt of trees, such as we see in the lovely parks of England, but islanded by a screen (though not everywhere occupied by the usurpations) of a thick bushy undergrowth. Oh, verdure of dark-olive foliage, offered suddenly to fainting eyes, as if by some winged patriarchal herald of wrath relenting—solitary Arab's tent, rising with saintly signals of peace, in the dreadful desert, must Kate indeed die even yet, whilst she sees but cannot reach you? Outpost on the frontier of man's dominions; standing within life, but looking out upon everlasting death, wilt thou hold up the anguish of thy mocking invitation, only to betray? Never, perhaps, in this world was the line so exquisitely grazed, that parts salvation and ruin. As the dove to her dovecot from the swooping hawk—as the Christian pinnacle to Christian batteries, from the bloody Mahometan corsair, so flew—so tried to fly towards the anchoring thickets, that, alas! could not weigh their anchors and make sail to meet her—the poor exhausted Kate from the vengeance of pursuing frost.

"And she reached them; staggering, fainting, reeling, she entered beneath the canopy of umbrageous trees. But, as oftentimes, the Hebrew fugitive to a city of refuge, flying for his life before the avenger of blood, was pressed so hotly that, on entering the archway of what seemed to him the heavenly city-gate, as he kneeled in deep thankfulness to kiss its holy merciful shadow, he could not rise again, but sank instantly with infant weakness into sleep—sometimes to wake no more: so sank, so collapsed upon the ground, without power to choose her couch, and with little prospect of ever again rising to her feet, the martial nun. She lay as luck had ordered it, with her head screened by the undergrowth of bushes, from any gales that might arise; she lay exactly as she sank, with her eyes up to heaven; and thus it was that the nun saw, before falling asleep, the two sights that upon earth are fittest for the closing eyes of a nun, whether destined to open again, or to close for ever. She saw the interlacing of boughs overhead forming a dome, that seemed like the dome of a cathedral. She saw, through the fretwork of the foliage, another dome, far beyond, the dome of an evening sky, the dome of some heavenly cathedral, not built with hands. She saw upon this upper dome the vesper lights, all alive with pathetic grandeur of colouring, from a sunset that had just been rolling down like a chorus. She had not, till now, consciously observed the time of day; whether it were morning, or whether it were afternoon, in her confusion she had not distinctly known. But now she whispered to herself—'*It is evening*;' and what lurked half-

unconsciously in these words might be—'The sun, that rejoices, has finished his daily toil ; man, that labours, has finished his ; I, that suffer, have finished mine.' That might be what she thought, but what she *said* was, 'It is evening ; and the hour is come when the *Angelus* is sounding through St. Sebastian's.' What made her think of St. Sebastian's, so far away in depths of space and time ? Her brain was wandering, now that her feet were *not* ; and because her eyes had descended from the heavenly to the earthly dome, *that* made her think of earthly cathedrals, and of cathedral choirs, and of St. Sebastian's chapel, with its silvery bells that carried the *Angelus* far into mountain recesses. Perhaps, as her wanderings increased, she thought herself back in childhood ; became 'pussy' once again ; fancied that all since then was a frightful dream ; that she was not upon the dreadful Andes, but still kneeling in the holy chapel at vespers ; still innocent as then ; loved as then she had been loved ; and that all men were liars, who said her hand was ever stained with blood."

We might, had we space, quote as a pendant, by way of contrast, to this fragment of the grave, a bit of the gay, in which the writer so liberally indulges, always with a tender humanity however, and a fast friendship for Kate. But limits defy us ; and sooth to say, we prefer the grave to the gay passages in this strange eventful history—and many, we surmise, will mistake the seeming levity and familiar chit-chat with which the adventures are, perhaps on the whole prejudicially, interlarded.

A curiously different subject follows, viz., "The Last Days of Kant"—originally forming part of the too-brief series in *Blackwood*, called "Gallery of the German Prose Classics." This account of the closing years of the great transcendental philosopher, which is based on the narratives of Wasianski, Jachmann, Borowski, and others, excited considerable interest at its appearance seven-and-twenty years ago ; since which time the improved and constantly advancing knowledge of Kant, on the part of English readers at large, must be such as to warrant our predicting for it a greatly advanced attraction. It is to be hoped that the author's other writings in elucidation of Kant's philosophy and miscellaneous works will be given in future volumes ; the *narrative* speciality of the present volume is, we presume, the reason why none of these valuable exegetical articles are wrought up with this memoir of the professor's ultimate and penultimate years. We should have been glad to see one volume of the series simply devoted to Mr. de Quincey's contributions to the illustration of German literature : perhaps he may yet be induced to adopt the suggestion. The extent of his labours in this field has never been duly recognised ; and others, whom really he anticipated in point of time and surpassed in degree of merit, have been lauded as the almost exclusive interpreters of Teutonic *belles lettres* and metaphysics. There is plenty to make up a volume from his scattered criticisms in the *London Magazine*, *Tait*, and *Blackwood*—comprising notices of Lessing, Kant, Göthe, Jean Paul, &c.—and it would be a volume, we submit, greatly in request, in these days of awakened and widely-spread attention to the characteristics of *Deutsch* literature and life. If only to assert his own claim, as a leader among those who actually aroused this interest, such a volume is one we fain would see. And its

distinctive character would fall in with the apparant plan according to which the several tomes are distributed.

After "Kant" comes a truly *indigenous* dissertation, such as none but its writer could put on paper, on "The System of the Heavens as revealed by Lord Rosse's Telescopes." It might seem written to prove that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step, and that the writer, for his part, can take the step without straining. It is an imbroglia of the magnificent and the ludicrous. Now we career through the awful grandeurs of dim worlds half realised, and now listen to wayward sallies of fun run riot, mad as a March hare, tricky as Robin Goodfellow, and not a whit more particular in the choice of jokes. Nothing can be finer, in sustained majesty of style, than the *bravura* at the end—a glorious specimen of the author's command of diction, and his power to transfigure the glory of another into a new and greater glory, till the former seems to have no glory by reason of the glory that excelleth. Richter himself would have assented, or we mistake the matter and the man.

Then, again, we come to "Joan of Arc"—an enthusiastic tribute to the purity, devotedness, self-sacrifice, and singleness of eye, of the daughter of Domrémy. Her own country can show no such tribute. Nothing so generous, so indignant, so "tender and true." Her trial is described and denounced in words that burn. "Never from the foundations of the earth was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence, and all its hellishness of attack. Oh, child of France! shepherdess, peasant girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honour thy flashing intellect, quick as God's lightning, and true as that lightning to its mark, that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century,* confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood!" And what fatal intensity of reproach, what pathos and energy of upbraiding protest, in the concluding apostrophe to the Bishop of Beauvais! Withering scorn and redeeming pity meet together; and it is beautiful to see how mercy is made, even here, to rejoice against judgment.

"The Casuistry of Roman Meals" is one of those compounds of rare scholarship and lively gossip in which the author is perhaps without a fellow. We see the severe student unbending himself, and freely imparting of his well-hived stores to others, in a manner so amusing, and with aids and appliances so thoroughly gustful, that the veriest ignoramus in classical lore is caught, fixed, converted; indeed, is in danger of coming to believe himself a crack classic, so much has he learned that was new to him, in so scant a space. Mr. de Quincey makes no parade of his reading; his contempt of mere pedantry is patent enough, as his *raids* against pedants and mere scholars as such are many and merciless; but the variety and breadth of his erudition are evidenced whenever the subject requires or allows of its appearance, and we are reminded of another who could, says the rhymist,

In his capacious mem'ry bottle
The lumb'ring lore of Aristotle;
Through Fichte, Schelling, Kant, go on straight,
Like Leslie, or La Place, demonstrate

* In allusion to the still retained practice in France, of judges examining the prisoner against himself.

Parabola, ellipse, hyperbole,
 And quote whole books of Milton verbally;
 Or while you muse, and wish to sip at ease
 Your tea, quote strophes from Euripides,—
 Discuss inscriptions Greek and Runic,
 Peloponnesian wars or Punic,
 Expatriate gravely on Ricardo, &c., &c., &c.

"Modern Superstition" winds up the volume. This treatise is enriched with memorable illustrations, from Pagan and Christian sources, philosophically arranged and commented on, as bearing on man's perennial sympathy with the invisible—a subject upon which Mr. de Quincey is always informing, animated, and impressive. He argues that the manifest vitality of the modes of popular superstition proves, that the popular intellect does not go along with the bookish or the worldly in pronouncing the miraculous extinct. Superstition, or the sympathy with the invisible, "is the great test," as he contends, "of man's nature, as an earthly combining with a celestial. In superstition lies the possibility of religion. And though superstition is often injurious, degrading, demoralising, it is so, not as a form of corruption or degradation, but as a form of non-development. . . . Superstition will finally pass into pure forms of religion as man advances. It would be matter of lamentation to hear that superstition had at all decayed until man had made corresponding steps in the purification and development of his intellect as applicable to religious faith." Among the numerous *modes* here reviewed, are the *Ovidian* types, representing supernatural power sympathising with humanity, as expressed by a "symbol incarnated with the fixed agencies of nature;"—the *Ominous*, illustrated by many a curious story, and comprehending such varieties as the old Roman observance of deep meaning in words and syllables, Napoleon's presentiments, the whole practice and doctrine of Sortilegy,—Ornithomancy, once elaborated into a science,—Rhabdomancy, a practice, it is said, not yet extinct even in England (especially in Somersetshire),—Nympholepsy, and its modern parallels, or cognate instances,—Oracles and Prophecies, ill-boding coincidences, portents, *Palladia* or protecting talismans, &c. Such is the concluding essay of the half dozen in this choice volume, and with readers of a grave, inquiring cast, who have no zest for the erratic flights and effervescent humours of some of its forerunners, it will probably be the favourite of the whole.

* * * Once again we recur to the question of Thomas de Quincey and the Pension List. There have been recent vacancies, and these, at the time we write, remain unfilled. Who has stronger claims than this distinguished but retiring and unobtrusive author? If any, speak, for him have we offended—by real ignorant neglect. Whether in regard to the quantity or the quality of his literary labours, Mr. de Quincey has long ago amply wrought out *his* title. Merit has made a pension his due. Reverses, and physical suffering, if we are not misinformed, have made it desirable. Once again then we reiterate a question which ought not to need reiteration, and which, this time, for the benefit of short-sighted authorities, we will thank the compositor to set up in good staring capitals—WHY IS NOT THOMAS DE QUINCEY ON THE PENSION LIST?

STRAY LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

THE Reverend Jonadab Straithorn offers his respects to the Editor of that publication called the *New Monthly Magazine*, and begs to place in his hands the accompanying letters, which (by a direct Providential accident) have fallen into his possession. They are the effusions of a young hypocrite of wrath, styled in worldly parlance "Ensign Pepper," and the Editor is at liberty to print them if he pleases: when the public in general will glean a hint of what a precious mess this unrighteous war of theirs seems to be in, and what precious "Ensigns" are gone out to it.

Jecoliah Chapel, Clapham, June, 1854.

British Camp, Gallipoli, June, 1854.

DEAR AUNT PRISCILLA,—I have had no time to write to you yet, but I am now going to redeem my promise. So, to begin at the beginning, as you desired. Malta, which you are aware we took on our route, I don't much like, one gets so taken in. But the fruit's prime: the oranges and dates are beautiful, only I don't like the olives. Will you believe that we get five big oranges for a penny! The Maltese, tanned, swarthy fellows, go about half naked. The shopkeepers there, tailors, shoemakers, and that kit, are dead robbers, and have doubled the price of everything eatable and wearable, now there's a demand for it: if you knew the amount of spare cash I have been compelled to shell out, you would be indignant, for the clothes of that rascally London outfitter are not worth a doit, and have had to be replaced. The *cafés*, as they are called in Malta, are very fine to the eye, but we hear that all that's sold in them is tobacco and spirits, both of which you think so horrible; and our men, poor deluded fellows, flocked into them by dozens, and would come out quite inebriated. I don't forget your injunctions, dear aunt, never to put *my* nose inside such places, but Gill of ours looked in one night, out of curiosity, and said the room shone with gilding and mirrors. He is a very nice companion for me, Ensign Gill—not one of those injurious associates you feared I might meet with—just my age, and well up in his Latin, and has never been away from his mamma and sisters till he came out. Malta is a very bustling place, at least it looks so now, but our officers are much put out about the price of horses, which has gone up shamefully, like everything else. They remonstrate with the sellers, but it is of no use.

Some fine French steam-frigates came into Valetta while we were there, bringing troops. Some of them are very ugly, but beautifully kept—the vessels I mean, not the men, they are *all* ugly. Every spot on board is as clean and in as trim order as your spare drawing-room, which you know the housemaid has to dust and set to rights every morning, though nobody ever uses it. The French are inches shorter than we are, but those they call Zouaves are good soldier-looking fellows. They have been a long while in Africa, and are as dark as mahogany, and there is enough hair on their faces to frighten one not

used to it. You abhor English moustachios, dear aunt, but your worst imagination never pictured anything like the moustachios of these fierce Zouaves. Their dress is much handsomer than ours, and very convenient, though you might think it too smart: bright blue jackets trimmed with red, and shining ornaments, red vests, and scarlet trousers as wide as Jessie's frocks, and only coming down to the knee, where they are tied in, and embroidered yellow leather gaiters, edged with black. Their throats are open, not stuck in a vice like ours, and their red fez caps, covered when in the sun with white linen, protect their necks from the heat and rain. Our men are apt to take them for Arabs, but they are only French. I can't say much for their morals, for they play at cards; I have seen them at it; and in the presence of their commanding officers. Good Mr. Straithorn, when he came up to give me a farewell lecture, called cards the devil's books, and said I had better touch brimstone, and I saw the tears in your eyes, dear Aunt Priscilla, as you listened to him.

We left Malta on a Friday, in the *Golden Fleece*, Captain Stewart, and got here, Gallipoli, the following Wednesday night. I forget the date, but it was early in April. We expected to land at once, but there was a hitch about it, and by the following Saturday we had not got ashore. But oh, dear aunt! talk about tears! you would weep tears of blood if you could see me here—especially at the first. We had nothing for days to lie on but the bare earth, some of us not a blanket, under us or atop, no mattress, not even any straw. Instead of undressing at night, we heaped all our other clothes upon us, and were nearly frozen to ice then. I cannot tell you how we existed, or how we contrived to keep life in us. My lips have not come near butter since I came here, there's no meat, and what there is is green, nothing but disgusting black bread. It is a treat to get a paltry little egg; and a vulgar onion, which you know you never suffer near your table at home, is a luxury. I feel sure, dearest aunt, you cannot let me remain in this forlorn state, so do send me off a hamper immediately. Here's a list. Some jars of marmalade, and a good many of jam, to make the wretched bread go down; some spiced gingerbread and assorted biscuits; a good supply of potted sardines; half a dozen Dutch cheeses, and a pound or two of barley-sugar, for I've got a cough; a tongue or two, if they will keep long enough, and if you could put in a plum-pudding, it would be a delicious treat; Lyons sausages are good for breakfast, and a slice or so every morning would help to keep up my strength, which you will grieve to hear is diminishing hourly, in this camp of famine; I *could* do with some candied peel, it's very cheap; and please don't omit plenty of sweet-stuff, I won't particularise any sort, but I like them all—if you are at a fault for the names, ask Jessie, and, tell her, a double portion of Gibraltar rock. Nearly all the camp, officers and men, smoke continually, by way of staying their stomachs, and as you forbid me to learn smoking, and the Rev. Mr. Straithorn said it was perdition, I must suck something instead, so please let me have plenty. Quince jelly is not bad, and if I think of any other essential I will tell you lower down.

It's a horrid place, this Gallipoli; we can't understand a syllable of the barbarous language, and, what's worse, can't make ourselves understood. Things are bought and sold by signs. For instance, I go into a shop

where they sell chesnuts (I only give chesnuts for example, for I've not seen any), and hold out some coppers, and point to the chesnuts, and when they have counted the cash, they give me the exchange in chesnuts. There is some fish here and some poultry, and butchers' meat, and especially, but somehow we never get any of it. It is certain that the French get as much as they want of everything, and if they can't get it by honest means they *take* it, but there's no such luck for us. The place has been rampant with bustle and confusion ever since the allied armies came, and the old governor of it, a Turk, was so worried and flustered with the demands of both French and English combined, that he took to his bed one morning, and died. There was a great rejoicing when Prince Napoleon landed (Prince Nap, we call him amongst ourselves), and lots of guns and speeches were fired off. The prince waited on board till all were in readiness for him, the guards of honour drawn up, and the authorities down, and then he came ashore in his best uniform, all stars and ribbons and gold lace and a cocked hat with a plume. Some days after that, the *Caradoc* (she's a smart vessel) came steaming in, with the royal standard of England flying from her main-mast, by which it was seen that she bore the Duke of Cambridge. The French ships fired a thundering salute, and it so shook the old houses that the Turks thought they were falling, and rushed out of them with their turbans all on end, faster I know than a Turk ever rushed before. Nobody was ready to receive his Royal Highness, and while the generals and consuls and the rest of them were running about in dismay, hunting up the others, and making themselves look like bucks, thinking that the English prince would wait for them as the French one had done, the duke walked ashore. We knew him, and knew that he looked, every inch of him, a right noble English gentleman, but the foreigners, whether Turks or French, could not believe that a man dressed in a shooting-jacket and round glazed hat, stepping quietly ashore without parade or attendants, could be the Royal Duke of England. He did not stay here, but went on to Scutari.

Our appearance excites wonder amongst the natives: they follow us about everywhere, unable to satisfy their curiosity. It is the dress that comes over them, so different from theirs, the bearskins especially. But we fell into the shade with them, dress and all, when the Highlanders came. I don't suppose you ever saw a regiment of Scotchmen, for they wear no inexpressibles—if you will excuse my mentioning it. A sort of petticoat, called a kilt, comes about a third down their thighs, and that's all. When the 93rd Highland regiment first arrived, some time in April, lots of the natives flocked down to the landing-place, lazy and indifferent though they are in general, for news got wind that a fine steamer had come in, bringing a cargo of giants with naked legs. Just at the same time, a small Turkish vessel also arrived, and ran underneath the steamer's bows, having on board a great Eastern dignitary (I thought a Sultan, but Gill said he was a Pasha), who was on deck with all his wo—I mean with a great many ladies. The Highlanders jumped up on the paddle-box, the bows, and anywhere they could get, and looked down to salute the ladies, who did not know whatever they were at first, but when they found out that they were real live soldiers without any lower garments, and not sham Gogs and

Magogs, they began screaming like so many hyenas. Of course it was a shock to ladies, for the legs were very—in short, very big and very much exposed, but when they landed—the legs I mean—the general people crowded round, gazing at and touching them with their forefingers, like we do when we go to Madame Tussaud's. I know, dear aunt, you would never have allowed me to go into such a barefaced regiment.

Please present my respects to Mr. Straithorn, and say our time is so taken up we have scarcely a moment for recreation, so that I have not got through one of his excellent sermons yet. I had so many necessities in the shape of clothes, &c., to lay in at Malta, that my money has come to its last gasp: if you could indulge me, dear aunt, with a little note for five or ten pounds, it would be an act of charity. Give my love to Jessie, and believe me your affectionate nephew,

THOMAS PEPPER.

To Miss Priscilla Oldstage, Clapham.

P.S. Oh, dearest aunt! I knew there was something I forgot! It was preserved ginger; and it is the best thing one can take (so our medical staff-officer assures us) when suffering from insufficiency of food.

Starvation Camp, Gallipoli, June, 1854.

DEAR GUS,—You promised and vowed to write to a fellow, but devil a letter has come yet. And now I'll tell you a secret: you may thank the stars, old blade, that your governor stood out about buying you a commission: I can tell her gracious Majesty she'd never have caught me if I had known as much as I do now. Playing at soldiers in London is one thing, but coming to a nasty out-of-the-world desert place, where there's nothing to eat, and no nice girls to see you in your regimentals, is another. Tell Fanny Green there's no fear of a rival to her out here. The grub's not fit for a Christian dog: Aunt Pris's curly poodle would turn tail at it. It was a good spree enough as long as we stayed at Malta, and some of us made the tin fly. The deuce knows how it went—I don't. Smoking and drinking took away a lot, and billiards and other things a lot more, and one must do as others do, you know. The *cafés* there I like, they are cool and chatty, and the drink's so cheap, a fellow may get sewn up for threepence, but won't his head split next morning! mine did, I can swear to you. Don't tell F. G. this. Some of the officers abuse the cigars we got there, but I and Gill found them prime. You'd have been fit to split, had you heard Straithorn's lecture to me before I came away. It was such a game! turning up the whites of his eyes, and praying me not to look at a cigar (amongst other forbidden fruit), and never to smell at it. As chance had it, I'd got the tail of a stick of peppermint in my pocket, and eat it forthwith, or else he might have smelt the remaining odour of one then. He smokes himself, on the sly, I'll bet. He and Aunt Pris gave me some of his sermons in manuscript. I opened one: an old crabbed hand, where you can't tell the vowels from the consonants, and treating of "A Benighted Young Man." I was to ponder and digest them every morning and night, and then write home my remarks upon the collection. What a chance! The Benighted Young Man has gone in spills for smoke, and the rest are going. I hate

July—VOL. CI. NO. CCCIII.

2 A

that canting old methodist of a Straithorn. And he has got an eye to Aunt Pris's money as sure as I'm alive: if she don't look out sharp, he'll get on her blind side, and convert her into a psalm-singing Mrs. Straithorn, and then good by to her snug little tips to me. I wish some one would tell her that church-going maiden ladies of fifty-five have no "call" to encourage single methodist parsons at their house. We could scarcely get horses at Malta for love or money, or unless a precious sight was dropped of the latter. Officers in a towering passion about it, and cursing the vendors' ears off. Our voyage from Malta here took five days, lots of us ill. The French privates play at cards on the decks of their vessels, and their officers look on—sensible men those commanders. Straithorn grew purple in the face, vowing cards were the devil's books—old ass! If he knew what I lose or win at them every night, he'd go black I expect. Gill and I have got three packs between us, and it's nearly all the fun we get in this infernally dull place.

The French soldiers are skulking-looking rascals in comparison with ours, so far as size goes, but some of their dresses are lovely, and their moustachios are splendid. I brought out seven pots of hair-ointment: Circassian Cream, Old's Balm, Nikourene, and others that I can't stop to spell the names of, every one of which promised to produce, instanter, the most luxurious crop of whiskers and moustachios. And, if you'll credit it,—the disgusting cheats!—there's not a bit more sign of hair on my face than there was when I bought the stuff in London! I have rubbed it on night and morning, till my face smarts like something else used to do after birch at school—now trying one sort, now another, and all to no purpose. I met Bill Quin the day before I left home—he was at the third desk in the Lower, last half, you may remember—and his whiskers were coming on so thick (a frightful red), and he's only sixteen and a half! Old Brown (our commander-in-chief) is a great calf in the matter of moustachios, everybody says so. Instead of letting a poor fellow sport a decent pair, if he happens to be blest with them, he insists on a clean shave every morning. He would rather see a man come to parade in his shirt and nothing else, than in the previous day's beard. Some of us are ready to sabre the Frenchmen's chins off, from sheer envy. You'd crack your ribs laughing, to hear and see the two armies, French and English, fraternising (if that's how to spell it) with each other. They do it all by signs, save a word or two of the other's language which they have picked up. A big fellow, six feet high, with a smooth face and a towering bearskin, meets a dapper little moustachioed chap, his head dropping down like a goat's. "How d'ye do, comrade?" he says, "good luck to you; give us your hand on it, my dear Mosseer Frog; we be on the same side now, all brothers, and no mistake. Shake hands." "Ah que vous êtes aimable, mon cher!" says the Frenchman, bowing like a Puseyite parson at mass, "que vous êtes grand et brave! que vous êtes poli, mon bon Mistaire Got-dam!" (which the French seem to think is the universal name for the English army) "permettez moi." And instead of shaking hands, which these French don't understand, he rises on tiptoe, and pulls our big fellow's head down, and kisses him on both cheeks, and that flurries bearskin more than a pointed sword would do, for he can't comprehend it. "Come and have a go of spirits," cries the Englishman when he recovers himself, dodging his head back,

wincing, and wiping his face, "I'll stand treat, Mosseer Frog, very happy, come along;" and bearskin nods and points towards the place where drink is sold, so that "Frog" understands. "Oui, oui, volontiers, avec beaucoup de plaisir, mon estimable Mistaire Got-dam; vous prendrez avec moi un verre d'eau sucrée. Mais Dieu! quelle casquette que vous portez! que vous devez avoir chaud!" And off they go amicably, arm-in-arm, the Frenchman glancing up at the formidable bearskin, and by the time they come out again, they have both taken something besides sugared water. When they have gone too far to know what they are about, the fraternising has extended to changing clothes, and the astonished French soldier wakes up the next morning in the *kilt* and no *tights*, and all his comrades, far and near, flock round him as if he were some rare animal in a wild beast show: while our lot sneaks on to parade with a scarlet fez cap and broad scarlet sacks of pants, flapping about his legs. Don't they catch it, that's all! But, talking about legs, we had such a jolly go. I and Gill were down and saw it.—A stunning chum I have found in Gill: he's up to everything.—When the 93rd Highlanders came in, before they had landed from the steamer, a Turkish Pasha came along side of her in a little vessel with his harem. Such a crowd of them! for you know Turks may have thirty wives if they like—and *do* (I wish I was a Turk, if I could get thirty Fanny Greens), and the ladies were on deck, and the old fellow sitting tailor-fashion amidst them. The Highlanders naturally crowded to the side of the steamer, on all the highest places, to get a sight of a harem, and of course the kilts flew up with the exertion, and the ladies and the Turk gazed aloft at *them*. I think the old fellow was the first to find out they were trouserless, for he set up a howl that you might have heard in London, and frantically drove the ladies right and left. They screamed too, and clapped their hands to their faces, leaving out one eye though, which they kept turning slyly up to the trouserless legs—trust harem women for that. It was so prime! Gill and I began a polka with delight, and if a major, it was big Gum, had not hove in sight, we might have taken off ours, and treated the peeping eyes to a sight of four more legs. You don't know Gum: he had such a misfortune. He's as fat as ten Sir John Falstaffs made up for the boards, and when the Duke of Cambridge came into port, nobody was dressed to receive him, and Gum, in his hurry to struggle himself into his uniform, split his tight pants right up behind, and, in his haste and flurry, finished dressing and came out without knowing it. I thought Gill would have burst off like a sky-rocket, trying to suppress his laughter, but that meddling Lieutenant Jones told the major, and spoilt the sport: I and Gill would have given our new uniforms if he had appeared in that state before his royal highness. The major was good-natured over it, and pretended not to twig us, though he must have seen. He said afterwards that, feeling his pants so easy, he hoped he had grown thinner, and made up his mind that Gallipoli suited *him*. The tailor has had the pants ever since, and says the saints know how he shall mend them, for they were too narrow previously, and their owner wont hear of a piece being let in.

It's all bosh about the Turkish girls being veiled-up in hopsacking: they have a nice, airy, gossamer thing (like Fanny's veil) floating about their face, shading but not concealing their beauty; and they don't forget

to make use of their eyes upon you, sparkling, wicked eyes they are too. I wish I was taller and older, for they generally pass me over, but they dart their glances pretty freely on some of our officers, when they get the chance. Three poor devils of Zouaves got making love to some, and had to kick the bucket for it. The Turkish women were just as ready to listen as the soldiers to talk, and no doubt encouraged them on, which so enraged their male keepers that they struck up a hubbub about it. The soldiers' commanding officers were appealed to, or accidentally came up, and ordered them to desist, but the men turned insolent and were arrested. Next came a court-martial, and they were sentenced to be shot. I expected to see some regular Grecian beauties out here, and so did Gill, and a fine expectation it was: all the female Grecians we have seen, are dirty, snuffy old women.

We have to purchase things here by signs. I go into a cigar shop, look out for the best, and pointing at them to the squatting, turbaned Turk, hold out some money; he counts the tin, and hands me what he pleases of cigars for it. There's a field for cheating for you! and they don't fail to take advantage of it. I tried a pipe yesterday, and like it quite as well as cigars. If you can manage an opportunity of seeing Fanny Green, ask if I could smuggle her a letter now and then, under address to any of the servants. One of them might say she has got a brother out here who writes to her. Tell her (F. G.) I am in the midst of glory, have grown two inches taller (more or less, you know, Gus), have never seen a pretty girl since I saw her, and have never ceased to dote upon her. Also mention (from yourself) that you understand my moustachios were come, and promised to be very handsome, when our commander, Sir George Brown, had the barbarity to order shaving throughout the camp. And tell her that if I hear of her flirting again with that scamping six-foot Lincoln's Inn student, I'll stop out here for good and cut my throat, or else turn Turk and have a harem.

Let's see a letter, Gus—don't be lazy. Yours,

TOM PEPPER.

Augustus Sparkinson, Esquire, Junior.

The Camp, Gallipoli, June, 1854. !

DEAR GUARDIAN,—We have for some time been safe and sound at Gallipoli (though I believe we are now on the move for Varna), but that we *are* sound and safe, little thanks to those at home who have had the management of things. Such confusion as existed when we got here! The uproar of an Irish Donnybrook Fair, or a school with a hundred boys let loose—I remember that—could not be worse than what we jumped into on our arrival. We got here on a Wednesday night, and were kept penned up in the steamer, sick and well, till the following Saturday. There were no boats to land us in, and no rations to feed us if we had landed; and when we did get ashore (in open shore-boats, mind) good luck to it! There were no barracks provided, no houses, no hospitals. On the Friday, a medical officer and others went round to choose out some houses that could be used as hospitals, but, to get possession, they had to turn out their inhabitants, Greeks, who thought the summary ejection a great hardship, as, in point of fact, it was. These

Greeks and their habitations were filthy dirty, for they live like pigs ; nice places for the reception of sick patients ! But they had to be used, wanting better accommodation, for there were no hospital-tents on board and none on shore, no carriages to transport the sick, no anything, and if we had been sent to land on a desert island, things could not have been worse. The sick were conveyed at last to their quarters, such as they were, but there were no beds or mattresses, scarcely any blankets, and they had to lie for days on the bare boards of these dirty wooden huts ; some got a blanket, and they were better off than their neighbours. That was not the worst : necessary comforts for the men were absent. If the suffering wretches could eat black bread, it was there, but nothing else. Of medical stores, there were none : it is hard to say where they were, but not in Gallipoli : the Bank of England's coffers could not have purchased them, and I don't think a proper supply of them has come yet. Sir George Brown saved the life of one man, by sending him down from his private stores a bottle of wine and some arrowroot, when he was sinking. They make a fuss about it here, some of them, calling him "generous," "philanthropic," but I dare say Sir George himself thinks he did but his duty. One of our medical officers gave a sovereign out of his pocket to purchase requisites for the poor fellows ; but his good intentions were thrown away, for nobody in the place could (or would) change it. And if this was the sort of reception made for the sick, you may guess how the rest of us fared. Living at Gallipoli is not of the luxurious kind at the best of times, but I'm blest if it's pleasant for a body of men to find themselves in danger of famine. What was more nagging than all, was to see how well the French came off ; they were supplied with everything they could want, and taken right good care of. A set of buffing old muffs, and nothing else, are those who pretended to make the necessary arrangements for the British troops : and if what we hear is true, they don't like being told of it. News has come out here that the affair was brought forward in the Lords, and that the Duke of Newcastle rose in his place, and, in a speech as long as my arm, said the reports of mal-arrangement were "monstrous," all moonshine, quite improbable and incredible, and that he could take upon himself to demur altogether to their correctness. I heard our officers discussing it ; that's how I know anything about it. His grace "knew" that provision was made to meet "any" emergency that might arise on the arrival of the troops at Gallipoli ; that preparations were made there for hospital accommodation ; that he himself had specially ordered two sailing transports to proceed thither, in case of sick quarters on shore being insufficient ; that there were lots of hospital tents in store at Malta, and lots more were despatched from England ; the supply of medicines and medical comforts was prodigious ; that Assistant-Commissary-General Smith was out there directing the preparations ; that Mr. Calvert, consul at the Dardanelles, was helping him (which Brigadier Cuff said put him in mind of "Tom, what are you doing ?" "Nothing, sir." "Dick, what are you at ?" "Helping Tom, sir") ; and, in short, that the arrangements were of the most efficient description, and everything in apple-pie order.

His grace may say the moon's made of green cheese if he likes, and such an hypothesis asserted in the Lords would draw its admirers : but

if he could only have transported himself to Gallipoli on the wings of a cherub or the electric telegraph, and seen for himself these boasted-of preparations, he would have flown back to comfort faster than he came. It might have done more good than raising a laugh in the House at the expense of some one who wrote home a public letter, and happened to say in it there were neither fowls nor butter: his grace thought it a pity this "luxurious" gentleman should go out, and "without making accurate inquiries, or satisfying himself as to facts," send home unfair accounts of the want of fowls and butter. By George! if his grace did come in person, he would find himself compelled to write despatches of the lack of other things besides fowls and butter. The plain fact is—at least all the officers say so—that the affair was quite mismanaged; indeed, there was no management at all, or if there was, it did not extend to Gallipoli. Of course nobody, least of all any one of our officers, wants to speak disrespectfully of the Lords of the Admiralty, of the war-committee, secretaries, or whatever they may call themselves, but so many innocent old females might have acted more to the purpose: Mrs. Gamp and her mysterious friend Mrs. Harris would have succeeded much better. Lord Clanricarde fearlessly said the same night, talking of our men meeting the Russians in the Black Sea, that he thought we were playing a game at "brag," and he is not far out; there has been more brag than work, as yet, through many parts of the business.

As to letters, we get none. I have not had a line since I came out, and if I don't soon get some news from somebody, shall think you are all dead and buried and gone to heaven. The few that straggle here have to be regally paid for. I saw a very slender-pursed wight in the ranks fork out three shillings for one this week, a single letter; and a comrade of his had to pay two shillings and twopence-halfpenny for a weekly newspaper. I should have put on the extra halfpenny for gentility's sake if I'd been the post, and made it two and threepence. This is bad enough for the officers, but it's a wonder how the poor devils of privates stand it;—and the joke of reading a tantalising account of the "fixed rates of postage for the East," in the very paper they have paid so much for!—"Letters addressed to an officer of the British army or navy, or to a non-commissioned officer, or private soldier, or seaman, in Turkey or the Black Sea, weighing under $\frac{1}{4}$ oz., 3d.; under $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., 6d.; newspapers, 2d. each." Major Gum says he shall soon begin to have as much faith in these published official notices as he has in *Punch*.

We have had some reviews here; the most brilliant was that of the French regiments for Prince Napoleon: our general, Sir George Brown, and staff, attended it. I and Gill went to see it too—such a nice young gentleman is Gill, one of our ensigns. The country is much like a landscape in England. All the French troops quartered here were ordered out, more than twenty thousand of them; and from an early hour in the morning they were seen filing along from their many encampments, over ridges and hills, and cutting through valleys and ravines. They were all in full equipment, and looked as if they can do some work. The Zouaves were the most conspicuous; they are fierce, mahogany-stained, dashing soldiers, looking not unlike the idea one is apt to form of a brave, lawless freebooter of the past ages, and the showy colours of their

attire throw those of the rainbow into the shade ; but the French army toggery is a deuced deal finer and more varied than ours. It was a stunning sight to see the fellows, with their ready step and fanciful costumes, winding up to the field from all parts of the view. Each regiment had a woman behind it, called a vivandière, mounted on a pack-horse, and dressed in the uniform of the corps, with a short over-petticoat. She had panniers and barrels dangling from her saddle, and was followed by a sumpter-mule, laden with more barrels and boxes. It was worth while coming out only to see the field when the word was given to halt. The soldiers dispersed about, collecting dried sticks, brushwood, leaves, anything that would burn, and soon no end of camp-fires were alight. The vivandières were now in request, and had to bestir their legs and their scant red petticoats in earnest, setting up portable tables, producing glasses and cups and something to fill them, boiling coffee (it smelt good) on the fires, and supplying the officers, while the men refreshed themselves with the same, and with biscuit and cheese ; and next, they walked through the lines, these vivandières, and poured out a *goutte* of brandy for each man. Only to look on was enough to make a chap feel dry, everything was so clean and orderly : many of our fellows, who had come out to see the show all dressed in their Sunday uniform, said we might take a hint or two from it if we were wise. Some minutes were given to pipes and cigars, and then the word of command ran along the lines, and the troops formed into marching order again. But wasn't it splendid when the staff came on !—that Chobham affair last year was tame to it. You could not see, without winking, for the heaps of gold and silver on the officers' accoutrements, and the polished steel that glittered in the sun. There were French dragoons with shining helmets of brass, their mountings of leopard skin ; horses prancing and curveting in their handsome caparisons ; a profusion of gilt and white bullion shining and sparkling, and white plumes, as big as a whole cock, waving till they turned you giddy. Prince Napoleon was in a slap-up national uniform, and General Canrobert, who rode with Sir George Brown about a foot in the rear, looked resplendent with orders and decorations. The French officers' dress, I can assure you, put ours into the shade. As the prince rode through the lines, the men shouted "*Vive l'Empereur !*" and the bands afterwards played "*God save the Queen,*" for the benefit of Sir George and the rest of us English. The review was over pretty quickly, in about two hours. And now it's a fact, that when the troops had got back to Gallipoli, only one man was missing out of the twenty thousand. A telling lesson this for home—if the war-lords will but take it. Our soldiers' clothing is contrived so as to impede their marching ; the stock prevents the free action of the blood (setting the other mistakes aside), and in a long march we find numbers falling out of the ranks—can't get along at any pace—down they go upon the ground, gasping for breath, smothered to suffocation, and their eyes starting like throttled cats ! But the dress of the French soldier is just what it ought to be, useful and supporting, and looks first-rate besides.

One of our officers, Captain Weatherveer, is a friend of Mr. Bright's, and a little inclines to his opinion that war is a curse, especially when he gets talkative after dinner, if we get anything eatable and drinkable.

But really the accounts that have reached us from Constantinople and other places, of the inflictions on the poor Greeks, is very bad. The unhappy wretches, some thousands of them, have been summarily ejected from house and home, reduced to ruin, and driven aboard any steamer about to leave the shores. Irishmen are sometimes packed in their emigrant vessels thick as sheep in a pen, but these Hellenic subjects are stove thicker than human beings were ever stove yet. Few of them have a shilling left in the world, and when cast ashore at the Piræus or elsewhere, they will be as destitute as when they were born, no immediate grub for their wives and little children, and no means of getting any. It's thought a lot of them will turn pirates. Weatherveer says he should be ready to turn into the arch-fiend if any despotic government used him so. "Bah!" cried he, "talk of injustice! of the cruelties and severities of war! my dear friend Bright is not far wrong after all. If we could but have the fighting without the cruelty, I should say, Go at it." "Oh, be hanged to 'if,'" retorted Major Gum, "let's take it as we can get it."

News has oozed out here, that through Lord Ellenborough (I think it was) being in a rage at the *Times'* correspondent's letting out about the mismanagement at Gallipoli, no reporters are to be allowed to accompany the army: so that if England wants any future tidings respecting our movements and doings, victories and defeats, she may whistle for it. Our officers don't much like this: there are some old hands among them who were in the Peninsular war, and remember how *its* details were conducted, its wholesale, unnecessary sacrifice of human life and happiness, and they think if things are to be still done in a bag, nobody to look out and tell, and nobody to look in and advise, it will be the same again. But Cuff says his opinion is, that if all the Lords and Commons unite in trying to put the stopper upon the "own" or "special correspondent," they won't succeed in doing it. Far be it from him, he says, to insinuate that those gentlemen partake of a ferret's nature, but he does say that they always do, and *always will*, succeed in ferreting out anything they care to know, in spite of Lords and Commons.

It is hard to say when I may get an opportunity of writing again, but I will when I can. I keep myself very steady, as you enjoined, and play at nothing but fox-and-geese, with Gill, on the little board you gave me.

I am, dear sir, yours very dutifully,

THOMAS PEPPER.

P.S. One of our officers has just got a letter (two-and-nine) stating that the dress of the British soldier is to be changed in many particulars. And it declares that the Government at home, deeming Englishmen deficient in ingenuity or brains, have sent out to foreign countries, asking for *their* opinion on the subject of soldiers' dress—what alterations they would recommend, and would they oblige them with the loan of the patterns? None of us believe this; it's too rich; but it set our officers laughing so immoderately, that they had to "unstock." Major Gum could not stop himself, till he thought he had done for another pair of pants, and that brought him up. He is so desperately fat that they are always going.

VIGNETTES FROM A POET'S PORTFOLIO.

I.

HOMBURG.

A CALM, clear river, flowing between mountains, steeped in light and laughing with greenery—such was the Rhine when I saw it first. On my second visit, the picture was reversed. It was Midsummer; but Midsummer out of sorts—gusty, turbulent, fractious. The rain was pelting, the wind moaning, and the river rushing past, in brown yeasty waves, when I set foot on board the steamer at Bonn, on my way upstream to Mayence. All was changed; the mountains looked grim and ghastly, furled about with livid swathes of vapour, and their craggy summits half-hidden, half-revealed, by the trailing fringes of the storm. Kloster Nonnenwerth was weeping sore amongst its willows, under Rolandseck, the eternal watcher; and all the little hoary villages along the vales looked as if they had cried their lives out from window and door, and were about to exhale bodily into mist, as a natural sequel. Now and then, it is true, something like a smile broke through the leaden dulness, restoring its natural beauty to the scene; and in one of these brief intervals, looking sternwards, I had a view of the Seven Mountains, purple against a stone-grey sky, the mystery of clouds swept clear from their foreheads, and all their ghostly cerements vanished out of sight. But this lull was but of brief duration, and in the midst of all sorts of inclemencies we panted and struggled on, and at last reached Mayence by a magnificent sunset, that changed the whole surface of the Rhine into one vast sheet of rose-coloured water, flickered, here and there, with silver, and pricked with the shining points of stars.

I slept at Castel, on the other side of the bridge of boats, and from my bedroom window looked out on the old town of Mayence, with its gleaming roofs and towers, and on the "noble and abounding river," sweeping grandly towards the Rheingau, in the glimmer of the rising moon.

The next morning Midsummer was as well as could be expected, after its tantrums of the day before, and we had a pleasant journey through the Hockheim vineyards and across an open pastoral country, extending to the base of the Taunus Hills. Before us rose a broad, bulky mountain, the Great Feldberg, and at its foot lay strewn the ruins of Falkenberg Castle.

Now and then we rushed out of corn-fields and pastures into the forest land, and caught glimpses of herds of deer, startled by our dragon-like approach, and scudding away athwart the sunlit glades into the sombre depths beyond.

A strange contrast, by the way, this passage of a railway train through the heart of an old forest; the noisy rush of material progress through the region of nature's immutable calm. The contrast is strange to the railway traveller, but would be far more so to any contemplative Jacques, seated amongst the primæval beech-stems, and meandering, peradventure, at the moment, through the pellucid chapters of some "running brook."

What would Jacques do, I wonder? Lift up his eyes in an *ecstasy*, and break out into vehement laudation? Or would he turn aside from the clash and the uproar into some remote and more secluded dell, where only the forest creatures track their paths, and only the throstle is privileged to weave silence into song? Were *I* Jacques, I would do the latter, I think, so weary am I of that metallic cry of Progress, wherewith the Age, through brass pipes and iron pipes, and with eternal, wire-drawn iteration, magnifies its achievement.

But listen—from his arbour of refuge, and by the throstle's worshipful leave, a Jacques, of my way of thinking, maketh confession of *faith*.
 "The Age," quoth he,

"Culls simples
 With a broad clown's back, turned broadly,
 To the glory of the stars;
 We are gods, by our own reck'ning,
 And may well shut up the temples,
 And wield on, amid the incense steam,
 The thunder of our cars.

"For we throw out acclamations
 Of self-thanking, self-admiring,
 With, at every mile run faster,
 'O the wondrous, wondrous Age!'
 Little thinking if we work our SOULS,
 As nobly as our iron,
 Or if angels will commend us
 At the goal of pilgrimage.

"Why, what is this patient entrance
 Into nature's deep resources,
 But the child's most gradual learning
 To walk upright without bane?
 When we drive out, from the cloud of steam,
 Majestical white horses,
 Are we greater than the first men,
 Who led black ones by the mane?

"If we trod the depths of ocean,
 If we struck the stars in rising,
 If we wrapped the globe intensely
 With our hot, electric breath,
 'Twere but power within our *techer*,
 No new spirit-power conferring,
 And in life we were not greater men,
 Nor bolder men in death."*

Amen! And all honour to this Jacques for his noble and plain speaking, but while we have been maligning iron and steam, and lapsing therefrom, into reveries equally vindictive, those blind, unresentful instruments have borne us rapidly on, and waking at last out of my dream, I find myself at Frankfort, and soon after at Homburg, my destination.

Homburg would be a healthy, enjoyable place enough, if its visitors could refrain from stewing the live-long day over the atrocious *rouge-et-*

* "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," by E. B. Browning.

noir tables. I am not going to sermonise on these paradisaical pandemoniums, but I may remark, *en passant*, that if proof were wanting of the evil and degrading influence of play, that proof exists and is patent to every observer in the unmitigated ugliness of all confirmed gamblers. Not a natural ugliness, in many cases, but an ugliness superinduced and compelled by the intense working of vile and low passions. Take a score of such men at haphazard, and I defy you to produce, from any sphere of ill-doing, more warped and unlovely specimens of humanity; the moral brand glares through the physical mask with a hideous and unmistakable emphasis. To the spiritual anatomist these *salles de jeu* offer a wide circle of observation. He walks the hospitals in them. Only, instead of whitewashed walls, and truckle-beds, and sick bodies, he has gilded ceilings, and velvet hangings, and diseased souls. He holds no camphor to his nostrils as he moves among the plague-stricken, but he knows there is an infection in the air, more fatally virulent than small-pox, and typhus, and the black death are fraught withal. The shareholders in these establishments receive dividends of ten, and twenty, and thirty per cent.; what is the per-centage of the ruin that society entails through their action?

The town of Homburg is beautifully situated, but not near enough to the mountains, which are scarcely within walking distance. They are fine, stately-looking mountains, however, with some good effects of colour; being now black with climbing pine-woods, now brown with moorland, now golden with gorse. The town itself is a comfortable, old-fashioned, paternal-governmentish sort of place. The Landgrave's chateau is everybody's chateau, and everybody walks into it, and through it, and sits down in it, and smokes his pipe in it, and nobody ever turns anybody out. Architecturally speaking, there is not much to be said about it. There is a tall, white donjon tower, rising in the middle of the court-yard, and overlooking the length and breadth of the land; and between this tower, I observed, and the great Feldberg there is a good understanding and fellowship, for when the Feldberg's round phiz wrinkles into laughter with the first sunbeams, the white tower is sure to laugh too, with a queer sort of wink of its window-panes, and a glimmer of its gilded weather-vane atop.

There is an equestrian statue, too, of some former Landgrave, high up against the same court wall, which is laughable in its grotesqueness, for the horse, occupied apparently with looking out of a two-pair of stairs window, seems to have got his hind-legs into difficulties, and the Landgrave, holding on by the mane, stares ruefully down at the uncomfortable perspective of paving-stones below.

The castle terrace commands a magnificent view over a richly cultivated valley, backed by the far-reaching range of the Taunus mountains. For a considerable time after my arrival, these mountains wore their nightcaps all day long, not having the courage, I suppose, to attend to their *coiffure* in the then state of the weather. Sometimes the nightcaps were perched jauntily on the summit of their crowns; at others (when the weather thickened), they slipped down over their eyes, which made them look like confirmed invalids, propped up in bed, with a background of bolsters, and fit for any kind of physic. More than once, in an aggravation of cloudiness, and when the case grew hopeless, they

broke into vehement passions, and then, from under the flapping frills of their head-gear, gleamed forth sharp, fiery flashes, accompanied with groans that seemed to shake their very insides, so dire was the rumbling that ensued. When the sunshine came at last, for good and all, the mountains were scarcely to be recognised, so bland and benevolent were their faces, and so bald their pates. They looked quite absurdly amiable.

In the Landgrave's garden there is an old fish-pond, full of old carp, and the king of them, a round-shouldered old fellow, in a brown surtout, turned up with gold, suffered himself, I remarked, to be pushed, and jostled, and poked in the ribs, just in the same paternal-governmentish sort of way as his suzerain in the chateau above. The bread that was thrown in for the royal table was so nibbled at and gobbled down by the hungry courtiers (who came sailing up in a line directly it splashed into the water), that the poor old king seldom got a breakfast, much less a bellyful. Yet I never saw him out of temper; now and then he would show the whites of his eyes, as if in protest, but nothing came of it.

Just so the Homburg citizens nibble at their suzerain's strawberries and strip his currant-bushes as they stroll through the kitchen-garden, talking of "*our* hay-crop," and "*our* apple-harvest." And the worthy old Landgrave writes up at all his gates, "Walk in, good people—men, women, and children—walk in, and welcome, only don't bring your dogs." But the dogs come too, of their own accord, and their puppies with them, and now and then, I suppose, the Landgrave, catching sight of them, shows the whites of his eyes, in a sort of protest . . . but nothing comes of it.

The first fine day there was a review of the Homburg army—three stout lads, with brass pots on their heads, and little play-swords by their sides, who marched a yard this way and a yard that way, made funny little thrusts at each other with sham bayonets, and then strode off to their barracks, after being duly complimented by their commander-in-chief. This was the infantry. The cavalry did not show on the occasion, and for a sufficient reason—he died of the cholera, last summer, poor soul! and times having been peaceable since, *he* has never been replaced. Revolutionary principles, as you may imagine, have not yet threatened the stability of the Homburg government, so that its standing army (I never saw it standing but that once) is rather a matter of etiquette than anything else.

I dined daily at an uncountable table-d'hôte in the Kursaal, and in the end became inured to German cookery. That is to say, I resigned myself to the sempiternal boiled beef (which, dodge about as you will, there is no avoiding), and accepted stewed prunes with my kid, and boiled cherries with my chicken, and greengage-jam with my duck. Only, I eat these dishes separately, whereas the Germans, apparently, prefer taking a little of everything and eating it all together.

As a general rule at a German dinner, whatever is not sweet is sour, and in the latter category, say the ill-natured, are to be included *all* the wines. But they were pleasant, after all, those Kursaal dinners, with their merry babble and complete *sans gêne*, and very sumptuous was the saloon in which they were spread, enamelled from ceiling to floor with gold and arabesques, and wreaths and garlands. Pleasant, also, was the view through the open windows on to the smooth, verdant lawns, with their

marvellous clumps of roses, great pillars and pyramids of bloom, more perfect and exuberant than I have ever seen elsewhere.

As for the mineral springs, and their composition and their curative virtues, are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of Murray, and Bogue, and Coghlan? to say nothing of the treatises of doctors innumerable and of quacks not a few.

But what is not recorded in the Chronicles, is the fact, that most of the houses in Homburg are numbered *fractionally*, so that being at 26, and wishing for 27, you must by no means be rash enough to ring the bell next door, which might be merely $26\frac{1}{3}$, or something equally remote and apocryphal. The desiderated 27 is probably round the corner, or far ahead in the unseen. Not being strong in fractions myself, I was obliged to have recourse to a *valet de place* when I went on visits and voyages of discovery.

Also, I may mention, that the *rouge-et-noir* board of management benignly accords to all visitors the right of fishing in sundry "trout streams" on the estate, but omits to mention that nine months out of twelve these streams are innocent of water, and for the remaining three are barren of fish. I toiled, through brake and brushwood, all over the domain, and brought back nothing but the dust on my shoes, and certain rumours of traditional and mythologic trout—antique legends of a shadowy incredibility, and dating as far back, I imagine, as *le beau temps du deluge*. Caveat Piscator!

Midsommer was in full convalescence by the time I left Homburg, and from the omnibus, as we climbed the hilly road to Bonames, I looked my last on the little town, lying, a grey patch in the valley, under a cloudless sky, while behind it, bulky and blue, towered the Feldberg, and afar, through the clefts and gorges of the hills, came surging the purple sunset light.

II.

THE KONIGSTUHL AND HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

I HAVE a passion for climbing hills, the very avowal of which conjures up a swarm of delightful recollections. Amongst my latest and pleasantest exploits of the kind, I count my ascent of the Konigstuhl, the grey craggy mountain that overlooks the town of Heidelberg. Three clear hours before the Mannheim train starts—just time enough, with an effort, to go up and down. Up? To be sure! So up we went, scrambling over rocks, leaping where we could not stride, stopping at nothing—up, and up, and up! First one lags behind, and then another, but the third perseveres—the third pants, and toils, and reaches at last, through brushwood and blinding leaves, the little table-land atop, where he throws himself down exhausted on the grass and sees all the world below him. Oh! fair world! In the rear, the great branching forest-land of the Odenwald; in front, the Haardt mountains, black-banded with climbing pine-woods; and near at hand, the Rheingau, with its castle-crowned summits, and the valleys of the Neckar and the Rhine, and the vineyards, and the purple hollows, and the sea of woodland, and the meeting of the waters—the interweaving of those two silver threads, that a stray sunbeam shot suddenly from the clouds and *married* and

went its way. And that thin Laubenheimer wine, when we were tired of staring! and the huge draughts we drank of it; and the wonder of the old man who lives up there, among the storms, to serve it out; and the laughter (ours and the wine's) as we hurried downward in headlong race; and the whizzing of the Mannheim train as we leaped into it, the last bell ringing, and so away! over the level plains, athwart the deepening shadows, to that dearest water in the world, the Rhine!

It was with a slower pace, and in a different mood, that I visited Heidelberg Castle. You reach it by a steep flight of rocky stairs, trellised over with thick leafage, through which the will-o'-the-wisp sunbeams flash at intervals, piercing the gloom, as with golden arrows. Your footfall wakes no echo as you ascend, for the soft moss, in summer, covers the surface and fills up the hollows of the time-worn, rain-washed stone. Turning a sharp angle, at the topmost landing, you pass under a lichen-fretted gateway, and come out on a terrace in the full sunshine, and seat yourself on a stone bench, under the parapet, and look down on Heidelberg, with its one long straggling street, and its market girls, with their white kerchiefs and baskets full of piled-up fruit, and on this side and on that the far-reaching valley, and the vineyards, and the rivers as before; only you are much nearer to them now—so near that you can almost distinguish the purple grape-clusters on the hill-side vines; and listen!—though you be no Fine-Ear, you may still catch that rippling murmur that steals up through the hanging beechwoods, faintly and intermittently. It is the song of the Neckar, its sweet, *glad* song—for the Neckar is on its way to meet the Rhine, and the Rhine is near at hand.

Behind you rises a huge pile of sculptured and embattled walls, a very chaos of ruin, scathed by lightning, blackened by fire, sapped by leaguer and storm—Fate's pitiless *In Memoriam* over great destinies and mad ambitions. Tread reverently those courts, as you would tread the vaults of a sepulchre, with the dead around. Hark! how the gaunt trees, looking in through the rifted oriels, mutter their grand old memories to each other, and how the wind tries to surprise them; and how, on a sudden, they fall into deep silence, and stand motionless, like colossal mourners round the bier of some demi-god of old! See, along the east front, half hidden by the ivy, are the lattices of the banquet-hall—

In the empty window-panes
Horror reigns!

If you were to enter that hall at the "witching hour of night," you might chance to hear strange sounds—the uproar of wassail, laughter, and stormy shouting, the gurgling of the amber wine, and the blended harmonies of harp and lute. You might even see shapes, if you were strong of heart—the shapes of palatine, and prince, and bishop, and a woman's shape, above all, pale, but heroic—

O a face with queenly eyes,
And a front of constancies;

and a little hand outstretched, and reaching forward, for ever forward, towards that fatal phantasm of a crown. You would see it lure her on, that phantasm—you would see her follow it, with all her retinue, "a goodly army and a strong,"—follow it over wild tracts and hostile pro-

vinees, over mountains and through forests, to the foretold scene of empire. And then, after a pause, your ear would catch, faint and far, the clash and the tumult, as it were, of stricken fields, and of cities taken and retaken—sounds of hope and triumph and despair—and last of all, loud, awful, shrill, cleaving its way through space and time, and echoing and re-echoing through the chambers of that deserted home, a solitary trumpet blast—a very agony of sound—like the passionate wail of some lost soul in final ruin and discomfiture!

Silence, after that, and no presence in the hall save your own . . . and DESOLATION.

So entirely has Nature resumed her rule in the precincts of the castle, that it is difficult to conceive its having been the scene of savage and sanguinary warfare. With the thrush's song in your ears, and the violets purpling the turf about your feet, you would strive in vain to realise either the thunder of Tilly's batteries, or the rush of the French battalions through the breach. And yet ten times has this paradise been made a Pandemonium by the devilry of war—ten times have the trenches been opened, the mines sprung, the verdurous woods mowed down, the sunny gardens marred—and lo! the forgiveness of Nature! The ruinous strife once ended, her work of healing is begun; over the shattered wall she trains her ivy, along the trampled sod her mosses creep, with her earth she covers the slain, and with her holy silence she hushes the discords both of victory and defeat; not a wound but she sears over, not a wreck but her art makes graceful; silently but ceaselessly her work goes on, till at length she triumphs in a paradise regained, and anew the thrush sings in the copses, and the violets purple the hollows. O tenderest of nursing mothers!

The majority of visitors to Heidelberg Castle seem to be possessed with but one idea, that it contains in its cellars a tun of extraordinary size; this is what they come to see, and so, strolling listlessly, through the haunted corridors and halls, they reserve all their enthusiasm for the marvellous tun. Fill it full, good Hildebrand, with the mellow vintages of the Rheingau—old vintages, of a mighty pulse!—roll back the years, O Time! and restore the life, and the pomp, and the lordship, and let me be present at the tapping of that tun, while the upper chambers ring with jubilee, and the tables groan, and the logs crackle on the hearth.

Till I can see it thus, I am content to believe on hearsay, that somewhere, in the caverns underground, there stands a gigantic Emptiness—a melancholy memento of extinguished hospitality and cheer.

III.

GARDEN GOSSIP.

THERE is a little brook running through my grounds, which has its rise in one of the clefts of a gorse-covered hill hard by, and traverses, on its way hither, a broad meadow starred over with exuberant wild flowers, that cluster along its course and bathe themselves and are mirrored in its pure waters. A happy brook was that, when I knew it first. Having crossed the meadow, it came gurgling and flashing into my

garden, where it soon made itself at home, for I had planted all along its borders strips of velvet turf, and in its bed and about the banks I had sown the seeds of all such plants as flourish in the bosom and by the margin of running streams.

It flowed amongst the flower-clumps, singing its pretty pastoral song, and then, refreshed and scent-laden, entered another meadow beyond, from whence it leaped suddenly into the sea through a gully in the cliffs, which it sprinkled with silver foam.

A happy brook was that, in sooth; it had absolutely nothing to do but to be merry and bright, and flash over the pebbles, and flirt with the flowers, and carry off their perfumes. It led the life, in short, which I should choose for myself—nay, the life which I lead, as often as the world will let me, and till its knaves and fools and plotters drag me back into the crowd and the conflict—me, the quietest and least militant of men.

But heaven and earth seem alike adverse to a happy idleness. A neighbour of mine and his friend, an engineer, were walking and talking one day by the brook-side. Indeed, they were talking of the brook itself, and but sorry compliments they paid it.

"Now here," said my neighbour, "is a pretty sluggard of a stream! sleeping in the shade, basking in the sun, frolicking among the rushes; wasting its time, in fact, instead of working for its living, as any other honest water-course should. Why, the least it could do would be to turn a wheel or two, and grind pepper and coffee."

"And sharpen tools," said the engineer.

"And saw wood," said my neighbour.

And I trembled for my brook, and broke in on their gossip, exclaiming, in a startled tone, that they were trampling on my forget-me-nots.

I could protect it from them, but alas! from none but them! Not long after, there came into the village a bustling, sharp-eyed man, whom I saw repeatedly prowling by the brook-side, especially at that point in the meadow at which it leaps into the sea. This was clearly no dreamer of dreams, no poet in search of rhymes, no lover lulling his passion with the murmur of running water.

"Little friend," I heard him say to the stream, "you dance and leap and sing, whilst I struggle and toil and am weary; surely, you might lend me a helping hand! True, you do not know how to work, but it is easy to learn—and it must be dreadfully tiresome for you to have nothing to do. Making a few files now and then, or sharpening a knife or two, will be a pastime for you, I take it."

Woe's me! Soon after that a great wheel with cogs, and then a mill, made their appearance in the meadow; and from that time to this the little brook has had to work. It turns a wheel, which turns in its turn another wheel, which turns the mill. It sings still, but no longer the same pretty pastoral song. A fractious, jarring discord runs through its work-a-day chant, and the bright water foams and frets and dashes, with impotent rage, against the black droning wheel. It runs still through the broad meadow and the garden-ground, and the meadow beyond that; but there its taskmaster awaits it—its toil and its penance. I have done what I could for my brook; I have dug it a fresh bed in my garden—a bed that turns and winds, so that the stream tarries longer than before

in the sunshine and amongst the flowers; but after all, it must go—there is no escape from the knife-grinding!

Poor little brook, it should have hidden its happiness deeper amongst the grasses; it should have muffled its merry song!

It was some time before I had courage to garden in this new land. The thought of another garden, lying in a green nook of memory, daunted me. A pretty place it was, that old E—— garden of mine—small, but so full of flowers, with a long arcade covered with creeping plants, and a smooth velvety meadow at the bottom, dappled over with cows, and bordered with wild-rose hedges. And the little river, a winding thread of silver, in the middle distance, and a great black patch of oak and elm and chesnut shutting in the view. It was the *setting* of the garden, rather than the garden itself, perhaps, that was the chief charm, but it was certainly the bloomiest little nook that can be conceived, and so calm and happy-looking! From the parlour window you looked through the apple-trees straight across the fields, and saw in the summer evenings the great broad moon rise—a disk of red fire, behind the belt of woods, and then pale and pale as it climbed higher and higher, till the tree-tops were edged with silver, and all the grassy levels grew white as with new-fallen snow.

How I worked in *that* garden! reclaimed it from the *bush*, as it were, —turned it from a savagery into a pleasance, from a lurking-place for slugs and snails into a playground for butterflies and a paradise for dainty devices. And how the hamadryads, if such there were, must have groaned at my irreverent loppings of the immemorial trees—my breaches in the dense black wall of shade—my long lines of loopholes, whereat the sunshine might flash through. I destroyed nothing, but I curtailed—swept away the rank undergrowth, ventilated the leafy chambers, left doors open for the breezes to flutter in at, and opened skylights to give entry to the rains and dews. And so, little by little, the grave, morose old visage of the place changed and brightened—wrinkle by wrinkle was smoothed down, smile by smile conjured up—decay was overgrown by youth, and youth held festival and twined garlands and quaffed nectar. Out of an age of iron had sprung, for my garden, a new golden age, and which, alas! seems doubly golden now to me, who have nothing left in these later days but to sigh amongst other places and other men, “I too in Arcadia!”

My boyhood from my life is parted;
My footsteps from the turf that drew
Its fairy circle round—anew

The garden is deserted.

Deserted indeed! Gone are the poets that under its boughs “discoursed most excellent music.” Gone the cordial presences, the hearth-side friends, with whom I paced its paths in many a pleasant gloaming!

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

Gone, and in their stead, who? Nay, when I come to that I cast off memory as a nightmare, choosing rather to listen to the petulant plaint of my little brook as it leaps and struggles and dashes the foam of its passion against the great droning wheel.

July—VOL. CI. NO. CCCIII.

2 B

IV.

A GARDEN APOLOGUE.

PACING up and down the garden paths one day, I gathered some stray flowers and fancies, which I sorted thus :

Once upon a time, many centuries ago, the little flowers, that flourished, peaceful and unmolested, in the glades of an old forest, took it into their heads to complain of their solitude and isolation.

"What is the use," said they, "of being fresh and pretty and gaily attired, living and dying as we do in the depths of this wood, and giving to the winds alone (that know not what use to make of them) our richest perfumes?"

"How happy are the flowers of the gardens! Everybody admires *them*, and their life is a perpetual holiday: surely our exile has endured long enough; let us cry aloud, and entreat of Him who made us to take us from this dreary place, where we shall droop and fade from very weariness!"

"What! my children," replied a flower, already a little wan and withered, and who seemed to have some experience of life, "do you think of quitting this safe retreat to go into the world? Believe me, that which God does He does well, and if He has planted us in this quiet place, it is because it is the fittest for us. Where is happiness to be found, if not under the shadow of these beautiful trees, whose green, thick foliage protects us against the chilling winds and scorching heats, and divides above our heads only to give us glimpses of the blue sky beyond. And where, I pray you, can you hope to find a carpet of moss so soft as this, or one that sets off our colours so well! You complain of loneliness; is it nothing to pass the livelong day in the company of butterflies, who are always sportive and joyous, and to be visited at night by the merry spirits that haunt these dells—the elves and fairies, that tell us their secrets, and sing us their sweetest songs? The world, my children, is full of snares for the poor flowers,—happy they who, like ourselves, live in such a retreat as this, into which the breath of evil has never entered."

A little giggle passed from flower to flower at the close of this long discourse. It is easy to divine all that was said on the occasion, and with what irreverence the pert young flowers listened to the sage counsels of their faded sister. Youth is everywhere the same, and headstrong always.

Some, however, the more reasonable amongst them—the virtuous mint, for instance, the honest plantain, and the constant asphodel—said —(but it was in a rather low tone)—that they thought it would be better to reflect—that it was too late—time to go to bed, in short—that it was a grave matter to decide hastily, &c., &c. They spoke, indeed, just as people are wont to speak when they are a little timid and wish to gain time.

But the most impatient of the flowers said that it was never too late to do what was right—that life was short, and the present moment theirs to enjoy and not to waste, and much more to the same effect.

Youth, as we said just now, is everywhere the same, and headstrong always.

"Ugh!" groaned a tall nettle to a bramble close at hand—"I thought that old stick of a darnel would never come to an end!"

"Plague take old people!" said one of those little yellow plants that are eaten in salads—"plague take old people! they all tell the same story."

As usual, those who talked the loudest were those who should have held their tongues.

During this discussion night came, and with night, sleep. These two spread their wings over the world.

Soon the wild wood-flowers drooped their heads and began to sink into slumber. Some, indeed, were already fast asleep. But their restless desire, nevertheless, kept watch within them, and issued from the depths of their little sorrowing hearts together with their sweetest perfumes.

The perfume of flowers is their prayer—the incense that they offer up to Heaven.

That evening it rose with more than its usual fragrance, and uplifted on the wings of ministering angels it reached the gate of Heaven. And the prayer, and the desire that was interwoven in the prayer, pleaded softly and plaintively, until at last it was heard and answered; for a voice issued from the gate of Heaven, and floated downward from star to star through the dewy air—downward, till it came to the dark old wood, with its twisted branches and thick, murmuring leaves—and downward still, till it reached the sheltered nook where lay the little flowers, cradled soft in slumber. There the voice hovered, and each flower, in its dream, heard, as it were, a sound of sweet, low music that shaped itself anon into such words as these:

"I have heard your prayers, O flowers,—be it unto you even as ye will!"

Then the voice ascended up again to the Heaven-gate, and in an instant all the flowers that had repined at their destiny were transplanted, as by miracle, into a great and fair garden in the midst of the world; and when they woke the next day, and, after shaking the dewdrops from their little robes, discovered that their dearest wish was realised, they were so lost in wonder that they could scarcely credit the good fortune that had befallen them.

"What a delightful place!" cried they, as soon as they had recovered from their astonishment. "What a difference between this magnificent garden, glittering with sunshine, and the gloomy black forest we have left. Here we can enjoy ourselves at our ease, display our graces, and be admired and beloved by all!"

Alas! they knew not, foolish ones, that to be admired is not always to be loved.

It was a sad sight to see them all lifting up their heads proudly, and striving to rise to the height of their dreaded rivals—striving, but in vain! Providence had made them little flowers, and little flowers they remained.

To crown their misfortune, they could not complain to each other, for they were all separated; sisters were far from sisters—lovers from those they loved—all the old ties were utterly annulled and broken. The symmetry of the garden required this; each flower had its place marked out for it; the being happy was not the question—the being a

grace and an ornament, that was their duty there. And so, ere long, they grew very sad—sad, and a thousand times more lonely than they had been in the old wood. They consoled themselves, however, with the idea that they would soon be noticed, that their beauty would be observed and praised; and this pleasure did not seem to them too dearly purchased by what they had resigned. They longed for this time to come, and were continually preparing for it, by setting off their charms to the best advantage.

But oh! wretched flowers! even this consideration failed them;—they attracted *no* attention—were admired by none, and if they had not been enclosed and protected by the box edgings they would even have been trampled under foot. The flaunting rose, exhibiting its beauties without reserve or shame; the coarse dahlia, hiding its haughty nothingness beneath a robe of flaming crimson; flowers, whose sole charms were their gay colours, these alone were welcomed with delight, and treated as queens of the garden, receiving, as it were, the homage of an eager court, though appearing scarcely to care for it.

And, indeed, what figure *could* they make? the simple pilewort, the quaint bird's-eye, the useful sage, the humble primrose, the innocent valerian, the solemn mandragore, the sentimental forget-me-not? How could they compare with hollyhocks and poppies, musk roses and cabbage roses, moss roses and perpetual roses, hundred-leaved roses and royal roses, and the seven thousand nine hundred and seventeen other varieties of roses,—to say nothing of camellias and hydrangeas, and narcissi and sunflowers, and carnations and gilliflowers, and—a host of others!

Ah me! ah me! what tears were shed, what sighs poured out upon the sunshine! and how the little flowers regretted the deep wood-shadows and the moss, and the silence and the repose!

And when the gardener came, with his great spade in his hand, what a fright they were in! They all shrunk and trembled like aspen-leaves, and wished themselves a hundred feet under ground. But they escaped with the fright; death had not yet overtaken them—a violent, a dreadful death—a death which they could not even conceive, for in the woods the flowers die softly and quietly, and only when it pleases Him, who is the Lord of every living thing.

But though they were not yet dead, they were not far removed from it. The southern sun glared fiercely on them, and, unaccustomed to receive his rays, except through a veil of verdure, they were withered by the heat; and not a single spring or rivulet was there to minister moisture and freshness to their scorched roots.

A little water, indeed, was sprinkled upon them from time to time—but what water!—and even this succour seldom came when it was most needed. More than once they were well-nigh killed outright by being watered at an unseasonable time. Then, there was not a single blade of grass, or tuft of moss, anywhere near them, and they were compelled to strike their roots into a black and arid soil, raked and tormented every day, lest some friendly plant should spring up in it unawares.

"Ah, let us escape from this inhospitable soil!" said the gravest among them one fine morning. "Let us go." Go! alas, how? Once more they were all prayers and entreaties; each made his separate vow

(the vow of the shipwrecked), while he waited for the miracle that was to liberate them from that accursed place. But miracle there was none. In vain they waited—good angels are not always ready to become the servants of the creatures of earth.

Their guardian angels essayed, nevertheless, to win for the poor, exiled flowers a restoration to their native woods, but no voice made answer to their supplication—no gracious assent was vouchsafed.

Since that time it has happened that wood-flowers are often found in gardens, and, as if the malediction of heaven still pursued their unfortunate race, the poor things never grow either taller or more beautiful; they are still, and will always remain, what they were at the moment they quitted their woods, and no cultivation can ever succeed in changing them. This is the judgment pronounced against them for their vanity and ambition, and thus it was that the sins which ruined the first of human race, ruined also those wild flowers of the wood.

After tying up my bouquet in this fashion, I perceive that a heartsease (with a face like a full moon), peeping out from between a tuberose and a tiger lily, was about to put in a protest, and vindicate, probably, the wonders of cultivation—and that a double violet, ruffling with spite, was preparing to second the same, but knowing the conceit and perverted taste of these poor toys of the gardener, I discreetly put my fingers to my ears and left them to console each other.

THE ANCIENT BRIDE'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

"Why did I marry—why, oh why?"
I ask myself with many a sigh;
A slave I've made myself for life
Only to gain the name of—*wife*!
There seemed such magic in that
 sound—
But small *enchantment* have I found;
Alas! the poet's words are true—
"Tis distance lends it to the view."

Just fresh from school when I came out,
I deemed at every ball or rout
Admirers would around me gather,
Or *suitors*, I should call them rather.
I was then only turned eighteen,
And my thoughts vibrated between
Love in a cottage with some youth,
A mixture of romance and truth,
Whose Byron brow and D'Orsay air
Should make me a much envied fair.
Or if I had not better make
A brilliant match, and really take
A coronet, though perhaps older
And somewhat plain might be its holder.

Some two, three years had quickly gone,
And still I flirted gaily on—
But yet, no coronet was proffered,
No charming swain his cottage offered;
And then the thought occurred to me,
Of Guardsman, or perhaps M.P.

Thrice at the altar did I stand—
But never with ungloved left hand,
There to receive the plain gold ring
Bridegrooms in waistcoat-pockets bring.
Our servants never had to mount
White favours upon my account.
Most of my schoolfellows were marry-
 ing,
And wondered for what I was tarry-
 ing—
I could have told, but pride forbade—
I was too hard to please they said,
Another season, and another
Thus passed away: and now my mother
Looked sometimes rueful, sometimes
 cross.
But I was never at a loss

For ball-room partners; so far well—
 I still was young, and who could tell
 How soon some danger might declare.
 None did—I almost felt despair—
 Especially when I was told
Kindly—I looked by no means old!
 I gave up balls, and turned devout,
 And followed clergymen about
 To bible meetings, infant schools,
 Conforming to the strictest rules;
 But 'twould not do—none of them
 popped,
 Therefore that line in time I dropped.
 I then turned blue-stocking, and read
 Even when reposing on my bed;
 As much I'm sure I crammed, more too,
 Than Cantabrigia or Oxonienses do
 When plucking stands before their eyes,
 Or academic honour lies
 Within their grasp—but all was vain
 A matrimonial prize to gain.
 My every plan seemed to miscarry—
 So I declared *I'd never marry!*
 I dare say people said "sour grapes"—
 And hinted at my "leading apes"—
 But I pretended quite to scorn
 All of the male sex ever born.
 And for companion—wanting *that*—
 I took a sleek, plump, green-eyed cat.
 About this time some quirk of law,
 In an old uncle's will, some flaw
 My coffers filled with stores of gold,
 And I was courted as of old.
 Though fully forty years had flown
 Over my head, I did not own
 To more than thirty-two or three;
 None flatly contradicted me.
 To parties now once more I went—
 To me bouquets once more were sent—
 And I resolved once more on this—
 To drop the odious name of . . . *Miss*.
 Fatal resolve. A wooer came,
 With high aristocratic name,
 He was third cousin to some duke,
 And had a most *distingué* look,
 Dark bushy hair—a slight moustache—
 Waltzed well—rode well—but had no
 cash.
 He praised my eyes—he praised my
 smile—
 He knew full well how to beguile

A trusting heart—at last—at last—
 The question came! The die was cast!
 Flurried and fainting, I said "Yes."
 He did not stop my hand to press,
 But forthwith to his lawyer flew.
 The settlements with him he drew,
 And I had but the deed to sign
 Which took from me all that was mine!
 I had not time, just then, for thought;
 There were new dresses to be bought,
 And orange-flowers, and wedding cake,
 And bridal gifts to send and take;
 My head went whirling round and
 round—
 Then came *the day*—what was that
 sound?
 By some mistake the death-bell tolled
 Instead of marriage bells—how cold
 And frightened I became! That bell—
 I knew not then—but 'twas the knell
 Of all my comfort here below!
 My honeymoon? Heigh-ho—heigh-ho!
 'Twas passed in bitterness and gall;
 My bridegroom let the mask soon fall,
 Confessed he only sought my self,
 Nor cared a straw for me myself.

I sobbed, and I was called "old fool"—
 I smiled, and I was told "to cool
 My antiquated love." I knew
 That recklessly my husband threw
 My wealth away—yet not a pound
 Its way into my pocket found.

Neglected—jeered at—stinted—
 cheated—
 This is the way that I've been treated.
 Oh ye! who spinsters have remained
 Till a certain age has been attained,
 Be warned by my experience!
 If ye have any common sense,
 Stick still to single-blessedness,
 Nor madly rush on wretchedness.
 You'll lose your money, if you're
 wealthy—
 Be made a sick nurse, if you're healthy—
 Be laughed at by your dearest friends—
 And nothing get to make amends.
 Like me, you'll ask, with many a sigh—
 "Why did I marry—why, oh why?"

A RIGHI DAY.

THE scriptural expression for a day, is "the evening and the morning," and though in general this description passes over parenthetically the busiest portion of our waking hours, it may be affirmed that "the evening and the morning" are emphatically "*the day*" on the Righi, for the rest of the time is occupied in climbing the mountain so as to arrive before sunset one day, as the morrow is devoted to getting down again after the sun is fairly risen upon the earth. As to any one being found to spend by choice twelve waking hours on the Righi culla, we believe that such an event is not on record, even in the annals of English eccentricity or perseverance. To Righi tourists the whole business of life, whether of failure or success, is compressed into the two quarter-hours before and after sunset and sunrise respectively.

Our Righi day was eminently a success, although quite an accidental detour from our route of travel, the occasion of which is too amusing to be forgotten. It was as follows:

Some months in Italy had given a certain facility of asking and answering questions in the language, though far be it from me to say I had achieved or even attempted a mastery over its difficulties. I had none of the courage with which people will rush at Dante, just as rash amateurs in music insist on beginning with the violin! that most excruciating of instruments in the hands of a learner, but I can truly affirm I never committed the folly of entering the circles of the "*Inferno*." I doubt if to this day I comprehend the abominable niceties in the application of the teasing little verb *essere* (to be). Still I could make my way well enough, hold a common colloquy, and, by degrees, a kind of Italian began to come so naturally to my lips, that whenever a civil native attempted to communicate in his execrable French, I always begged him to accept my vile Italian phrases in preference, and got along very well.

Turning our heads northward again, we well knew that with the climate we must leave the soft language of the South behind us, and we made preparations for getting up our French for current use once more; but we never calculated upon a great *crevasse* (to use an Alpine phrase) which lay between the two languages; we knew that we must leave our Italian, like a contraband article, at the Splügen barrier, but we were utterly unprepared for tumbling headlong into a region of unknown tongues; this "minor misery," however, actually did happen to us, and for three days we lay helpless and tongue-tied in the land of Romanch!

I don't know what the "learned Bopp!" makes of Romanch, but I think it not impossible that its basis may be the lost language of the ancient Etruscans, upon which has been raised a superstructure of jargon, to which every nation and tongue, from Dunkirk to Dalmatia, has contributed its quota. To simplify the matter, it is arranged into three dialects! so that if you should insanely attempt to master the Romanch of the "Engadine!" and flatter yourself you had succeeded, you have only to cross into the valleys of the "Vorder" or "Hinter Rhein," to find your labour on a new variety of this patois all to begin over again. A pleasant language this, truly, for weary "birds of passage" to light upon!

As for our case, it was ludicrously pitiable. At the first summons of thought, an Italian expression would rise to the lips; then, on recollection that we were off *Italian* ground, came a halt, and an awkward attempt to dress the same thought in half-forgotten French; and when this was accomplished, to see the stolid postilion, waiter, or chambermaid, *looking Romanch!* at us, with all his or her might, was confusing beyond measure. One of our perplexities I must detail, to give an idea of many.

From Coire we drove on to Ragatz, as a pleasant resting-place, meaning to give two or three days to the examination of the baths of Pfäfers, which, with their mane of foam and tail of cataract, are indeed a *Swiss* lion of no ordinary interest. Instead of burying ourselves in the extraordinary hotel at the baths themselves (a *locale* where even "Mark Tapley" would have found merit in being "jolly!"), we set up our staff of rest in the "Hof Ragatz," at the entrance of the gorge of the Tamima, where in general we enjoyed glowing sunshine, and a superb Alpine range at the other side of the Rhine in the foreground, with the power of plunging in five minutes into all the Radcliffean horrors of the defile in our rear, whenever it suited the "gloomy habit of the soul." The afternoon of our arrival, unaware of the distance, and as I was suffering under a slight lameness, we, my girls and myself, with S——, who still kept us company, took a *char-à-banc* from the Hof to the Baths. A safer carriage (your feet within step of the ground) could not be made, and a steadier horse, kept for the route, could not have been selected; still as we drove on a road not broader than an ordinary shrubby walk in England, without fence or parapet of any kind, and close over the torrent of the Tamima, raging and thundering in its channel a hundred feet below us, it was impossible to avoid some nervousness; man and horse, habituated to the place, trotted briskly up and down the small steepes of the path, but I, with my imagination realising all the horrors of a start or a stumble, could not but wish them to go a little slower. When I attempted to express this, an Italian "*zoppo*" came uppermost—no, that won't do; then a French "*restez*," "*alle*," "*arretez-vous*;" still no effect! At each sound the man looked round with the same stolid countenance. All was in vain. I was utterly unable to make him comprehend what I wanted. At last I was obliged fairly to throw myself back, and fright was dissipated in laughter, as I despairingly exclaimed, "Well, what a country we have got into, where a man can't say 'stop,' with his neck in danger of being broken."

Some Shaksperian hero "plucked the flower of safety out of the nettle danger;" out of this confusion of tongues, we collected a day of unmixed gratification, in a perfect ascent and achievement of "the Righi,"—an adventure which, nine times out of ten, as we are informed, gives the tourist his toil for his reward. At leaving Coire we thought it well to do as we had heretofore done with convenience and safety, that is, despatch our heavier trunks to meet us at Zurich, thus qualifying ourselves for light carriages and mountain roads for some days. On delivering "*Nos bagages*" to our Coirean host, he seemed to comprehend perfectly what we desired, but just at parting asked some question (I suppose in *Romanch*), to which I first answered "*Si, si*," and then "*Oui, oui*," with an air of perfect intelligence, at the same time comprehending what the man had said, as little as if he had addressed me in *Parsee*. He shortly

returned, and handed me a "billet," engaging to deliver my trunks at Zurich, which I placed in my pocket-book, and departed for Ragatz.

We loitered some days in this delightful locality, so as to pass our Sunday in quiet; and then proceeded by the wild lake of Wallenstadt (the "cat's paws" of which are proverbially dangerous, and reminded us the more of the whirl blasts of our native mountains) to the "margin of fair Zurich waters," down the full length of which we steamed to Zurich town, in a perfect hurricane. We kept the deck of the steamer, kept our heads on our shoulders, but it fared otherwise with head-gear—for it was then and there, that my daughters were compelled to surrender up those convenient though unsightly shades for the complexion, to which foreigners give the expressive name of "Uglies;" which had done "yeoman service" during many a long Italian day, but were here yielded tributes to the power of the storm—being blown from their bonnets down the wind as cleanly as the kites or sky-scrapers of a frigate in a squall.

Arrived at Zurich, our first inquiry was for our baggage. "No effects!" was the sum of the answer; we produced our voucher, and the cause of the delay was then evident—that lucky or unlucky "*Oui, oui*," of mine had been in reply to a question whether the articles should go by the fast and more expensive coach, or by the "waggon?" Thus the boxes, though safe, were but "coming," and would not arrive for "three days yet"—we must wait until Thursday! Here was, a gain or a loss—which?—we immediately set about turning it to the best account we could.

I must premise that my travelling companions were of rather different temperaments—one personified Prudence, and the other Romance—Prudence knew that our tour had a fixed limit, and that my presence at home was essential by a certain ascertained day; hence whenever a detour from the laid-down route was hinted at, in came Prudence with her inexorable almanack—"Papa, you have not time—this is such a day"—and then the number of days necessary to reach home by sheer travel were reckoned up, and so we (Romance and I to wit) used sulkily to submit. I suspect, indeed, that Prudence was suffering under a slight fit of that "*maladie du pays*"—the *nostalgia*, or pining for home, to which the Swiss are said to be subject. As for Romance, I do believe her thirst for travel was so unsated, that if I had told her on any given day that I had "engaged a *veturino* for Palmyra!" she would merely have asked, "At what hour in the morning must I get up?"

Here, however, were three days which Romance and I had *honestly* come by in this *apropos* mischance. Now to "Murray" once more. "I can see Zuingle's Church and the "Zurich Archives" to-day—and what for to-morrow?" The moment we cast our eyes on the map the same idea struck us all—even Prudence herself was not the last to say, "As we can't advance towards England, let us go to the *Righi*." And to the *Righi* we went. Next morning found us slowly wending our way over the Albis range, which separates Zurich from Zug. These heights are memorable in the records of ancient and modern Swiss warfare. Here it was that Zuingle, in one of the conflicts of the early Reformation, acting as chaplain militant to his flock, and refusing to "call on the Virgin," when wounded and a prisoner, was smitten as a "heretic dog" by some one who, in the act, thought he was "doing God service." Here, in a later day, Massena and the French out-manceuvred Suwarrow and the Russians in the Republican wars of the last century. As our eyes tra-

versed the smiling prospect, it seemed hard to realise the fact that human hate and strife had so often marred its loveliness. The rough stone block monument, however, which marks the spot where Zwingli fell, is a record not to be disputed, proving

That human strife had once been there,
Disfiguring what God made fair,
And doing deeds in God's own name
Which put humanity to shame.

The traveller has his choice of no less than three ascents to the Righi culm (culmen), which owes its attractions entirely to its position and advantages as an observatory for probably the finest and most varied panorama in all Switzerland. Standing at a junction-point for no less than three lakes—Zug, Lowertz, and Lucerne, which may be said to wash its base—it commands on the one side the whole range of the Oberland Alps, while on the other, the more level country, *flat* for Switzerland, though well diversified by wood, hill, and dale, loses itself in the shadowy outline of the Jura mountains and Black Forest hills, at a distance, it is said, of one or two hundred miles. Probably other points of view may command as fine or finer individual features of scenery, but, as a complete prospect, the Righi is said to give the most magnificent in all this land of grand panoramic beauty. We decided to ascend by one route, and to diversify our excursion in descending by another; accordingly, having driven through Zug, and ordered an early dinner at Arth, we dismissed our carriage to Lucerne to wait us there, purposing to retake it at breakfast hour next morning.

At the table-d'hôte of Arth, there were but three guests beside ourselves; two of whom, a young gentleman and lady, seeming to be "all the world to each other," evidently eschewed any society but their own, for they took their seats at the extreme end of a long table, at coffee! The remaining guest joined in our more substantial repast, and ultimately became our rather useful and entertaining companion on the Righi and in the descent next morning to Lucerne, where we parted company, probably never to meet again, though for a year or so we fully expected that some day or other he would walk into our remote residence, since as to plan or determined route in his travels, it seemed quite uncertain whither he might direct his steps; the lakes of Killarney were just as likely to be his destination as Jerusalem, which he spoke of visiting, and when he left us his most definite idea was to "Go and look for a cousin!" who was "*somewhere* in Russia—he believed at St. Petersburg!"

He was one of those young men with more money than taste or judgment, whom America annually turns out to make the "Old World" circuit, just as England formerly sent her sons to go the "grand tour" as a part of education. He told me that his father had dismissed him for a "three-year European travel," and that "he must make it out as well as he could." His good-nature was great; knowledge of any kind meagre; manners not so much bad as peculiar; free, but not impertinent; very much such as you often find in a well-born and nurtured lad who has been learning style and finish during a long cruise in the midshipman's mess of a line-of-battle ship. Above all, his self-reliance and complacency seemed thoroughly American—not that I know aught of America, except as I am led to "guess" and "calculate" by occasional specimens and general descriptions.

Our acquaintance commenced in this wise. I found him walking about the *salon* and amusing himself in posing and selecting one from a bundle of "Alpen-stocks" standing in the corner of the room. Not knowing his nation, I said, in French, "Apparently, Monsieur is for the Right?"

"Yes," he replied in the same language; "I am going to walk up with a guide."

Nothing more passed at the time. Shortly after we sat down to dinner, when, on my remarking to my daughters in English that we had often had watery soup, but I never remembered any so guiltless of flavour as this, to my surprise our companion turned to me, and in our common mother tongue exclaimed,

"You may say that, sir! regular *potage de lée*."

Here a pleasing little trait of Swiss simplicity broke in. The waiter overheard the epithet applied by our friend, laughed freely, declared it was a "mot," and that he would go down and tell the—cook! all as a capital joke. We begged him to "do so by all means."

"Monsieur is an Englishman, then?" said I.

"No!" said he, carelessly. "Genuine Boston, that's what I am." He said this defiantly, as I thought, and I said no more.

Presently one of my girls, having been curiously observing the pair who sat wrapped in each other at the further end of the long board, remarked,

"I am certain those are new married people; they seem to care neither for scenery, nor dinner, nor anything but each other."

Our Yankee friend stooped forward, took a long stare at the supposed "*nouveaux mariés*," and abruptly said, "Well, I'm not married, thank God!"

It seemed doubtful whether there was intended rudeness in this brusque speech, but I thought it better to follow it up jestingly. So, looking at him half-seriously, I shook my head, and said:

"I never knew a garrison beast so loudly that was not near surrender; that very speech assures me, that though you may not know it, you are on the brink of matrimony."

He returned my look, and seeing a joke in my eye, abruptly said:

"You're not English!"

"How do you know that?" I replied.

"Because I never met an Englishman yet that would joke at first sight."

"Well," I said, "I am *not*, though here I may reckon for one—I am Irish."

"I knew you were not," he said coolly; "I know the English all the world over *by their starch*."

He spoke as promptly and decidedly as if he had been a studier of national character for years, and yet the boy, for he was little more in age, was probably only repeating a national axiom learned with his letters. It is true the Englishman is too apt to wear a starched covering over his sterling and estimable qualities, but I hardly think our young American friend could have known much of it, except by "tradition received from his fathers." I don't mean to put the two national characters in comparison, but I will say, for the mere *compagnon du voyage*, Irish affability makes its way better than English exclusiveness. Our friend held all his American *fiercé* bristling to match English hauteur, as long as he thought us "Britishers;" the moment he found Irishness

ness to exchange a repartee, his national *brusquerie* was laid aside—at once he became obliging and courteous. We accommodated him by sending his portmanteau to Lucerne in our carriage, and he offered to engage our rooms at the Righi Culm Hotel, where, by breasting the steep hill-side, he was sure to arrive a considerable time before us equestrians; a very useful kindness, when, as on this occasion, at least one hundred and fifty persons were scrambling for accommodation.

Dinner ended, we turned our backs on our new friend to meet a few hours later on the Righi top. He took the mountain path, steep and direct from the town of Arth; while we equestrians, each mounted on a stout horse, and each conducted by a stalwart guide, made a detour to the left, leading us over the buried and through the re-building village of Goldau, which lies in the valley between what is left of the Rossberg mountain and the Righi, up which we presently found ourselves ascending by successive traverses or flights of stairs, which our stout steeds clambered steadily and leisurely, as "to the manner born."

The tremendous fall of the Rossberg mountain about forty years ago, the *débris* of which buried a town, half filled a lake! and flung itself half way up the slope of the mountain opposite, was one of those events which, well and vividly described as we find it in books, had been one of the exciting causes of my wish to see Switzerland. The descriptions of it in "Beattie's Tour," or "Murray's Hand-book," are excellent, and realise the scene as far as any description can do; but nothing short of ocular observation could give full idea of the tremendous catastrophe which, to all within its influence, must have been as "the crash of a world."

The Rossberg seems, as does its gigantic neighbour the Righi, to be mainly composed of that conglomerate rock called by many local names—"conglomerate," "nagel flue"—with us "plum-pudding" stone. In the former mountain, beds of this rock form its slope; they rise from the valley at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and present a bluff face or end to the lake and village of Zug; they are of great thickness, and seem to rest upon seams of clay, "*hinc illæ lachrymæ*." It was the moistening of this clay in a season of long-continued rain, which may be said to have converted it into a well-greased run or slide for the superincumbent rock, which, from the accounts collected after the disaster, would appear to have been slowly slipping down on the valley for some days, until at length "getting way," and the base yielding, the whole mass, forming a section of the mountain equal in area to the city of Paris, burst in huge fragments and rushed on the devoted valley beneath, and not only overwhelmed the village, but actually sent its fragments half way up the ascent of the Righi opposite! It is only this last fact which now remains to give any idea of the tremendous forces engaged in the event.

As we rode from Goldau up the Righi side, and our guides showed us here and there enormous masses of conglomerate, many of them as large as a church, and then pointing to the fractured Rossberg, explained that they came from thence in the slip, we could not help shuddering at the idea that the danger of a similar calamity still exists, and that another rainy season may detach and scatter another slice, in a shower of conglomerate rock, sending death and ruin upon all within the sphere of its action. And yet there was the toll-taker at Goldau, "sitting at the receipt of custom," smoking and drinking "schnapps" as composedly

as if there was not a buried village under his feet and a fractured mountain over his head. The reckless indifference with which human nature seems to resist all warnings as to possible danger is wonderful. There, for example, is Torre del Greco, under Vesuvius, six times drowned in lava, seven times built again. The present railroad to Castellamare carries you above the level of the flat house-tops, and you see old women dozing, young women drying corn, and children basking and playing in the sun, on the roofs of dwellings built under the shadow of the volcano, of the lava rock which flowed in fiery torrents from it, and covered with a compost formed of the ashes of former conflagrations. In our want of familiarity with these phenomena we wonder at their recklessness; but they!—what do they do? Why they realise the reflection of the poet—

Unconscious of their fate
The little victims play.

But we are making slow way up the Righi side. How can it be otherwise, when it is literally what I have before called it—"a getting upstairs." When we came to the real steep of the ascent, the path or road consisted actually of trunks of trees placed at intervals, and transversely, to serve as retaining walls to the loose gravel soil of the mountain. But for this precaution, the road, *pour ainsi dire*, would in the first shower of rain become a mountain gully, impassable to any quadruped. As matters stood, our trained horses climbed step by step, and seemed almost to hook their hoofs over the transverse timbers.

For us to attempt any guidance would have been out of the question. All our care was fully employed in keeping our seats and guarding against a fall crupper-wise. Moreover, the care of the horses was the official business of the guides who conducted us; had we interfered, we should probably have only done mischief, and (though a rule sometimes to be broken when the *salus populi* becomes the *suprema lex*) in travelling I am generally for leaving each "department" to discharge its own duties, relying on the *prestige* of that universal departmental bug-bear—responsibility. Official men from Downing-street to a Dogana are proverbial for becoming worse and slower in their proceedings the moment you attempt to hurry or put them out of their routine course.

At about one-third of the way up we halted at a "rest haus," to give our beasts provender and their conductors "schnapps." They were hearty, frank young fellows, and did not abuse the order I gave for their refreshment. In about a quarter of an hour we began the ascent again, and the only effect of this little indulgence showed itself in their bringing on the cattle somewhat more briskly, and presently, as we met a large herd of Alpine cattle descending to the "haus," two of them broke into song, rousing the mountain echoes by a "Ranz-des-Vaches." Here I perceived, for the first time, the origin and meaning of this Alpine melody. It would seem that the cattle of each commune graze together in the upland pastures, and that as they come homewards the herd of each proprietor follow with unerring sagacity its own leader and bell. These bells, made of thin copper of a large size, give out a weak musical note, with a slight variety in tone, and are suspended round the neck of generally the finest cow in each herd, who marches proudly at the head of its attendant companions, and the "Ranz-des-Vaches" (literally meaning, the ranking or ranging of the cows) is neither more nor less

than the imitation of the combined tones which these various bells give out, in that simple and not unpleasant harmony which is said to act with an irresistible attraction on the feelings of the Swiss peasant when heard at a distance from his native valleys. We now heard, in primitive perfection, the original melody from the bells of the descending cattle, and the excellent imitation from the manly voices of our guides, which, not having *then* heard the unequalled performance of Mr. Pringle (the *flageolet* friend whom Mr. Albert Smith introduces at his *soirées*), I considered the best I had ever heard.

We were now entering what is called the middle region of the mountain, where the deciduous trees of the woods through which we had been hitherto travelling began to give place to those enormous firs indigenous to, and characteristic of, the higher Alpine regions. These giant trees stood farther apart than the timber of the woodland below; deep drifts of snow lay here and there (though it was mid-June) in the sheltered hollows, and occasionally stood forth a huge, shattered, and bleaching trunk, flinging its bare arms, as if in desperation, towards heaven, and realising the description of

Those blasted pines, wrecks of a single winter,

so graphically used by Byron to symbolise his soul-blighted hero, Manfred. Through this sombre avenue, dotted at intervals by "stations of penance," we approached the dreary hamlet, composed of homely inns and a humble convent, where three or four Capuchins serve the church of "Notre Dame des Nieves," or "Our Lady of the Snow," as she may well be called, inasmuch as the whole region is wrapped in a snow-mantle for at least nine months of the twelve.

The difficulties of the ascent were now overcome, and a half hour's easy riding over upland levels brought us to the point of the "Staffelhaus," where the traveller, carefully enjoined not to look round until the proper minute, obtains a kind of preparatory glimpse of a section of that full Righi diorama which awaits him at the "culm," after riding and rising gradually for about another half hour.

We had timed our journey admirably. We were dismounted, and pacing the smooth turf of the Culm (culmen, or top) about a quarter of an hour before sunset, where we found assembled more than a hundred individuals of all nations, ages, sexes, tongues, and temperaments; all waiting eagerly until the sun should make his descent from behind a thick bank of cloud into a small band of sky, "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," which joined the horizon, and which guides, waiters, and chambermaids, all the *cognoscenti* learned in Righi views, assured us gave every promise of a sunset specially glowing and beautiful. Among the crowd we were at once recognised and hailed by our American friend, with the intelligence that he had secured us apartments,—a favour the importance of which we understood better when we saw more than one party, instead of turning in like ourselves, after the sunset-glory was gone by, to a warm saloon and excellent ready supper, sulkily descending to seek such accommodations as the "Staffelhaus" inn might afford them, with the prospect of a shivering re-ascent for the sun's *levee* to-morrow, at that very coldest and darkest hour of all the twenty-four, which the period immediately before the dawn is known to be.

We all walked to and fro, counting the minutes until the sun should

make his appearance. Every eye was fixed on the distant horizon, and none were taking note of what was happening at our feet, when suddenly, from the little lake of Zug which washed the steep Righi base, there exhaled a thin, gauzy vapour, extracted by the glowing heats of the day just closing—this wreathed and curled gently up the sides of the mountain, until, in an instant, before we had time to think, the whole expectant assemblage on the Righi top were enveloped in a cold fog, so dense as to render it impossible to discern any object even at the distance of a few yards.

The polyglot exclamations of vexation and dismay which burst from the parties thus helplessly shrouded in "cold obstruction," showed how highly their expectations of the coming sunset-glory had been wrought, and how deeply the disappointment was felt. As the wetting vapour floated round and by us, we all sadly reflected that though it was but a passing mist and might soon dissipate, yet minutes were passing too, and it would probably clear away "just in time to be too late." For myself, I had but time to utter to my daughters an Italian expression, which may fit each and every disappointment, serious or trifling—"Cosi è la Vita"—when we had another illustration of the "changes and chances of this uncertain world," in a withdrawal of our mist-veil, with a suddenness and magical effect which might almost lead us to think that the whole had been a device expressly "got up" for our surprise and enjoyment. Not all the seeming magic which entrances the wondering schoolboy in the glories of his Christmas pantomime could equal our delight and surprise in the scene which presently opened on our view. The mist was obviously getting less dense, and occasionally a few objects in the immense amphitheatre below us began to loom through the haze—such as, a church spire, a tree-crowned hill, or picturesque hamlet—and it was very evident that the whole exhalation would soon pass away completely. By this time, however, the glorious sun had disengaged himself from the cloud bank which had hidden him so long, and began to tinge the emerging objects with his golden light. Every second was now bringing some new and surprising effect with it. The mist, still sweeping along in most gauzy fineness, concealed nothing, but gave to every object an indescribable character of ethereal lightness and grace. It was, in fact, a vast dissolving view of realities, shown on a scale, and executed with a perfection of beauty, no human artist could have achieved. At first every one held the breath, to drink in the passing and changing beauty of the scene; then exclamations of delight burst from those but a moment ago so desponding and murmuring. The whole militia of the Righi Culm Hotel—albeit well used to sunset splendours—turned out to gaze on this wondrous spectacle; and I heard the master of the hotel declare that, in twenty years, he had never before witnessed such a marvellous combination of light and shade at such a critical moment. But, while we gaze it passes; the sun has touched the horizon's verge, and is descending below it with that seeming acceleration of motion so well known to observers of nature; a moment more! "he sinks! and all is grey"—the long Righi horn sounds its plaintive and simple farewell to day. We turn into the hotel in search of creature-comforts for the night, and I repeat once again, "*Cosi è la Vita.*" Yes! in its joys and its sorrows—its sudden depressions and as sudden upliftings—"such is life!"

THE TEN COURTS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.*

THE catalogues of the Crystal Palace are pre-eminently in need of an introduction. It is all very well to be told in an appropriate guide-book, that in the Egyptian Court the central colonnade, with its starry ceiling, is taken from the temple of Karnac—the lesser one from Philæ; that the Roman Court is full of choice works; that the Alhambra Court is a reproduction of the castellated palace of the Moorish kings of Granada; with a great deal of detailed information. Still much more was wanted, part of which can only be supplied by preliminary education, part by such a work as that now before us.

It is now understood that to appreciate the art of a nation, we must know the climate that surrounded the sculptor or the painter, the sky that he looked upon, the mountains or plains that formed his horizon; you must recal his religion, his tutelary deities, the government under which he lived, the social institutions that either invigorated or enervated his mind; you must feel his wants, and remember his pleasures. All this requires some previous acquaintance with the circumstances and position under which arose the giant structures of Egypt, and the richly ornamented Ninevite chambers—those under which the latter existed, being, it is to be remarked, quite different from those under which arose the more graceful structures of Persepolis, and which are so incongruously jumbled together in the so-called Assyrian Court of the Crystal Palace—we require to know that, after all, Pompeii was only the Worthing of Rome, not its Brighton; and to understand the nature of the closet-like rooms of its country-boxes demands some little intimacy with the manners and customs of the Romans of old.

Then, again, there is another kind of information requisite. In going into the Byzantine Court some little previous information as to the technical characteristics of the Romanesque in general is absolutely necessary—some idea of Saxon, Norman, Lombard, and Byzantine edifices is essential to enter into the peculiarities of these revivals through Christianity of Roman art, purified and carried forward from the point at which it had petrified. So also in the Renaissance and Italian Courts, where the decorative art of the fifteenth century became the apotheosis of upholstery, a perfectly different kind of elementary information is equally absolutely essential.

Both these kinds of information the Crystal Palace visitor will find in this account of the Ten Chief Courts of the Sydenham Palace, which thus constitutes an indispensable introduction to the Company's catalogues. The stringent necessities, both of time and space, have required that many of these Courts should be formed of condensed compilations from various temples and of different periods, and, except in the attempt to wed Assyrian and Persian architecture together, we think, with advantage to the student; but these incongruities can only be fully understood and appreciated by the study of elementary works, or the perusal of introductory notes, such as are presented to the reader in this clever and most useful little book.

* The Ten Chief Courts of the Sydenham Palace. G. Routledge and Co.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. CI.]

AUGUST, 1854.

[NO. CCCCIV.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE LAST DAYS OF CHARLES THE FIFTH	379
A TRIP TO BOULOGNE. BY DUDLEY COSTELLO	395
DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854. BY FLORENTIA	403
RUSKIN'S EDINBURGH LECTURES	413
THE TOUR OF DAVID DUNDYKE, ESQUIRE. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH"	419
A ROYAL FAMILY IN DISTRESS	424
CONSTANTINOPLE. BY NICHOLAS MICHELL	440
TALES OF MY DRAGOMAN. BY BASIL MAY. NO. VIII.—THE WORSE AND THE BETTER HALF	442
ANECDOTES OF EARTHQUAKES. BY AN OLD TRAVELLER	453
LITERARY LEAFLETS. BY SIR NATHANIEL. NO. XXII.—TAL- FOURD'S LAST POETRY AND PROSE	464
THE CHARACTER OF OUR FOE	472
A BRUSSELS BULL-FIGHT. A VIGNETTE FROM A POET'S PORT- FOLIO. BY T. WESTWOOD	487
PROMOTION IN THE ARMY	489
MORE EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF A LATE DECEASED AUTHOR	496
RECENT NOVELS	499

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

To whom all Communications for the Editor are to be addressed.

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"To Dr. De Jongh, at the Hague."

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE LAST DAYS OF CHARLES THE FIFTH.

HISTORY presents us with several remarkable instances of great men retiring from public life into privacy and seclusion. None, however, can compare to Charles V., who in 1556 exchanged the crowns of kingdoms for the seclusion of a monastery. The only historical parallel to such a renunciation of power is the involuntary abdication of Napoleon the Great; but, in the latter, the renown, ability, and power, are the only points of similitude, the chief point, that of voluntary abdication of the pleasures and pomp of greatness, is wanting.

Hence the peculiar interest attaching itself to the history of the last days of Charles V. His contemporaries, as the old Pope Paul IV., dismissed the subject from their minds by adopting as a received fact that the emperor had lost his senses; historians, as Robertson and Sandoval, were equally wide of the mark when they pictured the statesman and warrior as a humble ascetic, clothed in serge, immured in the solitude of a cloister, and given up to nothing but pious exercises.

The light thrown in modern times upon the last days of Charles V. has had one common source. This is a large MSS. volume, written by Tomas Gonzalez, designated "*Retiro, estancia y muerte del Emperador Carlos Quinto en el Monasterio de Yuste.*" This MSS. was left by Tomas to his brother, Manuel Gonzalez, keeper of the archives of Simancas, and he sold it for 160*l.* to the French government. This MSS. was the basis of Mr. Stirling's charming work, "*The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.,*" and of M. Amédée Pichot's interesting "*Chronique de la vie intérieure et politique de Charles Quint.*"*

M. Mignet has been enabled to add to this invaluable source of information others not less important and interesting, derived from the archives of Simancas, and collected and published by M. Gachard, under the title of "*Retraite et Mort de Charles Quint au Monastère de Yuste.*" The last work constitutes an essential complement to all that has hitherto been published upon the subject. What adds still more to the value of M. Gachard's work is, that he has also been able to avail himself of a memoir on the conventual life of Charles V., discovered only four years ago among the archives of the feudal court of Brabant, written by a monk living in the convent at the time; and the narrative of the monk is more circumstantial and satisfactory than even that of the Prior Fray Martin de Angulo himself, and who has been almost the sole authority with Sandoval in his "*Vida del Emperador Carlos Quinto en Yuste.*"

It appears from these new materials thus obtained and compared with one another, and certain inedited despatches of which M. Mignet has

* We regret to have received M. Amédée Pichot's work so late this month as not to have been able to incorporate some of the curious facts which that distinguished writer has eliminated, regarding the habits and manners of the illustrious recluse, into the present article. The subject is, however, far too interesting to be passed over cursorily, and we shall gladly avail ourselves of M. Pichot's researches on a future occasion.

also been able to avail himself in his newly-published work,* that Charles V. entertained the idea of withdrawing from the pomps and vanities of the world from a much earlier period in life than has hitherto been supposed.

An inedited letter of the Portuguese ambassador, Lorenzo Pirez, to King John III., dated 16th January, 1557, and for reference to which M. Mignet expresses his obligations to Viscount Santarem, attests that Charles V. first entertained this idea upon the occasion of his narrowly escaping shipwreck on his return from the expedition to Tunis in 1535. In 1539 the death of his beloved wife, the Empress Isabella, revived the feeling in still greater intensity. The contemplation of the quick destruction that awaited upon human beauty and power alike, and the narrow home to which both were ultimately consigned, made the resolve to withdraw from the world so fixed, that he actually shut himself up for a time in a convent of Hieronymite monks at Sysla.

At the time when Charles V. first entertained these ideas of religious seclusion he was scarcely forty years of age, and at the height of his power. The responsibilities of his position, and the necessity of providing for a safe succession to the throne, alone delayed the execution of this desire, which, as years rolled on, became increased by the infirmities which overtook him, and which were a natural consequence of his incessant activity, his mode of life, and of holding in his hands a power too great and too much dispersed to be within the compass of the genius and the administrative capacities of one man.

Of middle height, but well set, Charles V. had been remarkable in his early days for his prowess in the chase, the tournament, and in all athletic exercises. He had even entered the arena to combat with bulls. The remarkable activity and vigour of his intellect were betokened in his spacious forehead, and interpreted in his penetrating look. A defect in the lower part of the face was, however, as injurious to his health as much as it detracted from his looks. The lower jaw advanced beyond the upper one so much, that when he closed his mouth his teeth did not meet. The teeth themselves were also few in number, and very irregularly disposed, so that he stammered a little, and digested badly. His appetite was as capacious as his intellect. The Englishman, Roger Asham, has recorded the surprise he experienced at witnessing the emperor's voracity. Boiled beef, roast mutton, baked leveret, stewed capon, nothing came wrong. Five times, says the venerable chronicler, he dipped his head into his glass, and each time he did not drink less than a quarter of a gallon (a quart) of Rhenish wine.

Van Male, the emperor's *ayuda de cámara*, complained bitterly that even when ill he could not dispense with his usual dishes and drinks. His wine was always iced, and his beer, which he imbibed the first thing in the morning, was left all night in the open air to cool. He was particularly partial to fish, and to the horror of his attendants he eat his oysters raw as well as boiled and roasted!

The emperor was also given to certain pleasures, in which, according to the expression of a contemporaneous ambassador, *il ne portait pas une volonté assez modérée ; il se les procurait partout où il se trouvait*,

* Charles-Quint son Abdicacion, son Séjour et sa Mort au Monastère de Yuste, Par M. Mignet, Membre de l'Académie Française.

avec des dames de grande et aussi de petite condition. Excesses in the cabinet and the field, at table and in the boudoir, soon brought this great mind and powerful frame low. In 1518 he had an epileptic fit when playing at tennis; and in 1519 he was struck down when attending mass at Saragossa. Gout assailed him by the time he was thirty years of age. Its attacks, more and more frequent and more and more prolonged, bore more particularly in his hands and knees. He could not always affix his signature when wanted, and often when he was in the field he could not mount his horse, but had to follow the army in a litter. Thus assailed by infirmities, tormented in addition by asthma, subject to a flux of a most exhausting character, irritated by cutaneous irruptions on his right hand and in his feet, his beard and hair prematurely grey, he felt his strength and capabilities abandoning him at the very time that the aspect of affairs was most threatening.

Add to all this, Charles V. had a decided inclination for religious exercises. To use the words of his biographer, "The perusal of the Old and New Testaments possessed great attractions for him; the poetry of the Psalms struck his imagination and stirred his soul. The magnificence of the Catholic ceremonies, the affecting grandeur of the expiatory sacrifice in the mass, the music mingled with prayer, the beauty of the arts relieving the austerity of the dogma, the mediatory power of the Church giving succour by absolution, and reassuring the weakness of the man and the anxiety of the Christian by repentance, all combined to retain him with fervour in the olden form of worship."

His policy also, it would appear, helped in no small degree to confirm him in the olden faith. Successor to those Catholic monarchs who had recovered the Spanish peninsula from the Moors; possessor of a great part of that Italy in the centre of which was placed the seat of apostolic tradition and Christian government; chief elect of that holy Roman empire whose crown, from Charlemagne to his own day, had been placed on the forehead of the emperor by the Pope's hands; he was bound to preserve and to defend the ancient creed of his ancestors and of these different realms, and the hereditary worship with which were associated the fidelity of his subjects, the principle of existence of many of his states, and the solid grandeur of his domination.

This sense of duty, this feeling of political necessity, may have served in no small degree to uphold the fervour of Charles V.'s religious convictions. He attended several masses in the day. He communicated at the great festivals. Upwards of an hour every morning was devoted to religious meditation. He had even composed prayers himself. His last political and warlike efforts were directed against Protestant ascendancy in Germany; they were those also which were attended with the least success of any undertakings which marked his once brilliant career.

Charles V. having decided upon cloistral seclusion, the Hieronymite monks obtained his preference. They constituted an order which was almost exclusively Spanish, having been founded by a few hermits of the Peninsula, who in 1373 obtained the authority of Pope Gregory XI. to unite in religious congregations under the name of St. Jerome and the rules of St. Augustin.

Their first monastery had arisen at San Bartholome de Lupiana, near Guadalajara, on one of the airy heights of Old Castile. From thence they had

rapidly spread over the plain of Toledo, into the pine forests of Guisando, among the myrtles of Barcelona and Valencia, under the vine-clad bowers of Segovia, and into the chesnut forests of Estramadura. Placed at no great distance from the towns, in agreeable and secluded situations, they had covered the Peninsula with their establishments—from Granada to Lisbon, from Seville to Saragossa. They had devoted themselves in the first instance to contemplation and prayer. They lived upon charity, and from the middle of night to the end of the day they sang to the praises of God with a rare assiduity and a singular pomp. Soon enriched by the gifts of the people and the favours of princes, the Hieronymites, whose entire order was governed by an elective general, and each convent ruled by a triennial prior, added science to prayer and the cultivation of letters to the practice of psalmody, and from poor monks they became the opulent possessors of extensive lands, of numerous flocks, and of rich vineyards. No other monks in Spain celebrated Catholic worship with a more imposing dignity, could rival the sweetness of the music of their choirs, distributed such abundant charities at the gates of their convents, or offered in their establishments a more generous hospitality to travellers.

At Notre Dame de Guadalupe, one of the three most venerated and most frequented sanctuaries in Spain, their convent was in extent like a town, and was, by its fortifications, rendered as strong as a citadel. Here the Hieronymites kept their treasure in a tower; here their spacious cellars were always full; their beautiful gardens were clothed with orange and lemon trees; while on the neighbouring mountains they pastured flocks of sheep, cows, goats, and pigs. In Estramadura alone they possessed fifty thousand feet of plantations of olives and cedars; and in their spacious refectories the table for visitors and pilgrims was laid six or seven times a day with bounteous profusion.

It was near a monastery of this description, given to prayer and to study, that Charles V. resolved to withdraw. He had always held monastic life in peculiar veneration. This veneration was a kind of heirloom, which he had from his grandfather, and which he transmitted to his son. Ferdinand the Catholic had built two monasteries of the same order after the victory of Toro, in 1475, and the conquest of Granada, in 1492; and he had retired to one of these cloisters upon the death of the queen, Isabella of Castile, and when he felt himself at the point of death, he repaired to Madrigalejo, to a house belonging to the Hieronymites, whom he had constituted guardians of the royal tombs. Philip II. was destined to found for the same order the vast Escorial, in commemoration of the battle of Saint Quentin, and there he also in his turn both lived and died. Charles V., who had been on several occasions the host of the Hieronymites, in their convents of Santa Engracia, of Sysla, and of Meiorada, resolved to end his days in their cloister of Yuste.

Yuste, to which the emperor's adoption was to give so much celebrity, had been founded at the commencement of the fifteenth century, near a rivulet from which it took its name, in a mountain chain of Estramadura, cut up by valleys, clothed with trees, and watered by numerous rivulets that flowed down from the snowy summits of the mountains. From this picturesque site—having to the east and to the south the plains of Talavera and of Aranjuelo—the eye followed the course of the Tietar and the Tagus, dived into the fine cultivations and smiling villages that lay nestled amid the woods of the magnificent basin of *Vera de Plasencia*, and rested finally in the distance on the azure outline of the Gaudalupe mountains.

Such was the monastery which Charles V. selected for his place of retirement. The pleasing salubrity of the spot and its peaceful solitude were alike adapted for an infirm body and a weary mind. But while he nominally withdrew among the Hieronymites of Yuste, whose extensive knowledge and pious regularity he duly appreciated, he by no means

intended himself to adopt their mode of life. What he proposed to himself to do, was to build close to their monastery a separate edifice, from whence he could enjoy the free use of the church of the monastery, or, when it suited him, the company of the monks, but at the same time where he could preserve his own independence while he respected theirs.

Three years before his abdication, he had a suitable residence planned by Gaspard de Vega and Alonso de Covarruvias, the two most celebrated architects in Spain, and he left the superintendence of its building to the Prior Juan de Ortega, under the direction of the Infante and the secretary of state, Vasquez de Molina.

Many circumstances of high political import caused the emperor's abdication to be delayed for some time. Among these were the hostile alliance of Henry II. of France with the Pope Paul IV.; the state of the Low Countries; the marriage of the Infante with Mary of England; and the final measures necessary to ensure a peaceful succession to his son.

At length, on the 3rd of February, 1557, the emperor took formal leave of his court, where the deepest grief prevailed at the step taken by their illustrious master. Being placed in a litter, he started on horseback, accompanied by Count Oropesa, La Chaulx, and Luis Quijada. At the same time, the halberdiers who had formed his body-guard threw their halberds down upon the ground, as to intimate that the arms which had been employed in the service of so great an emperor could never be used in the service of any one else. The procession traversed the bottom of the valley in silence, and slowly ascended the slope of the mountain on which stood the monastery of Yuste. The emperor arrived there at five o'clock in the evening. The monks were waiting his arrival in their church, which they had illuminated, while their bells rang a merry peal. They went out in procession to meet the emperor, carrying their cross before them, and received him chanting the *Te Deum*. They were, says an eye-witness, transported with joy at seeing that which they never could have believed. Charles V., descending from his litter, placed himself on a chair, and had himself carried up to the steps of the high altar. There, having on his right Count Oropesa, and on his left Luis Quijada, after prayer he admitted the monks to kiss his hand. The prior, clothed in his cape, was somewhat nervous in the presence of the powerful sovereign who had established himself as a religious guest in his convent, and, intending a compliment, made use of the expression "Your Paternity." "Say your Majesty," interrupted a monk who stood by. Charles V., on leaving the church, examined the whole of the monastery, after which he withdrew to his own private abode, of which he took possession the same evening, and which he was destined never to leave.

The house erected for the reception of the emperor and his suite stood to the south of the monastery, and overlooked the *Vera de Plasencia*. It contained eight rooms of very modest dimensions, four below and four above, and the rear was protected by the walls of the church. A balcony in front was shaded by orange and lemon trees, and enlivened by flowering plants. The waters of the mountain were also brought to play in fountains—one of which, lined with Dutch tiles, was so capacious as to serve as a pond for the trouts brought from the neighbouring villages.

Below was the garden of the monastery, which had been given up to the emperor. A door opened from the emperor's bedroom on the upper story into the church, so that he could participate in divine service without mixing with the monks. Philip II. managed a similar contrivance at the Escorial. Monarchs love to be exclusive, even on the threshold of heaven. The imperial study was also charmingly situated, and commanded a delightful prospect.

Charles V. lived in this humble abode as a monk, without ceasing to be an emperor. Without possessing the luxuries of a palace, his habitation was not without such conveniences and decorations as belonged to the epoch. The walls were lined with Flemish tapestry. His own room alone was lined throughout with fine black cloth. The couches, chairs, and stools, were similarly covered, some being also decorated with rich black velvet. He had two beds most luxuriously furnished, and no end of clothes, dresses of linen, and materials for the toilet. His great favourite, Titian, had painted himself at all ages, his empress, and all the members of the royal family. Many of these portraits were there, so that he had them always before his eyes. He was particularly partial to one picture by the same master; it represented the royal family invoking the Trinity. This picture, afterwards removed to the Escorial, is now in the Royal Museum of Madrid. He had many other religious subjects from the pencil of his favourite, as well as crucifixes and Virgins sculptured by Miguel. He had also a collection of relics, in whose virtues he had learnt to place every confidence as memorials, but probably little more.

The emperor's passion for clocks was so great, that, complaining one day to his major-domo, Baron de Montfalconnet, of the inaptitude of his cook, the latter retorted that he no longer knew how to please his majesty, unless he should try the efficacy of a stew of clocks. The mechanician Juanello had gratified the imperial inclinations this way, by clocks of all shapes and sizes in exceeding number. He had also dials, compasses, quadrants, and other mathematical instruments, besides a good collection of maps.

His collection of books was not extensive, but the list given by Gonzalez is very interesting, as indicative of the resources of Charles V., at a time when it was considered proper to give to a prince the practice of warlike exercises and the habits of a *gentleman*, and not habits of seclusion among books, like a monk or a philosopher. Charles was, however, all four, and more; and he is said to have begun the task of inditing his own commentaries, in imitation of those of Julius Cæsar.

The emperor, a victim to so many infirmities, had also a considerable collection of medicinal talismans. He had stones set in gold proper for staying hemorrhages; bracelets and rings of bone set in gold efficacious against hemorrhoids; a blue stone set in a claw of gold to keep off the gout; nine English rings efficacious against cramp; a philosopher's stone, which had been given to him by a certain Doctor Beltran; and lastly, several bezoar stones brought from the East, and powerful to oppose many disorders. Sad reality had, however, taught him to look more to the aid of his physician, Mathys, and the remedies of his apothecary, Overstraeten, than to his numerous charms and amulets.

His services of plate were royal in extent and magnificence. He had a double service silver-gilt for the altar of his private chapel. Cabinets

of gold, silver, and enamel, were filled with costly jewels and objects of vertu. His table, toilet utensils, vases, basins, fountains, decanters, even utensils for the kitchen, cellar, pantry, brewery and pharmacy, were all alike of silver.

The service of the house was performed by no less than fifty persons, under the direction of the major-domo Luis Quijada. This list comprised secretary, physician, apothecary, clockmakers, cooks, bakers, butlers, a master of the wardrobe, four *ayudas de cámara*, four *barberos*, brewers, confectioners, fruiterers, cheesemongers and poulterers, huntsmen, gardeners, litter-bearers, valets, porters, scribes, washerwomen, and their assistants: there were also a chaplain and a Franciscan monk to confess the household, so that Charles V.'s hermitage was in reality a monastery within a monastery. The wages of his household alone came to 8400*l.* a year.

All these people could not be accommodated in an eight-roomed house, so that a portion dwelt at the neighbouring village of Quacos, another lived in the monastery itself, some in the cloisters, some in the hostelry department. At Quacos were also eight mules kept for the transport of provisions, as also an aged infirm horse, the only one that had followed his master's fortunes. The Princess of Spain had nominated a magistrate, clerk, and alguazil to the village of Quacos, to settle disputes that might arise between the country-people and the emperor's retinue.

Although thus entirely independent of the monastery, Charles had selected from among its monks his confessor, Juan Regla, his reader, and three predicators. Juan Regla was a very learned and acute theologian; so liberal that he had been obliged to abjure eighteen propositions denounced by the Holy Inquisition; but he was also servile, insinuating, and worldly—just the kind of confessor for an imperious penitent. So also he became the confessor of Philip after having been that of Charles. The latter appears, with all his piety, to have been more dogmatic than humble in his religious practices. Juan Regla had demurred at first at undertaking the responsibility of being confessor to the emperor. "Be easy upon that score," said Charles V. to him. "I have had near me for a whole year, before I left Flanders, five theologians and canons of the Church, with whom I discharged my conscience upon all past affairs. You will only have to know that which may happen in the future." The happy casuistry of these learned theologians and canons for discharging an overburdened conscience, had no doubt found profound and mystical excuses for war, ambition, gluttony, and all other possible sins and vices. Charles V., who could command absolution from the most learned theologians, could afford to treat the aid of Juan Regla as a very indifferent matter: his clear intellect must, however, often have whispered to him how unsafe were all such foundations for hope unless backed by true repentance.

Charles was alike zealous and regular in his religious practices. Every day he heard four masses and a funereal service, and on the Thursdays he had a grand sacramental mass. In order to give all the accessories of good music to these services, monks with fine voices, and who sang best, were sought out from all the monasteries in Spain and brought to Yuste.

The day was passed with the same regularity, only that it was sometimes disturbed by political and other business. On waking up, the first

thing was to eat ; his stomach could not remain empty. This habit was so inveterate, that it could not be given up either to sickness or religion. Even the days when he took the communion he was not fasting—the latitudinarianism of the Romanists showed itself in this matter as well as others. The Pope Jules III. had granted, in virtue of his apostolic authority, an absolution for the past and a dispensation for the future, in regard to communicating upon “a light breakfast,” or even “such food as might be deemed necessary.”

The first who attended upon the royal recluse was the confessor, Juan Regla. At ten o'clock the *ayudas* and *barberos* dressed him. Then, if well enough, he went to church ; if indisposed, he listened to the service from his bed-chamber. At dinner, when he had the free use of his hands, he would cut up his meat himself. After some conversation with his physician and secretary, Juan Regla would read to him extracts from the fathers of the Church, after which he would take a brief siesta. Wednesdays and Fridays he went at three o'clock to hear a sermon from one of his preachers ; when not well enough to attend himself, which was frequently the case, he made Juan Regla give him an account of the sermon. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays were devoted to lectures by Doctor Bernardino de Salinas.

If there is no greater mistake made by most historians than that Charles V. lived either in cloistral seclusion, in poverty of vesture, in exercises of piety, abrogation of personal dignity, deficiency of attendance, or self-denial of any kind, equally far from the truth is it to suppose that he gave up all interference with secular and political matters. Sandoval and Robertson have been alike in error upon these points. “In this retreat,” says Mignet, “at once pious and noble, in this life dedicated to God, but still occupied with the great interests of the world, his mind remained firm, his aspirations lofty, his character decided, his views bold ; and he gave upon the conduct of the Spanish monarchy the most valuable advice, and the most judicious directions to his daughter, the regent of Spain, and to the king, his son, who solicited them with urgency, and followed them with respect.”

Hence, shortly after Charles V.'s withdrawal to Yuste, his time was largely occupied with Lorenzo Pirez in negotiating with Jean III. the transfer of the Infante Doña Maria into Spain, as also with matters concerning the war in Italy and the Low Countries. So great were the perils of Philip, that the young king even sent his favourite, Gomez da Silva, to induce the emperor to quit his retirement and resume the imperial crown. Charles refused, but withheld neither his influence, his counsel, nor his means from his son in difficulty. He exerted himself with the greatest energy to raise additional moneys throughout the country, and to transmit them to the seat of war.

The health of Charles V. went on at the same time improving under the influence of retirement, a fine climate, and good living, combined with an habitual recurrence to pills and senna wine. He upon one occasion asked for an arquebuse, and shot two pigeons without requiring any assistance to rise from his chair or to hold the gun. He also dined upon another occasion in the refectory of the convent, but he was never tempted to renew the experiment, and is said to have hurried away rather indocorously from the table before the conclusion of the repast.

The monastery of Yuste, once so tranquil and silent, had become a centre of movement and action. Couriers were incessantly arriving and taking their departure. Charles received the visits of many persons of distinction; he was universally appealed to to settle differences and disputes among those in authority; some came to consult him, some to ask for favours. Among the most distinguished of these visitors were his sisters, the Queens Eleanor of France and Mary of Hungary; the emperor was delighted to see them. They found him passing the little time which his pious exercises and affairs of state left to him in improving and embellishing his abode.

The second year that Charles spent at the monastery was more disturbed by sickness than the first, and events without contributed to these unfavourable symptoms. At the end of November, 1557, he experienced a very violent fit of gout, from which he did not recover for a month. It was at this very time that he received the news of the humiliating peace concluded in Italy.

Little tribulations also came with greater ones to irritate a broken-up constitution. The villagers of Quacos quarrelled with his followers, poached his trouts, and even took his cows if they got beyond bounds: 800 ducats were also abstracted from his strong box, but he would not permit any of his attendants who were suspected to be put to torture. A severe relapse of gout came on on the 4th of January, 1558. On the 2nd of February the news was communicated to the emperor of the capture of Calais by the Duke of Guise. Upon hearing this, the suffering monarch said he had never experienced so much pain in his lifetime. On the 8th, however, he was a little better; he eat some fresh oysters, and sent to Seville for some sarsaparilla to make decoctions. Still his sufferings were so great that he was obliged to sleep with his lower extremities uncovered.

This month, on the anniversary of his admission to the monastery, Charles V. having been informed by the master of the novices that his novitiate had expired, and that he must make up his mind to make his profession as a monk, or he would not, after the expiration of the year, be allowed to quit the monastery of his adoption, he went through what Mignet calls *un simulacre de profession de monastique*. Feigned or not, with the exception of the ordeal necessary to establish that he was of *sangre azul* (blue blood) and unmixed with Jewish or Moorish fluids, mass, sermon, procession, *Te Deum*, and banquet, attended by all the neighbours in their best clothes, were duly gone through, and the Hieronymites of Yuste added to their list the name of a prince who from emperor had become a simple monk of their order. So strict had Charles become, that he now found fault with young women coming to participate in the charities of the monastery, and they were in future ordered not to approach so holy a place within two shots of a cross-bow, under penalty of a hundred stripes.

The imperial monk, however, whose name had been so lately inscribed on the registers of Yuste, was not long before he treated his brethren with a haughty indifference that had little that was monastic in it. The news of the death of Queen Eleanor came at the end of the same month to add to the afflictions of the recluse. When he heard that his sister, who was only fifteen months older than himself, and to whom he had always been tenderly attached, was dead, the tears flowed down his cheeks.

"Before fifteen months are gone," he said, "most likely I shall keep her company." One half that period had not elapsed before the brother and both sisters were united in their last home.

The Queen of Hungary came in despair to Yuste to seek and to give consolation to her brother. Charles ordered an apartment to be prepared for her on the ground-floor of his own residence. At this time the gout was travelling from one to another extremity, involving every limb in his body, his mouth was inflamed, his tongue swollen, and he was obliged to be fed upon sops. Shortly after the arrival of his sister he is spoken of as only willing to eat herrings, salt fish, and garlic. He wished, and yet he dreaded seeing the queen. "It does not appear possible," he used to say, "that *la reine très Chrétienne* is dead; I shall not believe it till I shall see the Queen of Hungary come in alone." She did come in alone, and the emperor could not restrain his emotion on seeing her. Nor were his sister's feelings of a less tender character. She remained with him for twelve days, and during that time his health improved a little. Much could not be expected, for the state of his limbs debarred him from all exercise.

On the 2nd of May, Charles V. learnt that the last crown, which he had preserved against his will—the imperial crown—had been placed on the head of his brother Ferdinand. He was from that moment, as he himself expressed it, *desnué de tout*. He renounced all the titles which he had preserved up to that period. He had his escutcheons removed from his apartments, and he ordered his name to be omitted in the prayers of the Church. "As to me," he said to his confessor, Juan Regla, "the name of Charles suffices, for I am no longer anything." But, adds his historian, although the imperial crown had disappeared from his apartments, although his titles had been effaced from his seals, although his name was no longer pronounced in public prayer, he remained what he had always been for the whole world. From Valladolid, as from Brussels, they never ceased to write to him as *l'Empereur notre seigneur*, and when speaking of him every one said the EMPEROR.

An unexpected event came to disturb the tranquillity of the recluse. Two focuses of Protestantism were simultaneously discovered at Valladolid and at Seville. Charles V., who regretted having spared the life of Luther when in his power at Worms, dictated the most cruel proceedings to his daughter to arrest the progress of heresy. He paved the way for, if he did not live to witness, the terrible religious executions of 1559 and 1560. He gave that stern impulse to the bigotry of the day, which attained its acme in the *auto-da-fés* which were celebrated with the greatest solemnity at Valladolid on the 21st of May, 1559, in the presence of the Regent Doña Juana, the Infante Don Carlos, and all the court; and the 2nd of October, 1559, in presence of the king, Philip II.; and at Seville the 24th of September, 1559, and the 22nd of December, 1560, before the clergy and nobility of Andalusia. The miserable Cazalla, notwithstanding his recantation, and the bones of Constantin Ponce de la Fuente, although he had perished in his dungeon before his sentence had been passed, were placed on the funereal piles, whose flames devoured sixty-three living victims. By the side of these human beings, sacrificed in the name of an all-merciful God, appeared a hundred and thirty-seven others, condemned to lesser penalties, and who,

clothed in the ignominious *san benits*, were reconciled with the Church. "These frightful holocausts," says Mignet, "and these degrading reconciliations, were accomplished in the midst of demonstrations of satisfaction and joy on the part of a dominating clergy, a pitiless court, and a fanatic people. The Inquisition showed itself triumphant: after having conquered heresy, it mastered, so to say, royalty." Where, it might be asked, are now the abettors, the assistants, and the joyous witnesses of these horrible immolations?

The heats of summer in 1558 rather benefited the imperial recluse than otherwise. His mode of living continued nearly the same: he eat great quantities of cherries, as also of strawberries with cream, after which he partook of pasties well spiced, of ham, and fried salt fish, things that did not agree with his cutaneous disorders. His doctor, Mathys, was by no means insensible to this fact; he was always complaining of the impracticability of his patient. "The emperor," he said, "eats much, drinks still more, and will not change his mode of living, although his body is full of peccant humours."

Early in July, in this summer, Quijada brought his family to Quacos, and with them was the future conqueror of the Moors and the Turks, the hero of the Alpujaras, of Tunis, and of Lepanto, Don Juan—then known simply as Geronimo—son of Charles V., by Barbe Blumberg, a young and beautiful native of Ratisbon. Don Juan had been in various hands; at first in those of Francisco Massi, a musician, with whom he had passed his early years in shooting birds with a little cross-bow, in preference to attending to the lessons of the village priest. This free and open-air life had contributed much to render the child as strong and hardy as he was handsome by descent. His blue eyes and charming sunburnt face were shaded by long fair ringlets. Doña Magdalena de Ulloa, wife of Quijada, had adopted this beautiful child, and spared no pains on his education. No sooner had that noble lady and her precious charge arrived at Quacos, than Charles gave her an audience. Don Juan, who accompanied her, was called her page; but neither monks nor villagers were long in divining the truth. The young conqueror, whose ardent temperament was little suited for cloistral seclusion, still visited, with respectful admiration, that emperor whom he subsequently had the glory of calling his father. When dying, at the early age of thirty-three, Don Juan demanded as a favour that he might lie near his lord and father, and this wish was gratified by the bigoted Philip. "The noble and dear child," writes the historian, "whom the emperor had brought near him in the last days of his life, and whose interests he was looking to the very evening of his decease with a mysterious solicitude, was placed on his right in the same vault of the Escorial."

The health of the imperial recluse was in the mean time failing more and more. The cutaneous eruption in his legs was accompanied with such intolerable itching that he was induced to use means to repel it, which the good sense of his physician in vain objected to. He used to sleep in the month of August with open doors and windows, and he thus caught a cold, which brought on sore throat and a relapse of gout, such as he had not before experienced at that season of the year. On the 16th of the same month the emperor experienced a fainting fit, which left him very weak, without appetite, and feverish. At this time intermittent

fevers prevailed in the neighbourhood to an unusual degree. On the 28th a change took place, a violent thunderstorm broke upon the mountains, old trees were thrown down, and twenty-seven cows were destroyed by the lightning, but the air was refreshed, and the virulence of the fever abated. Yet it was the very day after this beneficent manifestation of Providence that, according to the Hieronymite monks, Charles V. experienced the first attack of the sickness which was destined to lay him low. This malady, if we are to believe the same monks, who have been generally followed by historians, was preceded, if not more or less indirectly induced, by the obsequies which the emperor was led to celebrate whilst still alive:

Eight days previously, that is to say, when scarcely free of the gout, and at a time when the eruption on his legs gave him grievous annoyance, in the midst of grave political matters and a very multiplied correspondence, the emperor held, according to the chronicle of the Prior Fray Martin de Angulo, the following conversation with Nicolas Bénigne, one of his *barberos*: "Master Nicholas, do you know what I am thinking about?"—"About what, sire?" replied the *barbero*.—"I am thinking," continued the emperor, "that I have two thousand crowns to spare, and I am calculating how I could spend them on my funeral."—"Your majesty," replied Bénigne, who seems to have been no courtier, "need not trouble yourself upon that score, for if you should die, we could surely see to that."—"You do not understand me," said the emperor; "to see one's way clear, it is a very different thing to have the light behind one or to have it in front." The Chronicle of the Prior of Yuste adds, that it was as a sequence to this conversation that the emperor ordered the obsequies of himself and of his relations. Sandoval relates the conversation, but takes no notice of the obsequies; and hence it is probable that he did not believe in them.

The anonymous monk whose manuscript has been analysed by M. Baklitzin, and the Father Joseph de Sigüenza, who probably copied the same in his History of the Order of Saint Jerome, go further in their narratives. According to them, Charles V., enjoying at the time perfect health, and in the best possible spirits, called his confessor, Juan Regla, and said to him: "Father Juan, I feel myself better, much relieved, and without pain; what do you think if I should have the funeral service performed for my father, my mother, and the empress?" The confessor approved of the suggestion; and in consequence the emperor issued orders that everything should be prepared for the said religious ceremonies. The celebration commenced on Monday, the 29th of August, and was continued on the following days. Every day, adds Father Joseph de Sigüenza, the emperor attended with a lighted taper, which a page bore before him. Seated at the foot of the altar, he followed out the whole service in a very indifferently ornamented and poor-looking copy of *Les Fleures*. These pious commemorations being concluded, the emperor again summoned the confessor, and said to him: "Does it not appear to you, Father Juan, that having commemorated the obsequies of my relatives, I should also perform my own, and see what must soon happen to myself?" On hearing these words, Fray Juan Regla was much moved, the tears came to his eyes, and he said, as well as he was able: "May your majesty live many years, if it so pleases God, and do not let him announce to us his death before the time is come. Those among us who may survive him will acquit themselves of this duty, if our Lord permits it, as they are in duty bound to do." The emperor, who was inspired by higher thoughts, said to him: "Do you not think that it would be profitable to me?"—"Yes, sire," replied Fray Juan, "much. The pious works which are accomplished by a person whilst alive are of a much greater merit, and possess a much more satisfactory character, than those which are performed for him after death. Happy would it be for us all if we did as much,

and if we entertained such good thoughts!" The emperor accordingly ordered that everything should be prepared for the same evening, and that his obsequies should be immediately proceeded with.

A catafalque, surrounded by tapers, was accordingly raised in the centre of the great chapel. All the attendants on his majesty came in the garb of deep mourning. The pious monarch, also in mourning and a taper in his hand, came to see himself buried, and to celebrate his funeral obsequies. He offered up prayers to God for that soul to which He had granted so many favours during lifetime, so that, arrived at the supreme hour, He should have pity on it. It was a spectacle which caused those who were present to weep, and many would not have wept more had he been really dead. As to himself at the funeral mass, he went and placed his taper in the hands of the priest, as if he had deposited his soul in the hands of God, and which the ancients represented by the same symbol.

At noon the following day, the 31st of August, before evening had come on, the emperor sent for his confessor, and expressed the great gratification he felt at having performed these funeral ceremonies; he felt a degree of joy, he said, which actually seemed to overflow within him. The same day he sent for the guardian of his jewels, and asked for the portrait of the empress his wife. He remained some moments contemplating it. Then he said to the keeper: "Lock it up, and give me the picture of the Prayer in the Garden of Olives." He looked for a long time at this picture, and his eyes appeared to express outwardly the elevated sentiments which pervaded his mind. He then gave it back, and said, "Bring me the other picture of the Last Judgment." This time the contemplation was longer than ever, and the meditation so deep, that his physician, Mathys, was obliged to warn him not to make himself ill by keeping the mental powers, which direct the operations of the body, so long on the stretch. At this very moment the emperor experienced a sudden shivering fit. Turning to his physician, he said, "I feel unwell." It was the last day of August, at about four in the evening. Mathys examined his pulse, and found that it was slightly affected. He was at once carried into his room, and from that moment the sickness went on always increasing.

Here, says M. Mignet, is a perfectly well-arranged scene, in which nothing is wanting. The generality of historians have accepted it from the monks, and some among them have added still more extraordinary details. Not only have they made Charles V. attend his own funeral service, but they have stretched him like a corpse on his bier. But the whole is, according to the same authority, more than apocryphal. The nature of the ceremony, he says, the emperor's health, the occupations which took up his time, the thoughts which filled his mind, the testimony of his attendants, which contradict the tales of the monks, and authentic facts, which are in contradiction with the date assigned to this strange proceeding, do not permit the least credit to be attached to it.

On the 1st of September, Charles V. spoke to his major-domo and his confessor concerning his last testamentary dispositions. He felt that he was at the point of death. For thirty years he had never had fever without having gout. He wished to add a codicil to the will he had made at Brussels the 6th of June, 1554.

On the 2nd, the cold fit came on nine hours before its time, and the paroxysm was so violent that it drove the patient out of his senses, and when it was over he remembered nothing that had happened that day. The paroxysm itself was followed by bilious evacuations. The night of the 2nd and 3rd he experienced much anguish, but as he was a good deal exhausted he fell asleep. In the morning, being a little better, he confessed himself and received the holy communion.

At about half-past eight Mathys opened a vein in the arm, and obtained about nine or ten ounces of a black, corrupt blood. This relieved the emperor a good deal, who eat a little at eleven, drank some beer and wine and water, and afterwards slept calmly for two hours. As his head was, however, still hot, Mathys opened one of the veins in the hand, much against his patient's wishes, who desired to be more efficiently bled, for he described himself as feeling full of blood.

Having eat a little sugared bread and drank some beer, the same day, the 3rd of September, he had another severe paroxysm, which lasted till one in the morning. The paroxysm of the 4th came on three hours earlier than usual, and, although not very violent, still caused him so great a heat and such intolerable thirst, that he drank eight ounces of water with vinegar syrup and nine ounces of beer, and having got rid of his clothes, he lay with only his shirt and a silken counterpane over him. The crisis finished as usual with the evacuation of bilious and putrid matters.

In the intervals of the paroxysms the imperial monk was clearing his way to heaven by donations of thirty thousand ducats for the redemption of Christian slaves, as also for poor women and other necessitous persons. He also ordered divine service to be celebrated shortly after his death in all the monasteries and all the parish churches of Spain; he further founded perpetual masses, and in order that more prayers should be said at his tomb, he had prevailed upon the Pope to grant a jubilee, with plenary indulgences, as an attraction.

On the 6th of September the emperor had a paroxysm which lasted from thirteen to fourteen hours, during which he was incessantly delirious. The 7th he was somewhat better, eat some eggs in the evening, and drank some wine and water. Nevertheless the inflammation was extending to his mouth, which was dry and painful. The attack of the 8th did not last so long, and was rather less violent, but he was as delirious as ever, and his face became livid. This day Doctor Corneille Baersdop arrived, as also a messenger from the Queen of Hungary. Charles V. experienced his last sensation of gladness on hearing that the queen had acceded to his request, and was about to resume the government of the Low Countries.

By the 11th of September the interval between the febrile paroxysms had become less, the patient was also becoming weaker and weaker, and his stomach could not even retain a little mutton broth. The same day the grand commander of Alcantara arrived at Yuste, to no longer quit his dear and glorious master until his death.

The 16th the emperor rallied a little, but this was followed by a paroxysm of fearful intensity. The same night the fever came on with an amount of cold hitherto unknown. This was followed by black vomit, after which the hot stage seized upon him with such violence, and lasted so long, that he was twenty-two hours without motion or without speaking a word. He remained, indeed, in this frightful condition all the 17th and until three o'clock on the morning of the 18th. The physicians were apprehensive that he would not be able to stand another paroxysm, yet on the same day the emperor regained his senses, and only remarked that he did not remember what had taken place the previous evening.

The eleventh paroxysm occurred on the 19th, at nine o'clock in the morning. The preliminary cold fit was more intense than ever, and as

upon the advent of the hot stage the imperial patient fell into the same state of insensibility as on the previous day, the physicians, apprehensive that he would not rally, requested that the extreme unction should be administered. Quijada objected to this for some time, from fear of the depressing effects of the ceremony on his master, who, albeit immovable and silent, might still be sensible as to what was going on; but at nine o'clock the physicians became so seriously alarmed for the fate of their patient, that the major-domo yielded. The confessor, Juan Regla, brought the extreme unction, which Charles V., says his historian, received in the enjoyment of perfect consciousness, in great composure, and with every feeling of devotion.

The moribund emperor, however, got through the night of the 19th and that of the 20th, fighting against the accumulation of evils, till he had scarcely any pulse left. Having resumed his wonted self-command, it appeared as if by a supreme effort of will, he preserved his reason clear and the same pious serenity up to the moment when he expired. Having confessed himself again, he wished to communicate once more; but fearful that he should not have time if he waited till Juan Regla had consecrated the wafer in his own apartment, he bade them fetch the holy sacrament from the great altar of the church. Quijada did not think that force remained to him sufficient for the accomplishment of this supreme act of a dying Catholic. "Let your majesty consider," he said, "that it cannot receive nor swallow the host."—"I shall be able to do it," replied the emperor, simply and resolutely. Juan Regla, followed by all the monks of the monastery, brought the viaticum in procession; Charles V. received it with the greatest fervour, and said, "Lord, God of truth, who have purchased our salvation by your death, I place my soul in your hands." He afterwards heard mass, and when the priest pronounced the comforting words of Christian redemption, "Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world," he struck his breast with his faltering hand.

Before attending to these religious duties, the emperor had given a few minutes to terrestrial cares: at about eight o'clock he had made every one go out of the room except Quijada. The latter, going on his knees to receive his master's last words, Charles V. said to him, "Luis Quijada, I see that I am getting weaker, and that I am going bit by bit; I am thankful to God for it, since it is His will. You will tell the king, my son, he must take care of those who served me up to my death, and that he must not permit strangers to reside in this house." Then for half an hour he spoke in a low voice, very slowly, but with a certain firmness, of his natural son Don Juan, of his daughter the Queen of Bohemia, whom he would have wished had been happier with Maximilian, and of all who remained the object of his affections and of his solicitude in the world that he was about to leave.

At noon, the same day, Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo, who had distinguished himself by his violent propagandism in England, arrived. Charles V. mistrusted a man who had been denounced by the Inquisitor-General Valdès, but he was anxious to see him, as he was bearer of a message from his son Philip.

When Quijada introduced the unorthodox primate, supported by two

Dominicans, the archbishop went on both knees near the bed of the emperor and kissed his hand. The emperor, who was near his end, looked at him some time without saying anything, and then, after having asked for news of his son, he invited him to go and repose himself.

A little before night set in, the emperor bade Quijada have the consecrated tapers brought from the renowned sanctuary of Notre Dame de Montserrat ready, as also the crucifix and image of the Virgin which the empress had with her at her death, and with which he had already said he intended also to die. A few minutes afterwards his weakness increasing, Quijada summoned the Archbishop of Toledo, in order that he might be with the emperor as his last moment.

At the request of the dying monarch the primate read the *De Profundis*, accompanying each verse with remarks appropriate to the existing conjuncture; then, falling on his knees and showing the emperor the crucifix, he spoke those words which were afterwards imputed to him as a crime by the Inquisition: "Here is He who answers for us all; there is no more sin, everything is pardoned!"

Many of the monks who were in the imperial chamber, and the Grand Master of Alcantara, were shocked at these words, which appeared to place in Christ alone the work of salvation acquired to man by the great sacrifice of the cross, without man having aught to obtain by his own merits. When the archbishop had finished, Don Luis de Añns immediately urged Fray Francisco de Villalba to speak to the emperor of death and salvation in more Catholic terms.

The two doctrines which divided the age were thus once more brought before Charles V., on the point of expiring. He listened with serenity, probably no longer capable of distinguishing between what was granted through the redeeming grace of Christ and what was expected from the moral co-operation of man.

About two o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, the 21st of September, the emperor felt his strength sinking, and that he was about to die. Feeling his own pulse, he shook his head, as if to say "All is over." He then bade the monks recite the litany and the prayers for the dying, and he ordered Quijada to light the consecrated tapers. He next made the archbishop give him the crucifix which had served the empress on passing from life to death, and pressed it twice to his bosom and then to his mouth. Then taking the taper in his right hand, which was supported by Quijada, and stretching out his left hand towards the crucifix which the archbishop held out towards him, he said: "The time is come!" A moment afterwards he pronounced the name of Jesus, and then expired, sighing once or twice deeply. "Thus passed away," wrote Quijada in the midst of his affliction and his admiration, "the greatest man that ever was or ever will be."

A TRIP TO BOULOGNE.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

"To Bulloan *di-rect* in nine hours! That will be about *IT*," observed Mr. Jeremiah Crake, a substantial member of the Stock Exchange, as he put down the *Times* for a moment, and addressed himself again to his breakfast. "I'll take another cup of tea, Bell,—not quite so sweet as the last."

"What did you say, papa?" asked the young lady thus appealed to.

"Another cup of tea, my dear; I spoke plain enough, I thought; and, Mrs. Crake, I'll trouble *you* for some of that dry toast."

"Oh, I heard *that*, papa," returned his daughter,—"*rather less sugar*, I think,—but you said something, didn't you, about Bouleigne?"

"To be sure I did," replied Mr. Crake, shortly. "Can get there *di-rect* in nine hours."

"By the express train, papa?"

"Express nonsense! you don't call that *di-rect*. No! by the boat."

"Dear me, Mr. Crake," groaned his wife, "you really don't mean to go by water!"

"How are we to get there without?" retorted the stock-broker.

"I mean all the way. Don't you recollect what happened to us the last time? They said 'ten hours' then, and it was full twenty. Oh that dreadful storm when I thought we were all going down! I'm sure I shall never forget it!"

"Ah," said Mr. Crake, "that was late in the year,—just about the equinox. There's never any wind to speak of in the month of June. We shall have the sea as smooth as a mill-pond."

"I'm sure the less we have of it the better.—Now pray, Mr. Crake, do go by the train."

"Oh, do, papa!" chimed in Miss Isabel.

"Second class, then," was his reply.

"Stuff and absurdity!" exclaimed the elder lady.

"Second class! my gracious!" ejaculated the younger one.

"Look here, Mrs. Crake," said her husband, setting down his tea-cup and putting on a business-like air. "We're going to Bulloan for the summer as much for economy as pleasure. I put down a certain sum: two, three, or four hundred pounds,—no matter—there it is. Well, the cheaper you go to work one way, the more money you have to spend in another. There's three of us and your maid: that's three firsts and one second—you don't object to Harriet in the second, I hope?—then there's three saloons and one fore-cabin,—stewardess and ship's crew; what does all that come to? Six-ten! Now for the boat. Three fourteens are forty-two, and ten's fifty-two and one—a shilling's quite enough for the whole party—and one's fifty-three; dinners—"

"Oh, don't talk about dinners! I'm certain neither Bell, nor I, nor poor Harriet will be able to touch a thing!"

"Very good! One dinner then, say two-and-six—fifty-five and six—take my own brandy and cigars—there's a saving of three-fourteen-six; buy you and Bell a bonnet apiece when you get to Bulloan."

Artful Mr. Crake. The new bonnets settled the question, and the ladies consented to go the way he proposed.

You perceive that the stock-broker wasn't a mean fellow, only "when he spent money," as he said, "he liked to have the full value of it."

They embarked accordingly at London-bridge Wharf somewhere about the middle of last June, on board the *Stickfast* steamer, commanded by Captain Nettle.

It was a soft, hazy day, with the sun visible only at long intervals, but there was no wind,—a great consolation to the ladies of Mr. Crake's party. Mr. Criddle, a friend of the stock-broker, and an admirer—half-avowed—of Miss Isabel, who also was going to pass the summer at Boulogne, heroically expressed a wish for a breeze; but it must be taken into the account that Mr. Criddle was not more than five-and-twenty, and had officiated as "bow-oar" in the recent match between the *Conger* and the *Mudlark*, from Battersea-bridge to Putney, which (he said) was won by the former entirely owing to his skill in watermanship, though he forgot to mention that he twice fouled a lighter and three times caught "crabs," and that the only reason why the *Mudlark* lost was because her coxswain, who was short-sighted, steered her bump ashore. To the stock-broker himself the weather, he declared, was a matter of indifference; much less so, indeed, appeared to be the stowage of his luggage, of which there was a great deal marked conspicuously with the name of "Crake." The anxiety which he expressed on this head was probably one of the causes of the irritation which, at a very early period of the voyage, displayed itself in the temper of Captain Nettle. Habitual passengers by the *Stickfast*—should there happen to be any who have steamed in her more than once—will remember that it does not take much to awaken the irascibility of her gallant commander, whose fiery countenance, thin lips, and water-coloured eyes, hold out to the physiognomist a promise which seldom remains long unfulfilled.

"I hope, cap'n," said Mr. Crake, intercepting that officer, just as the steamer was about to start—"I hope, cap'n, my things will be stowed in a dry place, for I've a good deal of value on board, I can tell you."

"Value!" shouted Captain Nettle, fiercely—"ain't my ship of no value—ain't my cargo of no value—ain't my crew—d— your eyes, there, what are you after with that painter? Cast off, can't you—hard down with the helm—let her go—value!" And with these words he shouldered Mr. Crake on one side, and the next moment was pacing the bridge between the paddle-boxes, gesticulating more vehemently, shouting louder, and redder in the face than ever.

"What a gate boot!" said Mr. Criddle, who could not, under any circumstances, pronounce or even imitate the canine letter, but dropped it altogether. "If I was you, Mr. Crake——"

"Let me alone," said the stock-broker. "I'll handle him by-and-by—you'll see."

The *Stickfast* had a great many passengers, and deck-room was scarce, but the assiduity of Mr. Criddle, who felt himself (he said) in his native element, had secured comfortable accommodation for Mrs. Crake and Isabel; the stock-broker, still further incited thereto by his wife, was restless about his baggage; and the bow-oar of the *Conger* declared that, for his part, he never sat down at sea, except when he was "pulling;" so he took up a position in front of the ladies, whom he endeavoured to

entertain by his highly satirical remarks upon the rest of the passengers, Captain Nettle coming in, of course, for a large share of his sarcasm.

This was at the commencement of the voyage, but in the course of half an hour Mr. Crake got tired of watching his three-and-twenty packages, which nobody seemed inclined to make off with, and returned to the seat he had vacated, when he took out the *Times* and began to read; Mrs. Crake, who was a large lady and given to repose, closed her eyes in gentle slumber; her daughter Isabel, whose eyes were very fine, and who was, I must observe, an extremely handsome girl, made—as she generally did—excellent use of hers, in a way not particularly flattering to Mr. Criddle; and that gentleman having either exhausted the quiver in which he kept his shafts of wit, or perceiving that his sallies were unattended to, moved off, and consoled himself with a cigar in his appropriate place, the bows of the vessel.

An hour or two afterwards and we find the stock-broker holding forth amongst a knot of stout individuals like himself on the demand for specie, the chances of the war, the Crystal Palace “as a speculation,” and other cognate subjects; Mrs. Crake has woken up and is trying to fix her attention on some crochet-work; Miss Isabel, having discovered that there is no one on board worth looking at, is reading “*Scenes at Sebastopol and a Canter through the Crimea.*” the latest (authentic) work on the seat of war in the East; and Mr. Criddle, who has more than once returned to his allegiance, has contrived to fix upon a greater spooney than himself, whom he is stunning with aquatic adventures.

Yet later in the day the ordinary pursuits on board of steamers begin to tame; eager politicians, jolly young watermen, elderly ladies, even young ones, seem to be of opinion that if life be worth preserving at all—which none of them doubt—it is advisable to adopt the best means of sustaining it, and the movements of the steward are looked upon with far more interest than those of Captain Nettle, in whose demeanour there appears no change, as several of the passengers who have asked him questions about the weather and other matters pertaining to the voyage can conscientiously testify: to be perpetually annoyed himself and always to snub others are evidently the purposes for which he was called into existence.

Dinner is announced, the universal “heal-all” on board a Boulogne steamer; the stock-broker, with a few others equally wide-awake, has seated himself at table a full quarter of an hour before the steward came scuttling along with the first dish; and, notwithstanding her previous disclaimer, it does not require a second summons from her husband to induce Mrs. Crake to take her place beside him; Mr. Criddle is in a predicament; he is very hungry, but being also very much in love, wishes to take advantage of the opportunity offered by Miss Isabel’s remaining on deck; she, however, won’t hear of the sacrifice, but enjoins him, “if he wishes to please her,” to go down and take care of her “parents”—so dutiful is she, in expression—and Mr. Criddle, believing that at last he has made an impression, leaves the young lady to her meditations. What these are may be inferred from the fact that, as soon as Mr. Criddle is gone, she beckons to the steward as he is hurrying past, and tells him she will take something on deck; which “something” consists of pickled salmon, the legs and breast of a chicken, four or five slices of tongue, a plateful of lobster-salad, a gooseberry tart and

a custard; on which—as well as on a glass of stout and a little sherry—she meditates,—with considerable satisfaction. If I were to mention how they dine below, you would really give Miss Isabel the credit she deserves for her abstinence: three-and-sixpence a-head (not two-and-six, Mr. Crake, and you knew it) can't pay for what is consumed; see how often they return to the charge; how the boiled beef disappears horizontally, the roast longitudinally; how the fowls seem literally to take wing as they fly out of the dishes; how "veal-and-ham" are never asked for apart; how everything is asked for at once, and at least five times over; yet somehow the steward manages to bear up against the certain loss which must be the consequence of this extraordinary development of appetite: Champagne, Moselle, sherry, and brandy, have their prices, and those prices are sometimes profitable to the vendor. He has the reputation, too, of brewing a superior mystical compound which he calls "Boulogne punch;" and to ascertain in what respect it differs from the familiar British mixture—no other motive inciting—a few of the choicest spirits on board give orders, when the cloth is cleared, for ample jorum. The stock-broker is one of these; indeed, owing to his habit of chair-manning at public meetings, he assumes the office of president of the symposium, and takes the lead in the after-dinner conversation. He is supported by several gentlemen of city respectability, who enter their names on the steward's list as Messrs. Sawkins, Raggles, Pike, Worts, Twigg, Shum, and Snoddy, and the number finishes with Albert Criddle, whose strong point is being what he calls "manly,"—a faculty which he now develops by a liberal consumption of Boulogne punch.

The topics discussed by these respectable toppers are various at first, but, by degrees, they converge and assume a warlike tendency. The great question of the day is examined in all its bearings. The stock-broker, after denouncing Lord Aberdeen as a muff, and declaring that Lord Palmerston is *his* man—sentiments which meet with universal approbation—breaks ground at "Malter," criticises the intrenched camp at "Gally-po-ly," pooh-poohs the reviews at "Skawtory," divides his forces into four divisions, lands one "slap-bang," as he says, "at Varner,"—another at "O-desser," to cut off the retreat of "the Rooshians," a third "somewhere in the Crimyer," and with the fourth batters down all the fortresses from "Anayper" to "Redoubt-Kayley." These ideas, you will perceive, are not altogether original—much less so than his pronunciation of the Turkish names—but his plans of attack have that remarkable merit, and if his advice had been taken, Mr. Crake is of opinion it would have been all up with the Czar. Mr. Sawkins, who is a very elderly gentleman, and "perfectly recollects," as he tells the company, "the camp at Coxheath," inclines "in the main" to agree with Mr. Crake as to the general system of operations, but rather confuses the question by not very distinctly remembering the names of the several commanders, nor the positions which they occupy; he anticipates a great deal from the employment of "my Lord Raglan," whom he has seen "repeatedly," and considers "a fine soldier-like man." Mr. Raggles is of a nautical turn of mind—on which account he is very friendly with Albert Criddle, who already calls him "Uggles"—and is bent on "forcing the blockade," by which expression it is evident he has but a hazy perception of what a blockade really is. Mr. Pike, as his name might suggest, is—like Parolles—"a gallant militarist," skilled in

epithets of war; he is all for "debouching" and "turning the enemy's flank," "cutting him off from his supplies," moving "in masses," establishing "a *point d'appui*," operating "in detail," and so forth: strategical processes which he does not exactly succeed in reconciling. Mr. Wortall declares with emphasis that *he* would make short work of it; nothing less than driving them into the sea will satisfy *him*. Mr. Twigg has been informed (by his Sunday paper, but he keeps back his authority) that Cronstadt is *not* impregnable, but refuses to disclose which is "exactly" the weak point, a forbearance on his part for which the Emperor Nicholas is, without doubt, exceedingly grateful. Messrs. Shum and Snoddy are neither of them very correct as to the localities, and make rather a hash of the places on the Danube, which river alters its course in the most obliging manner to suit their respective views; but when they declare that "there ought to be no more d—d nonsense," they pronounce the opinion of the whole company. Albert Criddle, in his manly way, wishes he had the command of a gun-boat, "he'd soon make the 'Ussians know what we could do,"—only let him "go at 'em," and "he'd soon 'attle Constadt about their ears!"

From speculating on objects rendered safe by distance, the military and naval critics turn to something nearer home. The Camp at Boulogne, which most of them are on their way to visit, comes in for a share in the discussion. A camp is the *cheval de bataille* of Mr. Sawkins, and his recollections again come into play. He didn't go to Chobham, last year, on account of the wet, but when he was quite a young man he remembered, "as if it was only yesterday," seeing "his late Royal 'Ighness the Duke of York review the troops at Wimbledon," the immediate bearing of which fact upon the Camp at Boulogne is not very apparent. In his next sentence, however, he had proceeded as far as "Coxheath," and might in time, perhaps, have crossed the Channel if he had not been interrupted by Mr. Crake, who wished to give a toast. "He would drink," he said, "the 'ealths of our gallant Hal-lies, and suc-cess to their harms!" observing, *par parenthèse*, that he was "one of those who always *had* respected the French nation," and he trusted "soon to be among 'em." The toast in general was highly applauded, and Mr. Crake's last wish strenuously echoed, the "when shall we get to Bolong" becoming an interesting subject of speculation. The inquiry led to some remarks not very flattering to Captain Nettle, whose *brusquerie* had offended the greater part of the punch-drinkers, the stock-broker displaying more irritation than anybody else, and promising—for the second time that day—to "bring him to his bearings." Shortly after this declaration the party broke up and returned on deck.

It was now about six in the evening, and the vessel being abreast of the North Foreland, Albert Criddle observed to his friend Ruggles, as they stood in the "fo'castle" smoking, that the *Stickfast* could now lay her course, and he reckoned she would blow off her steam in Bolong harbour before the clock struck ten,—an opinion in which Ruggles acquiesced, qualifying his assent, however, by the safe remark, that if the wind got up from the "suthard and eastard" they shouldn't be in so soon.

"Not a cat's-paw at present," said Albert, making a telescope of his left hand and looking steadfastly through it, "but one never knows when a beam may spring up. I shouldn't mind, on my own account, if it came

on to blow a gale, for I'm used to that kind of thing,—have weathered a pitty many in my time; but," he added, in a confidential tone, "to tell you what, 'Uggle, there's some one on board,—a lovely being in fact——"

"I see," interrupted Ruggles; "you're enamoured. You didn't wrap your pea-coat round somebody just now for nothing,—not you!" And Ruggles laughed, but not in scorn.

Albert pressed his hand earnestly.

"'Uggle," he said impressively, "you have wung the seket fom my best; I will not disguise the tooth: beefly, I love Miss Cake!"

"I wish you 'appy," ejaculated Ruggles, with a sigh,—for he, too, had known the tender passion.

While this interesting colloquy was passing, the weather had altered its character. The gale which Mr. Criddle had defied still kept aloof, but in its stead a raw mist came creeping up from the eastward and made everything feel damp and uncomfortable; there was also, as the *Stickfast* rounded the Foreland, what Albert nautically termed "a nasty jabble of a sea," which produced a sort of up-and-down motion which was highly disagreeable: so much so, indeed, as to put an end to further conversation between the newly-made friends, and render them incapable of attending to any but their own concerns.

It fared much the same with several more of the belligerent punch-drinkers, but the stock-broker and Mr. Pike still held their own, and bravely paced the deck after the ladies had descended for tea and shelter.

By degrees the mist thickened to the consistency of fog, and the slackened speed of the *Stickfast* plainly intimated that the prediction of Mr. Criddle respecting the hour of arrival would be falsified. This was a circumstance not calculated to improve the temper of Captain Nettle, and, like the weed whose name he bore, he stung every one who came near him with "these lubber-like questions."

Mr. Crake did not seem to think that this was a favourable moment for carrying out his threat, but mildly put it to the irritable commander, whether it would not be better to turn round and run for the nearest English port!

"You'd like to jam the wessel on to the Good'ns I 'spose; have your eye on the binnacle you at the wheel, and keep her head a good south,—so; 'turn round,'—'put about,' you mean—what then, I should like to know? Be ready there with them lanterns; hang one at the foretopmast-head,—get another over the bows, lash it to the bo'-sprit as fur out as ever you can git; damme next thing he'll want me to come to a hanker in the middle of the Channel."

After this rebuff, Mr. Crake did not venture on any more suggestions, but contented himself by muttering, "Wait till I get you ashore!"

The prospect of speedily realising that event became more doubtful every moment, for owing to the density of the atmosphere it was found necessary to stop the vessel's way altogether with an occasional turn of the paddles to counteract the set of the current. Nothing disturbs a man's ideas of locality so much as a fog, and Captain Nettle, with all his experience, was quite out in his reckoning. Of course the more uncertain he felt, the more savage he grew. But there are situations when even the ill-temper of a sea-captain may be set at nought by his passion.

gers, and the present was one of these, for in the midst of what Criddle called "backing and filling," the steamer established her title to the name she bore, and suddenly stuck hard and fast. When, therefore, it became apparent to every one that the vessel was in a fix, the courage of Mr. Crake revived, and having taken the opinion of Mr. Twigg, who was a lawyer's clerk, he headed a deputation, composed principally of the punch-drinkers, and advancing towards Captain Nettle, who had come aft as the *Stickfast* grounded, demanded to know "categorically" where they were?—It was a question more easily asked than answered, but compelled to reply, Captain Nettle growled out that they might be "somewheres off Bolong," he couldn't tell to a cable's length "in the midst of this here blessed fog."

"And what steps, sir," said the stock-broker, authoritatively,—"what steps do you mean to take to get the ship off?"

"I'll show you," returned the captain, gruffly. "Stand by there forrard," he shouted, "with the portfire."

"God bless me," exclaimed Mr. Sawkins, in tremulous tones, "he's going to blow the vessel up!"

These words created quite a sensation amongst the deputation, which became an absolute panic when a moment afterwards a loud explosion took place. Aghast and bewildered, the stock-broker, Mr. Twigg, and the rest—including even the manly Criddle—suddenly turned tail, and rushed precipitately to the companion, upsetting each other in their flight, and rolling in a struggling heap down the stairs. Captain Nettle's wrathful features expressed more mirth than any one would have imagined they were capable of wearing, and he said with a grim chuckle to one of the crew: "I thought that gun would settle 'em!"

He then went forward himself to have the signal repeated; and although the majority of the passengers began to feel assured, after three or four discharges, that the *Stickfast* was not blown up, they were by no means certain—as Mr. Sawkins, backed by the ladies, suggested—that a naval action had not commenced with a Russian privateer; and Mr. Ruggles, who was slightly affected by the general apprehension, gave out that "all this" might have been prevented "if Gover'ment had forced the blockade."

It was not altogether a pleasant state of affairs, night having come on, the fog as thick as possible, and the signal-guns being fired every ten minutes. Even Captain Nettle at last got uneasy; but after the lapse of about half an hour voices were heard hailing the vessel. Mr. Sawkins was quite convinced that the enemy had "boarded;" and though he admitted that he didn't "exactly" understand what was said, expressed his firm belief that the language he heard was Russian.

It proved to be the *patois* of some fishermen from a small place on the French coast called Audresselles, a village lying between Ambleteuse and Cape Grinez, from which the *Stickfast* was distant about half a mile. Guided by the report of the guns, and as they came nearer by the lights on board, the fishermen had succeeded in reaching the steamer, and making their boat fast soon clambered on deck.

This was the critical moment which had filled the soul of Mr. Sawkins with so much dread, but as the hatches were not battened down, and the cabin was not fired into, as he vowed it would be, some of the passengers took heart and mounted also.

Messrs. Crake, Ruggles, Pike, Twigg, and Criddle led on this gallant band, and when they discovered that the boarders were not enemies, but actually belonged to the nation of our allies, their satisfaction exceeded all bounds; they each shook hands with the fishermen all round, and in the joy of his heart Mr. Albert Criddle proposed to treat them to "gog:" the offer imperfectly expressed his meaning, but they understood him well enough, and as he afterwards said, "They swallowed the bandy like winking."

Mr. Crake having sufficiently recovered his head to muster a few words of French, was made interpreter on the spot, and proceeded to inquire if the fishermen would take them on shore?

They willingly assented, and the stock-broker was beginning to bargain, to get it done, as he said, "tray bong marshy," when Captain Nettle struck in,

"He would be——" no matter what—"if any of his passengers left the vessel till they got into Bolong. He knew where he was now, and that was all *he* wanted."

The sense of self-preservation had, however, got the better of awe, and Captain Nettle's words were wasted on the desert air. "They also"—Messrs. Crake, Ruggles, Pike, Twigg, and Criddle—"would, in their turn, be——" no matter what—"if they did not go."

Still Captain Nettle resisted, and might have continued to do so, if a general determination had not been expressed by the passengers—who by this time had nearly all crowded on deck—to leave the steamer then and there. It was, I believe, to this resolution he yielded, and not to fear, though the manly Criddle has since been heard to declare, that he "threatened to throw him into the sea;" Ruggles, too, whose purposes were always stern, is said also to have hinted something about putting Captain Nettle "in irons." Luckily, however, matters were not carried to this extremity: the boats were got alongside, the ladies handed in, the "gents" followed, and room enough was found for as many as chose to abandon the *Stickfast*, which the receding tide would shortly leave high and dry on the shore. It was only after several strong internal throes that Mr. Crake consented to leave his luggage behind, but he indemnified himself for his disappointment, and satisfied his conscience at the same time, by doubling his fist at Captain Nettle, as soon as the boat in which he embarked was out of sight.

The various parties effected their landing in perfect safety, but to the dismay of those who had expected comfortable quarters in first-rate hotels, it was discovered that Audresselles boasted of only a single cabaret, incapable of affording shelter, not to say accommodation, to half the travellers. To stay where they were was impossible—to proceed appeared equally difficult; but by dint of a little more "marshandy," as Mr. Crake said, and by despatching messengers far and near, a number of vehicles were procured, carts chiefly, in which the ladies were stowed, their male friends proceeding on foot, and in this order, as the day was breaking and the fog clearing, they set out for Boulogne.

How gallantly Albert Criddle conducted himself *en route*, what heroism was displayed by Messrs. Ruggles and Company, how Isabel Crake bore the journey, how a party of officers from the camp fell in with the *cortège*, and what happened in consequence, must be told on some future occasion when time and place shall serve.

DIARY OF A FIRST WINTER IN ROME—1854.

BY FLORENTIA.

Italian Interiors—Churches: San Lorenzo in Damaso; S. Marco—Baths of Caracalla—The Opera, 1st Part.

To us prejudiced islanders, used to consider that all we reject must be wrong, and everything we approve right, there is nothing more uncongenial and incomprehensible than domestic life in Italy. In high society there is sameness and monotony all over the world, and good breeding, whether in London or Rome, teaches people to tone down and subdue all outward demonstration to the recognised standard of aristocratic reserve. In company, the fiery Italian becomes composed, the loquacious Frenchman silent, and the thorough-bred Englishman doubly impenetrable. But at home, nature peeps out undisguised, and one sees and hears of funny things occasionally.

The Countess G—— had a husband, a good, quiet sort of man, giving her no sort of trouble—indeed, she was apt to forget his very existence occasionally. This forgetfulness was carried so far, that in course of time she picked up a cavalier, who turned the honourable duo of matrimony into the dishonourable trio of *cicisbeism*. The Italian husband had *passo tempos* of his own, and cared very little about the matter, and the household went on harmoniously as before. In course of time the lady grew weary of her extra spouse, dismissed him, and took another; the quiet Italian husband remained impassible, until he found that cavalier the second, of a more excitable and unaccommodating nature than his predecessor, upset the domestic economy of the house, and, in particular, kept the dinner waiting. This was an unpardonable delinquency; and the husband, now awake to a sense of his wrongs, piteously complained to a friend in these terms: “My wife’s first cavalier,” said he, “was un gallant ’nomo un bravo ragazzo. I rejoiced to see him; but this, her second amico, is a *birbante*. Since he has come there is no comfort at home. I wish he were away, and the first back again. Bisogna che ne parlo colla moglie. She shall dismiss him, or we must separate. I must have my dinner at the proper time.” These are facts, strange but true, and indicate a most debased state of public morals.

Other things of a droller complexion often occur, when the singularities committed, however suspicious, are entirely innocent. The Marchesa —— is a woman about forty, of most pious sentiments, and a devoted invoker of the whole circle of saints. She regularly says her prayers by the calendar, and follows the *quarant’ore* into the obscurest churches. Her abode is an old tumble-down palace in the environs of the city, where she lives on a mere nothing, happy as a queen. The rooms are unencumbered with carpets or furniture, the only superabundance being frescoes, and great gaunt arm-chairs keeping guard along the walls in grim and gloomy state. Fire there is none, even in the depth of winter, that being considered a useless and unhealthy luxury by Italians.

The other day I went to see her, and was ushered into the bare room where she ordinarily receives by a ragged boy and a dirty woman. Her niece advanced to meet me, and after the usual greetings and extravagant expressions of joy considered an indispensable welcome in Italy, said her aunt was ill in bed, but would receive me notwithstanding. I was led into an immense room, equally devoid of furniture, save a small iron bed standing in the centre, without any attempt at curtains. Here lay the Marchesa in a rather dirty nightcap; while at the other end of the room, to my astonishment, appeared a priest dressed in a black *sottana*, amusing himself with a dog. I was about to retreat at this strange apparition in "my lady's chamber," when she called out to me from the bed a cordial "Buon giorno," and begged me not to mind Fra ———, who was her priest, and didn't signify. She then presented us. I sat down beside her bed, and the friar returned to his amusement with the dog. After we had talked some time, she requested him to come nearer and join in our conversation, which he did, seating himself, *sans cérémonie*, on the Marchesa's bed. She did not look the least surprised, and the good man, who had a most amiable and innocently grave expression of countenance, appeared as unconscious of the *mésinconvenance* he was committing as a child. After we had chatted for some time, I withdrew, wondering within myself what I should next see to astonish me in the penetralia of an Italian interior.

One side of a spacious piazza is occupied by the spreading *façade* of a magnificent palazzo, within whose arched and wide-extending cortile deep shadows come and go as the light shoots fitfully down. That palace and cortile—designed by Bramante, uncle of Raphael—and the broad staircase descending into it from the first floor, are noted among the bloodiest records chronicled by the historic muse as the scene of a fearful tragedy, too recent, however, in the memories of men to have acquired the same degree of superstitious awe imparted to deeds of murder mystified and deepened by uncertainty and the legendary horrors of long years of fearful remembrance. On those stairs was Count Rossi assassinated—into that cortile his mangled body was thrown—and out of that door was he borne, unshriven and unsung, to his long home. Included in the *façade* is the church of San Lorenzo, in Damaso, also built after the designs of Bramante. This is an exceptional church to the generality I have met with in Rome—dark, gloomy, and sombre. A vestibule forming the first division, with its low-rounded arches, is Gothic in style. Here are two altars—on one side that of the sacrament. The sun was shining gloriously outside when I entered, making the deep gloom and mystic repose of the church all the more striking. The transition was like passing into another and a holier world—light, atmosphere, colouring, all were different. The sunbeams found their way aslant through a crimson curtain to the sacramental altar, tinged, as it seemed, in their roseate rays with that divine stream which links our souls to Him who, by the shedding of His precious blood, opened that river of living waters along whose current our frail souls can alone hope to reach the heavenly country. There was an indistinct mist over the remainder of the church. Groups of kneeling figures clustered round the various altars, and told their beads under the deep shade of the heavy pillars. A monk, a nun, bowed in devotion, were here and there dotted about among the

and, their long black or brown robes, scarcely distinguishable, giving them a ghostly, solemn look, as of dwellers in the tombs rather than flesh and blood. I go daily into many churches, but this one had a strange effect on me. There must be comfort, elevation, and enthusiasm in bowing beneath these grand and glorious fane, these pillared aisles, these pictured altars, these heart-thrilling pictures. Yes, there must be comfort in giving to God of man's best and proudest, leaving Him to justify the work of mortal hands with that unseen but unmistakable power which hovers around these *religio loci*. The central portion of the church becomes modern Italian in architecture, with the exception of a reminiscence of the Milanese churches in the side aisles extending round the high altar, the outer wall being ornamented with sculptures and frescoes. There is the same peculiarity in the church of S. Lorenzo, in which, standing within the time-battered and scathed columns of Roman origin, that Napoleon has so carefully supported and riveted, enabling them to stand a few centuries longer. The Milanese church was, I believe, also designed by Bramante, that wondrous architect, whose very names sounds noble as his works. At the extremity of the side aisle, near the high altar, is a monument to the memory of the ill-starred Rossi, erected by Tenerani, with a bust in the centre full of individuality and character, underneath being an inscription simply recording his miserable death. Tenerani must have laboured *con amore* for his unfortunate patriot, Rossi and himself being both natives of the marble-girt city of Carrara. In the sacristy—within which there were assembled at thirty priests, all talking and laughing, offering an unpleasant contrast to the calm repose of the worshippers without—is a fine statue by Bernini of San Carlo Borromeo, that saint of saints, whose memory is carefully cherished. No other monument struck me as remarkable. Gay, light, graceful, and elegant is the beautifully-proportioned church of San Marco, behind the Piazza di Venezia, at the top of the city. Rejoicing in the richest marbles, bathed in the bright sunlight, here is gloriously gorgeous. Elegant pillars of a precious and beauteous red marble support the entablature, behind which are piers of a grey marble, affording a background and a relief to the brighter work, delighting the eye by the charming contrast afforded by the harmonious blending of the two shades. The entablature above is all brilliant with frescoes; the side altars radiant with every device and ornament, monumental and artistic; all, however, adapted with admirable taste, and forming a whole magnificent but not meretricious. In its simplicity, San Marco is perfect; and did Rome not possess such inexhaustible treasures in the way of churches, an edifice like this would be celebrated and really deserves. But what is mere decoration, however admirable, in comparison to those immortal works of genius that, on bare and unadorned walls, bring thousands from the uttermost parts of the earth to Rome and to admire? There are some mosaics of the stiffest and most horrible Byzantine pattern, unutterably hideous in their dolorous, long-lingering rigidity. Art must have been at the last gasp when such productions could be tolerated. Pictures there are too, but of no great interest. It is a whole—the entire effect—that makes this church so striking. After passing the Colosseum and proceeding along the Via di San Gregorio (so named from a church built on the spot where once stood his

ancestral palace) through the arch of Constantine, there is not a step without deep interest. The soil turns up rare marbles of every variety. Colombaria constantly occur, and ruins protrude in all directions—in the midst of vineyards, at the cross-roads, or incorporated into modern buildings; while gigantic cactuses and smooth-leaved orange-trees peep over the high walls, with here and there a solitary palm-tree rising out of great plantations of enormous reeds. Nothing can be more gloomily solitary than this district of ancient Rome—more suggestive of the past glories of her fallen state; and one treads the soil, feeling that an Apollo, or a Venus, or perhaps more inimitable treasures than the Belvidere or the Medici lie buried under one's footsteps. After proceeding about half a mile along these "*lugentes campi*," a huge, far-spreading mass of ruins rise abruptly into sight, elevated on slightly rising ground, looking much like the broken walls of a feudal castle, the rents of time causing the isolated fragments to stand singly forth like turrets, embattlements, and tottering towers, holding on to the decrepid mass by wide Etruscan-looking arches, formed of great blocks of stone—a strange, shapeless pile of reddish stone, on whose frowning surface the ivy and the clematis embroider themselves in waving patterns, wreathing with annual freshness the sharp hard lines cutting against the deep blue sky. The carriage turned up one of those odd Roman lanes bordered by high walls, that look as if they *could* lead to nothing but a rubbish-heap or a horse-pond, and yet which do conceal such treasures scattered along their sides. In a few moments we were under the shadow of the great ruin, and after desperately ringing at a wooden portal; at last found ourselves in the roofless but majestic halls of what once were the baths of Caracalla. Certainly it is the only Roman ruin aboveground worthy of competing with the Colosseum, and may, perhaps, be preferred by those admiring a ruder and more chaotic mass of positively fabulous extent. All is desolation: the footsteps echo mournfully under the great arches—grass grows in the vast halls—shrubs and creepers hang wildly from the roofless walls—and wild roses blossom in the place where emperors have trodden. Still all is grand and majestic in decay, and I felt positively overwhelmed by the stupendous ruins around me. One immense hall opens into another through gigantic arches, in endless succession. After passing through several, a great space, too huge to be called a hall, is pointed out as the swimming-bath, with a small apartment in one corner used formerly for dressing, where now remnants of heads and cornices, capitals and pillars, lie collected. From hence we mounted a staircase in one of the towers, repaired on the ancient model, with such high precipitate steps that there can be no disputing the fact of the longness of the Romans' legs; I would only recommend any antiquarian troubled with a doubt to try for himself. From the summit I looked down among the ruins below and around me, and traced the once splendid halls where the barbarous Caracalla and the luxurious Heliogabalus had whiled away their vicious idleness. On a level with me were arches and turrets, and great isolated masses of the outer wall, huge and shapeless as though an earthquake had tossed them. No one who has not seen it can conceive what a stupendous ruin it is. Here Shelley meditated amid the silence of the past; nor was it possible for ancient Rome to offer a more melancholy and solemn retirement for a poet's musing place. In the spring-time the

winds breathe soft and low in mysterious whispering sounds, their violence tempered by the solid walls; and the sun casts bright lights and shadows, and generates a delicious temperature. There is a fine view of the distant city through an arch in the outer wall. To the left stretches the level Campagna towards Ostia, broken only by the great arches of the Claudian aqueduct incorporated into the city walls, and the lovely Basilica of St. Paolo Fuori le Mura, like a mourning bride, desolate and forlorn in the fever-stricken plain. On descending, I passed into another immense hall, under arches expansive enough to span a river, where are some wonderfully preserved mosaics near the wall, marking the place of the private baths for the use of the emperors and greatest patricians. These mosaics (once, perhaps, pressed by the wretched tyrant Caracalla himself, fresh from some horrid murder, his hands stained by a brother's blood) are as bright as ever. Around the walls, midway, are the remains of a gallery from whence the sports of the gladiators were viewed by the court whilst the deified monster bathed. Then comes the vast Pinacotheca, or library, with niches for shrines and statues, the soil still upheaved and broken on the very spots where were found the Farnese Hercules and famous Torso of the Vatican;—and how many other statues must lie buried there, vainly awaiting an enterprising generation! Around this hall are the remains of a similar gallery for viewing the sports of the athletes. Luxurious Romans! to what hideous vices did that sensual love of unintellectual diversion not lead ye! How gorgeous this Pinacotheca must have appeared when decked with statues, pillars, paintings, and stucco, the vaulted roof glorious in gold and colours! Now the damp wind sighed through the desolate halls, and the toads hopped over the openings from which the fallen statues had risen.

A whole party of young priests, having divested themselves of all unnecessary clerical costume, and tied pocket-handkerchiefs over their heads, were playing vigorously at ball in the sunshine; one or two, more studious, coned their books, seated on the great stones scattered around. A new married couple wandered listlessly about—a pale, fair-haired Saxon girl, who saw nothing of the ruins that was not reflected in her husband's eyes, on whom she gazed unceasingly with long fond looks of gratified love. He—like every man who has gained what he desires, and cares little for the virtue of woman's love “growing by what it feeds on”—looked bored, and listened vacantly to the tiresome explanations of a *violet-de-place*—an animal highly objectionable everywhere, but specially so in a scene where “he that runs may read,” the iron finger of Time having traced the history all too well.

There is every arrangement visible still for the warm or vapour baths, funnels for passing the heated water, and the apertures for the evaporation of the steam. Altogether there are eight halls, and the extreme circuit is said to have been five miles and a half, including the adjoining circus, erected by the same wretched son of Severus who barbarously sacrificed his brother, the unhappy Geta, joint sovereign with himself, to his ambition. His atrocious character is stamped on the many remaining busts, all remarkable for the sinister deep-set eyes, and the expression of low bestial qualities, joined to a diabolical grin, quite satyr-like. I must not forget to mention that one of the finest specimens of ancient mosaics was found in these baths, representing athletes, masks, and wrestlers, all

hideously ugly and unpleasant, but admirably executed and wonderfully preserved. This mosaic is now shown in one of the halls of the Lateran Palace, where, transported from its proper site, it loses all suggestive interest.

No ruins of ancient Rome have impressed me more than the solitary halls I have feebly endeavoured to describe, and I hope, as the spring advances, often to return and make out more distinctly the site of the two temples dedicated to Apollo and Esculapius, the *genii tutares* of the place, as guarding the body and presiding over the intellect. But I shall look in vain for the outer court, surrounded by porticos that once adorned the inner edifice; or for the Odeon, from whence arose the echoes of the endless galleries and corridors; or the shady groves of palm-trees waving over the gymnasium for running and wrestling in fine weather; or for the great outer halls, where poets declaimed and philosophers lectured. Nought remains but lonely vineyards extending on every side, where the patient mouse-coloured oxen of the Campagna turn over the fat, heavy soil with a plough, so antique in shape it might serve as a pattern for Virgil to describe in his *Georgics*. Impenetrable walls enclose each separate space, sloping up the sides of the Aventine towards the ruined palace of the Cæsars, as proud in its crown of centuries as of the diadems of gold and bronze it wore of old, whose stern outline tops the Palatine Hill opposite, twin scenes of desolation, which for centuries have gazed at each other's gradual decay—phantoms of the great past, hovering over the habitable portion of the city.

The very existence of theatres at Rome is ignored by the Pope and his tonsured ministers the cardinals, spite of the immense "manifesti" that meet their eyes at the corner of every street, and the glaring fact that at this particular moment certainly some half a dozen occupy the idleness of the Romans every evening. This is one of those state fictions not peculiar in governments professedly jesuitical, such as the impossibility of Queen Victoria's going the way of all flesh and dying as other mortals—an immortality she possesses in common with the *Grand Lama*—or of her ever doing wrong, with other pleasing little delusions. The truth is, that Rome is one of the most fastidious places in Italy about acting and music; nothing is tolerated but the very best, and executed in first-rate style. During the Carnival, the Apollo is the opera-house, situated near the Ponte St. Angelo, almost under the shadow of St. Peter's, so that music, profane and sacred, respond to each other across the muddy Tiber. I wonder whether the thunders of the orchestra—which, spite of the official veto, will make itself heard—ever disturb the slumbers of the saintly Pius, and give him uncomfortable longings after worldly vanities? But *mum* for that: we are in the papal city, and may be punished for our impertinent surmisings.

This Carnival season has been exceedingly brilliant. Forty grand balls have amused the indigenous and visitor population, and the opera-house so much in request, one had to supplicate and pay for one in the fourth tier as in those fabulous Jenny Lind days in London; with this special difference, that what is enormous here would scarce procure you a good stall on a "long Thursday" at Her Majesty's. A new opera appeared, composed by Pacini, called "*Luise Valasco*," and I went because I had a box sent me. The theatre was announced

inside with company, and outside with French dragoons stationed along the streets or in dark portals, bearing drawn swords in their hands, with helmets and great white cloaks draping about them like togas, the heavy folds falling over their horses' flanks, looking uncommonly ghostly in the dark—dropped down from the clouds like the house at Loreto. Inside, the passages are guarded by more modernly-attired protectors, smelling furiously of tobacco, but I am so used to see French soldiers everywhere, that I only note the fact for the benefit of those afar off wishing to know what is done at Rome, that having passed into the vernacular as a rule available all over the globe. For my part, I wonder we can eat or dress without French soldiers. Perhaps it may be found imprudent to allow the Italians any respite from their conquerors, but we get on pretty well when they send us tolerable dinners from the Trattoria. All the opera-houses at Rome, spite of the goodly company they contain, are the dirtiest, blackest, most smelling places, I believe, in the whole world. Sometimes one's box is filled with such an overwhelming compound of odours, that it is indispensable to open the door, but as a French soldier immediately comes and looks in suspiciously, and mounts a kind of guard over one, there is no help but to close it. The Apollo is no exception among its fellows, and is as dark and dirty as years of filth can make it. No wandering breath of fresh air ever strayed in there; it would have been frightened long before in the stairs and corridors, and either died, or got out again to moan over the wrongs done it among the richly-laden orange-trees and myrtles in the Pope's garden at the Vatican close by.

Up and up stairs we mounted until our box was reached and the door opened, which species of mysterious suspense and expectation preparatory to entering the penetralia of a theatre always makes my heart beat somewhat quicker. I looked round, and found a nobly-proportioned house, as large perhaps as Covent Garden. If it had only been clean, one might have admired it, but the walls and the ceiling were grimed with the accumulated neglect of some fifty years at least, and the great central chandelier gave so little light that it was difficult to see anything before the footlights were raised. This Italian custom of darkening the theatres is carried generally quite to an excess, and gives a sad, gloomy appearance to what ought to be a brilliant, enlivening scene. I never saw an opera-house properly lighted excepting La Scala, at Milan; the others avoid light as much as possible, unless on some grand occasions, when the *prima donna* or *tenore* take their benefits, when there is what is pompously styled an *illumination*—meaning a lighting up such as one always sees at the meanest theatre in London. But in this city, where four gay lamps burning before a shop-window attract a nightly crowd of some hundred persons, one may decidedly say "they know not the light," a phrase here symbolical of much; but I am in no humour to prove the how and the why, being set on my racconto of the opera. The house was immensely full, the boxes looking like an overcrowded flower-vase, as the pink, and white, and blue draperies of the fair lapped over the edges like great leaves, and here a pretty hand protruded, and there a rounded shoulder. But honour to whom honour is due; no one here goes to the opera dressed in that state of classic nudity in favour at home, where, as Gavarni says, "*Les Anglaises se décoltent jusqu'aux jarretières.*" The French soldiers would be decidedly called in were

such the case, and the lady find herself under surveillance, and to be admonished by some first-class dignitary—perhaps Cardinal Wiseman himself.

The opera—a new one, by Pacini—was named “*Lucrezia Valasco*,” but as I had no book, I have not the wildest surmise what it was about. Barberini-Nini played the heroine, sang charmingly, and looked quite as hideous as ever. She was in a state of perpetual distress—therefore appropriately dressed in black—apparently suffering from her forlorn and orphan condition; a fact I gathered from her father, a very spare man, resigning her to the care of another lean individual—whose whole substance seemed to have melted away into a deep sepulchral bass voice—desiring him to take care of her after his execution. Such an antiquated and ponderous assignment raised a general titter in the pit, which, being the only place where modern Romans can dare to express their opinion now that the Forum is given up to cows and the city to French soldiers, is always loud, uproarious, and exceedingly independent. I will not waste more words on an opera which experienced a complete *fiasco*—the pit rose *en masse* at the conclusion, and irrevocably damned it. The ballet was a regular burlesque, being no other than the sorrows of Mary Queen of Scots done into dancing. Oh! shade of Robertson and other learned and grave historians, who have devoted such ponderous tomes to elucidate her history and defend her problematical virtue, what would have been your outraged feelings could you have seen your poetical heroine reduced to a squab, broad, red-faced woman, of surpassing ugliness, with staring, bead-like eyes, and a great wart on the expanse of her forehead, gesticulating with furious and frantic vehemence, throwing abroad her arms and legs as if they did not belong to her trunk but moved quite independently on springs! No mad woman escaped from Bedlam could have been more excited. Anywhere else than in Italy surprise would have possessed one at the sacrilegious prostitution of sweet Mary’s name; but after seeing *The Prophet* at Florence perform capers and *entrechats*, and dance himself into the good graces of the three Anabaptists, I could wonder at nothing. I believe, if the creation of the world was considered a good *coup* for a ballet, an Italian would be found to arrange the rôles and the *pas seuls*, and an Italian would be found to applaud it, provided only the *mise en scène* was only sufficiently voluptuous to tickle their fancy. Darnley, a dark, lugubrious man, discovers a fact about which historians are still in doubt, but with the peculiar perspicacity and penetration proper to the *dramatis personæ* of a ballet, he cuts the Gordian knot of ages, and decides as to the guilt of Mary with Bothwell—a lusty, stalwart knight, in full armour, who does unutterable things with his sword, which he continually swings over his head, leaping about the while like nothing human but a red Indian.

The Italians’ ideas of Scotch costume are exceedingly obscure, as I had already remarked in “*Lucia di Lammermoor*.” In the present instance the claim of the performers to be considered inhabitants of Old Gaul consisted in a variety of tight, coloured bandages, tied round the calves of their legs like garters, quite *à propos des bottes*. Mary is put in prison for her flirtation with Bothwell, who together with his followers penetrate there, and swear to liberate her, in order to accomplish

which feat some of them descend into the bowels of the earth (trap 2, right-hand wing), and with many grimaces and contortions place a train of gunpowder all ready for explosion. *Darnley* appears, wearing an angry brow generally, and particularly towards the *Queen*, who really deserves to be maltreated she looks so atrociously ugly in her prison dress; he then enters the palace, and *Mary* conveniently faints, while *Catherine Seaton*, a skinny, middle-aged woman, with scanty petticoats, executes a despairing fandango around her, until—high—presto—away!—up blows the palace, covering the stage with fragments, and the electric light rising out of the ruins makes the house look like broad day, quite putting the yellow candles to shame. Of what the electric light is typical—unless it be the supposed soul of *Darnley*—I cannot conceive; but who asks for congruity and consistency in a ballet? Not *Italians*, certainly—so the pit applauds, and the French soldiers cry “Bravo!” and we all go off in a very good humour out by the banks of the dark Tiber, still rushing to the sea through the dark night with the same rapid current, whether modern folly be the vogue, or pagan rites and classic indecencies “rule the hour.” “*Lucrezia Borgia*” was the opera selected to rejoice the souls of sinful Christians as the Carnival fun “waxed fast and furious;” but, in order to mask the delinquencies of this sinful daughter of the Vatican, whose relationship to Alexander VI. cannot be deemed an historic *doubt*, but must be considered as a scandalous *certainly*—the tonsured wiseacres who govern the city of the *Cæsars* determined to drop all connexion with so draggle-tail a dame, and so decided on christening her “*Eliza Vosco*”—“*Lucrezia Borgia*,” therefore, no longer, but with the same fiendish nature, for not even a consistory of cardinals can wash the Ethiopian clean. This was the converse of *Juliet’s* proposition as to there being nothing in a name, for the ecclesiastics showed a due and proper terror at the revival of *certain* names necessitating the ripping open *certain* facts.

The cast of the opera was strong. Barberini-Nini as the *ci-devant* heroine; Boucardé, the first tenor in Italy, as *Gennaro*; Coletti as the *Duke of* (melancholy) *Ferrara*. Nothing could be better on this side the Alps; but for my part, the immortal and ever-beauteous Grisi is so stereotyped to my mind as the magnificent *Borgia*, that looking at her palace at Ferrara, with the great blood-stains in the front, I expected to see a vision of *Lucrezia* bearing the Grisi lineaments gazing like Jezebel “out of the window.” It is one of those impersonations like John Kemble in *Hamlet*, or Mrs. Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*, incorporating the character, and rendering it a perfect historical revival, not a scenic delusion. Barberini was both grand and graceful also—ugly as she is, and old—but she misses Grisi’s great point in the concluding chorus of the first act, where on her knees the haughty duchess implores the mercy of each and every one of her enemies—*Orsini* and his companions—and drags herself along the ground in an agony of shame and rage. Who can ever forget Grisi in this thrilling attitude—her beauty—her pathos—her grandeur—her voice—and the inimitable mimica of her white rounded arms, which extends in every pose of despairing entreaty—a second *Ninon* in her great grief. It is no reproach to say Barberini could not do all this, for no creature ever did, or ever will, equal the inimitable

Grisi in this her peculiar rôle ; one which, did we believe in Pythagorus, we might believe she must have filled some three hundred years ago, and only now be reviving former passages in her career for the benefit of the nineteenth century.

Boucardé is a fat and stupid *Gennaro*, the real and veritable "Pescator ignobile," and not the high-bred, unmistakable patrician Mario appears even in his dingy dress. There is not a grain of romance about Boucardé, and his voice is no more comparable to Mario's silvery tones than his appearance. The fact is, he drinks like a fish, and is rapidly ruining a naturally fine organ. He made a good point in giving the words "*Era mia madre—ah! misera,*" with an expression of deep pathos that brought down rounds of applause, and a particular kind of roar peculiar to a gratified Italian crowd, very savage and bloodthirsty to the ears, reminding one of revolutions and all kinds of horrors. Coletti, as the *Duke*, produced but little effect ; nor was his acting within a thousand ages of dear old Tamburini, whose dignified carriage and princely air make all the more striking the satanic leer with which he witnesses his consort's despair in the grand duet in the second act, where she vainly pleads for the life of her son.

The contralto was below criticism. Ferraris, in a new ballet called "*Iliria*," was perfectly celestial, and appears to me wonderfully improved. She looked exquisitely young and pretty, and quite inflamed the susceptible Italians, who roared and screamed, bellowed with rapture, until I expected to see the French soldiers calling them to order. She advances, doing the prettiest things imaginable with a tambourine, all garlanded with knots of ribbon, which, holding before her, she seems to run after in the most graceful manner. I wish I could remember half her charming originalities ; they were piquant enough to rouse dulness equal to that of the seven sleepers, and Heaven knows the Italians are not unsympathetic when beauty appears. One dance she executed between two lovers, the Loved and the Detested, and it was so contrived that her face and step were all that was inviting—seductive and smiling to the one, when, turning short round, her whole expression and attitude changed as if by magic into an air of deep disdainful fierceness and hate, and this done so rapidly and so often that it scarcely seemed possible to be the same person. I thought the rotten old theatre would have tumbled about our ears, so loud and enthusiastic was the stamping and applause. As to her *tour de force* and her mimica, especially in one scene, when to the beautiful serenade air in "*Don Pasquale*," exquisitely played on the flute, she expresses her love in a series of the most seductive and graceful attitudes that ever entered into the heart of a naughty little daughter of Eve to conceive, I really want words sufficiently to extol ; it was perfect—the very poetry of dancing, and worthy of the Muse herself. Venus alone could have inspired the pretty rogue to do such wonders, and who knows if she had not been bearing offerings and performing sacrifices in her ruined temple hard by, near the Forum ? and that the goddess had not heard and granted her prayers spite of the lapse of centuries, and the ruin of her shrines, and of the Pope, and the college of cardinals, and those abominable French soldiers, always prowling where they have no business ?

RUSKIN'S EDINBURGH LECTURES.*

ON the morning of the day of Mr. Ruskin's first Lecture, there might be seen, pacing from end to end of Queen-street, Edinburgh, a grave Southron, evidently intent on some searching scrutiny of the goodly buildings in that fair long street. The Southron was unmistakably a chield among them takin' notes, and perhaps to prent 'em. His eye was fixed on the first-floor windows, and not to be distracted from its intentness of gaze till the last house in the series was reached and examined. What could be his mission? Evidently he was a man of business, and one who knew how to go about it in a business-like way, steadily devoting his energies for the time being to the work before him, whatever that might be. A sonesie face might meet his eye at this or that window in the protracted course of his survey, but not to make him swerve from his purpose, or falter in his allegiance. Well might the piqued owner of the sonesie face marvel at the man and his mission, and become extra piqued to discover who the one and what the other could be.

If she went that day—as, being young, civilised, and inquisitive, she was sure to do—to Mr. Ruskin's first Lecture on Architecture and Painting, delivered at the Philosophical Institution in that very street, her curiosity would be speedily set at rest. Enter the Oxford Graduate, and lo! the mysterious inquisitor of the morning. So the first part of the problem is solved. But what could *he* be “glowering” at, in that strange, stern fashion, this morning? Hardly has he begun his lecture ere this remainder of the problem is solved too.

Speaking of the kind of window all but universal in the New Town—viz., a massy lintel of a single stone, laid across from side to side, with bold square-cut jambs—in fact, the simplest form it is possible to build—Mr. Ruskin allows to it the merit of being “manly and vigorous,” and even dignified in its utter refusal of ornament, but “cannot say it is entertaining.” He then continues: “How many windows precisely of this form do you suppose there are in the New Town of Edinburgh?”

Here the shrewd damosel catches an inkling of the meaning of that morning scrutiny. Of course, he was counting the windows! And by his last abrupt sentence it would seem that on this numerical errand he has perambulated the whole New Town—has been toiling at “dot and carry one” all the way from St. Bernard's-crescent to Leith-walk—has left no lintel untold in Charlotte-square or Moray-place, in Heriot-row or Royal-circus, in Doune-terrace or Bellevue-crescent, in the intricacies of Stockbridge and the barony of Broughton. But he qualifies, and she finds she has been too hasty in her inferences.

For he goes on to say: “*I have not counted them all through the town, but I counted them this morning through this very Queen-street, in which your hall is; and on the one side of that street, there are of these windows, absolutely similar to this example, and altogether devoid of any relief by decoration, six hundred and seventy-eight.*” The computation includes—with severe conscientiousness it is added—York-place

* Lectures on Architecture and Painting, delivered at Edinburgh in November, 1853. By John Ruskin. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1854.

and Picardy-place (which are but a continuation of Queen-street), but takes no account of any window which has mouldings. The items are all "ditto ditto" of that not very entertaining single-stone lintel, and the total is six hundred and seventy-eight.

It has commonly been thought that we were paying Edinburgh a high compliment when speaking of her as the MODERN ATHENS. The only doubt was, whether the compliment was not misplaced and extravagant. But, by Mr. Ruskin's philosophy, so far as architecture is concerned, it is no honour, but the reverse, to be thus Hellenised. Greek he cannot away with. The Modern Athens invites him to come and lecture to the Modern Athenians. He goes; accurately counts six hundred and seventy-eight windows of Greek type in one of her streets; and tells her she ought to be ashamed of herself.

Before thus abusing her pride of place, however, he adroitly seeks a favourable hearing by a few flattering words on the lustre of the Firth of Forth, the rugged outline of the Castle Rock, and the historical charm of the Canongate. Nay, even of the New Town he declares, that so far as he is acquainted with modern architecture, he is aware of no streets which, in simplicity and manliness of style, or general breadth and brightness of effect, equal those of this division of the Scottish capital. But he soon turns to criticism of another sort, and produces his "little account" of 678 *ut supra*. "And your decorations," he adds, "are just as monotonous as your simplicities. How many Corinthian and Doric columns do you think there are in your banks, and post-offices, institutions, and I know not what else, exactly like one another?" And then he proceeds to enforce the claims of Gothic, with a fervour and an exclusiveness that, to prejudiced Modern Athenians, must have made him seem a Goth with a vengeance.

In his Gothic proselytism he lays stress, with his wonted ingenuity and eloquence, on Nature's suggestion and sanction of the Gothic type. He bids us gather a branch from tree or flower, and mark how every one of its leaves is terminated, more or less, in the form of the pointed arch, and to that form owes its grace and character. And he argues from what we see in the woods and fields around us, that as they are evidently meant for our delight, and as we always feel them to be beautiful, we may assume that the forms into which their leaves are cast are indeed types of beauty, not of extreme or perfect, but average beauty. "And finding that they invariably terminate more or less in pointed arches, and are not square-headed, I assert the pointed arch to be one of the forms most fitted for perpetual contemplation by the human mind; that it is one of those which never weary, however often repeated; and that therefore, being both the strongest in structure, and a beautiful form (while the square head is both weak in structure, and an ugly form), we are unwise ever to build in any other." Whatever be the worth of this argument from the forms of Nature, it is at the least a one-sided induction—drawn from one department of Nature only. It is a little curious, for instance, to find the lecturer, further on, denouncing the supposition that when Sir Walter Scott wrote about

Each purple peak, each flinty spire

of the Trossachs, he was describing what existed in fact. Here, the

interpreter of the Gothic in nature.' "There is not a single spire or pinnacle from one end of the Trosachs to the other. All their rocks are heavily rounded, and the introduction of the word 'spire' is a piece of inaccuracy in description, ventured *merely for the sake of the Gothic image.*" The italics are Mr. Ruskin's own, but they serve our turn too.

He counsels the New Town to set about de-Hellenising itself with all convenient speed. The denizens of Drummond-place and Randolph-crescent and the "lave," may indeed fear, and, as he tells them, must expect at first that there will be difficulties and inconsistencies in carrying out the new, the Gothic, style; but these will soon be conquered, he assures them, if too much is not attempted at once. "Do not be afraid of incongruities," he says,—“do not think of unities of effect” [almost the only thing Edinburgh architects *have* thought of, and about the last they will be willing to surrender to the Goth]. "Introduce your Gothic line by line and stone by stone; never mind mixing it with your present architecture; your existing houses will be none the worse for having little bits of better work fitted to them; build a porch, or point a window, if you can do nothing else; and remember that it is the glory of Gothic architecture that it can do anything. . . . Only be steadily determined that, even if you cannot get the best Gothic, at least you will have no Greek; and in a few years' time,—in less time than you could learn a new science or a new language thoroughly,—the whole art of your native country will be reanimated." With much that the lecturer contends for, in his general defence of Gothic and defiance of Greek, we heartily concur—and incidentally we may express our thanks for his just strictures on the bad building of the day, in the parts concealed by paint and plaster, and "the strange devices that are used to support the long horizontal cross beams of our larger apartments and shops, and the framework of unseen walls." We own to some fellow-feeling in his opinion of the vastly-lauded St. George's Church—or, as he irritatingly describes it, to men and women born and bred in sight of and reverence for it, "one of your most costly and most ugly buildings, the great church with the dome, at the end of George-street. I think I never saw a building with a principal entrance so utterly ghastly and oppressive; and it is as weak as it is ghastly. The huge horizontal lintel above the door is already split right through." His satire is legitimately directed, too, against the leonine ornamentation of the Royal Institution, carefully finished off at the very top of the building, "just under its gutter," where such "most delicate and minute pieces of sculpture" have the finest prospect of being out of sight, out of mind. "You cannot see them in a dark day, and perhaps may never, to this hour, have noticed them at all. But there they are: sixty-six finished heads of lions, all exactly the same; and therefore, I suppose, executed on some noble Greek type, too noble to allow any modest Modern to think of improving upon it." And here the lecturer amused his auditors by a diagram, the work of Mr. Millais, representing in most piquant contrast one of these impossible heads of noble Greek type, and the actual head of a tiger in the Gardens at Broughton, no lion being available in that collection. A copy of the drawing forms the frontispiece, and a very taking one, of this volume of lectures, to enable all to compare a piece of true, faithful, and natural work with "the Grecian sublimity of the *ideal* beast," as perpetuated by the traditions of the Renaissance.

But when Mr. Ruskin begins to rhapsodise about the religious superiority of mediæval day-labourers, and the souls killed by and buried under "your Greek stones," we follow at a very humble distance, with wandering steps and slow. This slaughter of the innocents, many will think, out-Herods Herod. "These square stones," the lecturer solemnly affirms, as he dilates on the "tyranny" of Greek architecture, "are not prisons of the body, but graves of the soul; for the very men who could do sculpture like this of Lyons* for you are here! still here, in your despised workmen: the race has not degenerated; it is you who have bound them down, and buried them beneath your Greek stones. There would be a resurrection of them, as of renewed souls, if you would only lift the weight of these weary walls from off their hearts." There is wholesome truth, and truth much needed if not much in request, at the bottom of this doctrine; but why word it in such questionable phrase? People who might otherwise mark, learn, and inwardly digest, now only read; and those who might turn down the page to think, now turn over the page with a smile, or perchance toss aside the book with a sneer.

Having discussed Architecture in his two opening lectures, in the third Mr. Ruskin comments on Turner and his Works. He bates not a jot of his hero-worship as time goes on. Turner is still to him all that ever he was, and perhaps more. "I did not come here," says Mr. Ruskin to his Edinburgh listeners,— "I did not come here to tell you of my belief or my conjectures; I came to tell you the truth which I have given fifteen years of my life to ascertain, that this man, this Turner, of whom you have known so little while he was living among you, will one day take his place beside Shakspeare and Verulam, in the annals of the light of England.

"Yes," he iterates: "beside Shakspeare and Verulam, a third star in that central constellation, round which, in the astronomy of intellect, all other stars make their circuit. By Shakspeare, humanity was unsealed to you; by Verulam, the *principles* of nature; and by Turner, her *aspect*. All these were sent to unlock one of the gates of light, and to unlock it for the first time. But of all the three, though not the greatest, Turner was the most unprecedented in his work. Bacon did what Aristotle had attempted; Shakspeare did perfectly what Æschylus did partially; but none before Turner had lifted the veil from the face of nature; the majesty of the hills and forests had received no interpretation, and the clouds passed unrecorded from the face of the heaven which they adorned, and of the earth to which they ministered."

All this is far above our capacity. Turner we admire most warmly, in our purblind way; but this new *leash* of Representative Men it puzzles us to comprehend. It is consolatory, certainly, to find the admission that Turner was not the greatest of the three—although the sequel goes to cancel that admission. We can fancy the stare of people of old-fashioned notions and unread hitherto in John Ruskin, at meeting with this passage about Shakspeare and Bacon having forerunners, but Turner none. If

* Referring to the elaborate façade of the cathedral of Lyons, illustrated by a drawing of an angle of one of the pedestals, a "minute fragment," no larger "than a schoolboy could strike off in wantonness with a stick," but exquisitely filled up with graceful and thoughtful composition.

Shakspeare, they will say (poor souls, in their naïve obtuseness),—if Shakspeare came after Æschylus, and if Bacon came after Aristotle, did not Turner come after certain painters who may at least be supposed to stand in the same, or in a corresponding, relation to *him*, as did the son of Euphorion to “sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy’s Child,” and the Stagyrite to the English Chancellor? Was there never a Salvator to limn such things as “the hills and forests?” never a Claude to record glimpses of the face of heaven, whose beauty makes us glad?

Salvator and Claude, it is time for these amiable dullards to know, are *nahushtan* in the Oxford Graduate’s code of worship. “Claude embodies the foolish pastoralism, Salvator the ignorant terror, and Gaspar the dull and affected erudition” of a weak and vicious age. After Titian and the *Titianesque* period of “great ancient landscape,” “you have a great gap, full of nonentities and abortions; a gulf of foolishness, into the bottom of which you may throw Claude and Salvator, neither of them deserving to give a name to anything.”* “The Claude and Salvator painting was like a scene in a theatre, viciously and falsely painted throughout, and presenting a deceptive appearance of truth to nature; understood, so far as it went, in a moment, but conveying no accurate knowledge of anything, and, in all its operations on the mind, unhealthy, hopeless, and profitless.”

As to the *man* Turner, of whom the lecturer discourses with genial and reverent kindness, it is pleasant to read an *éloge* so different to what tradition and anecdote have accustomed us to suppose feasible. We hope the spirit of the “apology” is as true as it is tender, and are sure the peroration is as tender as it is true.

The Pre-Raphaelites are the subject of the fourth and last lecture. The chief part of it is occupied with an exposition of the historical relations of religion and art. It includes some disdainful strictures on so-called “historical painting.” The only historical painting which Mr. Ruskin will hear of, under that name, is such as those artists produce who give us the veritable things and men they see, and not draughts of imaginative composition. What fools we should have thought the Italians, thinks Mr. Ruskin, had they, instead of painting contemporary poets, popes, and politicians, left us nothing but imaginary portraits of Pericles and Cimon. Wilkie, he contends, was an historical painter, when he painted what his keen eye had seen in the homes and haunts of his own land. But when Haydon and others begin to preach about the grand historical and classical school, and “poor Wilkie must needs travel to see the grand school, and imitate the grand school,”—forthwith poor Wilkie, that was a true historical painter *in esse*, but weakly proposed himself as a grand historical painter *in posse*, was ruined—became a “lost mind.” That grand school is charged with the ruin of other fine artists. Etty studied in it, and then “went to the grave, a lost mind.” Flaxman,

* Pastoralism is the descriptive title by which Mr. Ruskin distinguishes the Claude and Salvator period from the three preceding ones of Giotto, Leonardo, and Titian, and the subsequent “grand climacteric” of Joseph Mallord William Turner. He makes it out to be essentially one with the false pastoralism of our “literature of the past century”—of which “the general waste of dulness” was relieved, he says, only by a few pieces of true pastoral, like the Vicar of Wakefield, and—by a curious anachronism he adds—Walton’s “Angler.”

again, "another naturally great man, with as true an eye for nature as Raphael,—he stumbles over the blocks of the antique statues—wanders in the dark valley of their ruins to the end of his days. He has left you a few outlines of muscular men straddling and frowning behind round shields. Much good may they do you! Another lost mind!" In the highway of his argument, the critic will have a larger following than in the "mazy error" of its byways.

The main Pre-Raphaelite principle he defines to be that of absolute, uncompromising truth in all that is done, obtained by working everything, down to the most minute detail, from nature, and from nature only; or where imagination is necessarily trusted to, by always endeavouring to conceive a fact as it really was likely to have happened, rather than as it most prettily *might* have happened. He discriminates, of course, between the Brethren in their habits of adhesion to this principle, not all being equally severe in carrying it out. He allows that so long as they paint only from nature, however carefully selected and grouped, their pictures can never have the characters of the highest class of composition; but then he thinks any advance, from their present style into that of the great schools of composition, whether possible or not, is at this period certainly not desirable. He agrees that they are, as a body, characterised by a total insensibility to the ordinary and popular forms of artistic gracefulness, which occasionally renders their work comparatively unpleasing; and looks forward to the eclecticism of the future to remedy this defect. But on the whole he maintains, that "with all their faults, their pictures are, since Turner's death, the best—incomparably the best—on the walls of the Royal Academy;" and that "such works as Mr. Hunt's Claudio and Isabella have never been rivalled, in some respects never approached, at any other period of art."

If we have not given specimens of the wise, and truthful, and eloquent passages which enrich this little volume, it is not from indifference or want of sympathy. It is a book so sure to be, sooner or later, in everybody's hands—a book that the frivolous must read in order to be as *courant* with the mere talk of the day, and that the thoughtful will ponder with very different motives and results—that a more detailed notice of it, in this place, and at this not very early period, were superfluous. Whether Mr. Ruskin judged well in aiding and abetting the current craze for public lectures, admits of a doubt: not so the ease and taste with which he adapted his method and style to the occasion. Our mistrust of the lecturing mania is, we know, quite unfashionable, laughable, priggish, "and all that;" but we own to a erotchet share in Elia's general "detestation" of lectures "as superficial and rapid substitutes for quiet reading:" yet Elia could go to hear Hazlitt and even Thelwall; and as our only acquaintance with this Ruskin course has been in the shape of "quiet reading," we have no present right to complain. Besides, the lecture-room is perhaps indispensable now-a-days to the man who would agitate, agitate, agitate—though at the risk of more haste, less speed; and Mr. Ruskin is an Agitator, of no vulgar but of a very decided type.

THE TOUR OF DAVID DUNDYKE, ESQUIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNHOLY WISH."

I.

WHICH of the three wore the deepest tint, the darkest blue—the skies, the hills, or the lake? Each was of a different shade, but all were blue and beautiful, and all possessed the aspect of complete repose. Standing in that little garden near to the Hotel des Bergues, Rousseau's Island, as it is called, and which you, who have sojourned in Geneva, remember well, were two ladies, looking over the lake. No moving object broke the stillness of the prospect they were gazing on, save one, and that was a solitary boat at some distance, bearing away towards the right. It was scarcely a day suited to a row on Geneva's lake, for no breath of air arose to counteract the vivid heat of the August sun: hot and shadeless he poured forth his overpowering blaze: and, lovely as the lake is, favoured by nature and renowned in poetry, it was more lovely that day to look at than to glide upon.

So thought the gentleman in that solitary boat, Mr. David Dundyke—or, as he had of late aspired to be designated, David Dundyke, Esquire. He felt, to use his own expression, which he audibly gave utterance to, "piping hot;" he sat on one side of the boat, and the sun burnt his back; he changed to the other, and it blistered his face; he tried the stern, and the sun seemed to be all round him. He looked up at the Jura, with a vain longing that they might be transported from their site to where they could screen him from his hot tormentor: he turned and gazed at the Alps, and wished he could see on them a shady place, and that he was in it: but, wherever he looked and turned, the sun seemed to blind and to scorch him. Some people, clayey mortals though the best of us are, might have found poetry, or food for it, in all around them: but Mr. David Dundyke had no poetry in his heart, still less in his head. He glanced, with listless, half-shut eyes, at the two men who were rowing him along, and began to wonder how any men could be induced to row that burning day, even to obtain a portion of the world's idol, money. David Dundyke cared not, not he, for the scenery around: he never cared for anything in his life that was not substantial and tangible. What was the common scenery of nature to him, since it could not add to his wealth or enhance his importance?—and that was all the matter at his heart. He had never looked at it all the way from London to Geneva: he did not look at that around him now. Geneva itself, its lovely surrounding villas, its picturesque lake, the glorious chain of mountains on either side, even Mont Blanc in the distance, were as nothing to him, and if the earth had opened and swallowed them all up, it would have been no source of regret to him. Then why have travelled so far to see them? asks the unconscious reader. His only object had been to increase his already inflated importance in that great commercial city, the British metropolis, which was his world—he wanted to boast that he had "travelled in France and Switzerland and seen Mount Blank." For some days after his arrival at Geneva, the mountain had remained obstinately enshrouded in clouds, but one evening that Mr. Dundyke and his wife were walking outside the town with some acquaintances

they had made at Geneva, it was pointed out to him, standing proudly forth in all its beauty, and he had stared at it with just as much interest as he would have done at the hill in Greenwich Park covered with snow. He had seen the lovely colour, the dark, brilliant blue of the Rhone's waters, as they escaped from the lake to mingle with those of the thick, turbulent Arve, and he did not care to notice the contrast in the streams: there were no associations in his mind connected with that fair azure lake, whence coursed the one; he had no curiosity as to the never-changing glaciers that were the source of the other. But, by way of going on intelligibly, it may be better to introduce more particularly Mr. David Dundyke.

David Dundyke then, nearly as long ago as he could remember, had gone out in life as errand-boy in a London wholesale tea warehouse; and, steady, taciturn, pushing, and persevering, he rose, step by step, to be its first clerk. There he stopped for a time, but ambition was inherent in him, and it could not be repressed. With later years, higher honours dawned upon him: he was made the fourth partner in the house, and (hold your breath with proper deference while you read it, as *he* did) was elected a member of the METROPOLITAN BODY CORPORATE! But not yet was he content. His ambition—the ambition that fevered his veins and coloured his dreams—urged him to hope, with time, to attain to the highest dignity of the civic body. The massive gold chain of the Lord Mayor had dazzled his eyes and his brain—to wear that gold chain and sit in the Mansion House, dispensing justice, seemed to him as if it must be a heaven upon earth. He thought he was going on to attain this end; slowly, it is true, but not less sure. He was a hard, griping man, without sympathy for friends or pity for enemies: any poor lame dog, human or animal, that wanted a helping hand over a stile, need never apply to Mr. David Dundyke. He had no children, and by dint of penurious saving, he had accumulated a deal of money: not that he cared so much for money in the abstract, but it was one of the chief aids by which he hoped to rise into importance. He had many a time taken home a red-herring, and made his dinner on it, giving his wife the head and the tail to pick for hers. A meek little woman was Mrs. Dundyke, and felt duly thankful for the head and the tail.

This tea-dealing establishment stood high among its fellows, in Fenchurch-street, and was second in respectability to none. Not one of your advertising, poetry-puffing, here-to-day and gone-to-morrow houses, but a genuine, sound firm, having real dealings with Chaney, as the white-haired head of the house was too apt to designate the Celestial Empire. Mr. Dundyke sometimes presumed to correct the "Chaney," and mildly suggest to his respected master and associate that nobody called it, now, anything but "Chinar."

Of course when he was made the fourth and last partner in this good old house, and, following closely upon that, was elected a common councilman, the herring dinners were at an end. For it would not do for a man of his rising greatness, who had just taken a villa at Brighton and hired two maid-servants, to betray his former penuriousness. All his care, now, was to blazon forth his importance. He began to dress better: his black clothes wore a newer and more glossy appearance, he frequently appeared in white neckcloths, his modest silver chain was

exchanged for a gold one, he looked anxiously out for correspondents to address him as "Esquire," and, greatest step of all, he assumed a ring. The second and third partners in the house, one the son of the old head of the firm, the other moving in good society, both wore a signet-ring, so why should not Mr. Dundyke? His reverence for these rings was great. He would stealthily watch them drawn from the fingers to seal letters (private ones), and watch them slipped on again, with a sigh of admiration. Accordingly, he took heart and bought one, with a crest. Such a crest! Some nondescript animal like those that puzzle you in a child's "Noah's Ark." It looked something between a cat and a cow: with the fore-paw or hoof, as you liked to take it, raised in air. How intensely proud of this ring and crest Mr. Dundyke was, never can be told. He hoped soon to acquire sufficient moral courage to sport it in the warehouse: for he had not yet got as far as that. Not that he could have told what the animal was, had it been to save his life: he said once, in an off-hand manner, on being closely questioned, that it was the "crest of his family." Poor man! he did not know who or what his family had been, beyond the fact that his father had lived and died an industrious milkman, whose "walk" had been in Shoreditch.

Just about the time that this new ring appeared, something put it into Mr. Dundyke's head that if he went a "tour" it would be another stepping-stone to his greatness. His wife never knew what first gave rise to the thought, and thousands of times has she asked herself since: but, from whatever source it may have arisen, it finally fixed itself in his mind. Long he balanced the advantages and the drawbacks to the scheme: the advantages in one scale, the expense in the other, and the former eventually weighed down the latter. It would cost some of his cherished money, but it would exalt him much in the eyes of his civic brethren, many of whom had never been out of the city in their lives: especially if he could get some newspaper, less indignant at the word "bribe" than is the *Times*, to announce the departure of "David Dundyke, Esquire, and lady, on a continental tour." One evening, upon returning home from the city, he informed his wife that his mind was made up to go; all that remained was to fix the destination. "Somewhere foreign," he said.

"Foreign!" echoed Mrs. Dundyke. We are writing, take notice, of ten or twelve years ago, when continental travelling, though very general, was not so universal as it is at present. Mrs. Dundyke was a simple, unpretending woman, who with all her new greatness had not acquired an idea beyond her drawing-room dusting and stocking-darning, and the word "foreign" suggested to her mind extremely remote parts of the globe—the two poles, and Cape Horn. "Foreign!"

"One can't travel anywhere that's not foreign," returned Mr. Dundyke, testily, "unless one were to humdrum up and down England in a stage coach."

The lady left the room, and returned to it with an old atlas that had been of service to herself, more imaginary than real, in her school days. She opened it at the map of the world, and sat studying it.

"They are all such great places, so far off in this map!" she exclaimed, in bewilderment. "Africa—Asia—New Zealand—Botany Bay! Stay, there's America! New York; would that do?"

"It's never of no use talking with you about anything; Mrs. D.," broke out the common-councilman, wrathfully. "You can't understand things."

"Then America will not do?" was the meek answer.

"Do! Did you ever hear of people going to America, except on business? Nobody would believe that I went for anything but to trade. And that's not the end I have in view, Mrs. D."

"China's too far off?" returned the lady, deprecatingly, who entertained the most exalted opinion of the mysterious place; probably because the teas by which her husband's money had been made, came from it.

"Chinar!" roared the exasperated man, "the woman might as well suggest the sun! I have a great mind, ma'am, not to let you go with me, for your stupidity. You had better buy a baby's catechism of geography."

The lady sighed, closed the atlas, and pushed it gently from her. She thought she would make one more attempt.

"Paris, dear husband? That would be within reach."

"It won't do, ma'am. It's as common as Margate, and ten times commoner. Everybody, with a ten-pound note and a week to spare, rushes over to Paris now—spending their week in lumbering up in them great diligences, and lumbering down again. A journey to Paris is thought nothing of: and I want *my* tour, Mrs. D., to be one that will make a noise in the world."

"Yes," said the lady, humbly. "I fear I cannot think of any other place."

"Very likely not, ma'am: it's well you have got a husband to think for you. What do you say to GENEVA?" and the common-councilman threw back his head, and brought out the word with undisguised triumph.

"Geneva!" cried the poor woman, aghast. "Where's that? Over in Greece, or Turkey, is it not?"

"It is in Switzerland, Mrs. D."

"Geneva!" she still repeated, in consternation, "what have I heard of Geneva?—Some very grand place, very far, and very dear—that now but the tip-top quality go to!"

"Just so, ma'am: the very thing I'm aiming at. I want to be one of them tip-tops, Mrs. D. And I have bought a guide-book to it, and I mean to go."

"But the money it will cost," suggested the prudent wife, "have you thought of that?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have," growled the common-councilman, who made a practice of keeping his wife under, "and I have made up my mind to stand it without wincing."

"And how shall we manage to talk Swiss?"

"There is no Swiss," snapped Mr. Dundyke. "The language is French: the guide-book says so."

"It will be the same to us," she ventured to say, mildly. "We can't speak French."

"I know that 'we' means 'yes,' and 'no' means 'no,'" concluded Mr. Dundyke. "We shall rub our well enough with that."

Accordingly, one dull, squally morning, early in July, the couple

found themselves at London-bridge Wharf, ready to take the steamer for Boulogne. It was not a favourable morning for the voyage of those who had lived all their lives in happy ignorance of the discomforts of a rough sea, for the wind was unusually high. But the unconscious passengers were hastening on board in numbers, crowding the vessel, as these Channel steamers sometimes are crowded. A motley group thronged the deck: so far as station went, the common-councilman and his wife looked about the best on board. It does occasionally happen that a voyage will be distinguished by the steamer's having what the steward will term a "rum lot:" respectable people, of course, in their way, but not refined. Some carried a carpet-bag, containing a shirt and a hair-brush; they were evidently going over the water for but a day or so: some carried papers of sandwiches and cakes: and a few had brought baskets of shrimps, small, stale, pale London shrimps. One lady opened her handkerchief, and began to eat one of the two rolls it contained. "You'll have them for dinner, ma'am, by-and-by," observed a looker-on, winking at a friend; "no cause to take 'em in now." It was apparent that few on board were accustomed to any other voyage than the steam excursions down the river. Mr. and Mrs. Dundyke sat gazing on this novel scene: beyond one trip to Gravesend years before, neither had ever been on the water in their lives.

"Somebody's saying we shall have it rough," whispered Mrs. Dundyke to her husband. "I hope we shall not be sea-sick."

"Pooh! sea-sick! we shan't be sea-sick!" cried the common-councilman, imperiously, turning his ring, now assumed for good, full in the view of the passers-by. "I don't believe in sea-sickness, for my part: what is there to make you ill in a boat skimming over the waters? we did not feel sick when we went to Gravesend. It is more brag than anything else with people, talking about sea-sickness; a genteel way of letting out that they can afford to be travellers."

A good breakfast was prepared for those who chose to partake of it, as many did; and ere it was over, various well-known points on either shore were passed. It had been rough, even in the river: ere the boat had well passed Gravesend, her dead lights were put in, and now, as she ploughed her way on to deep water, the wind was freshening to a gale.

A scene of confusion, to grow worse with every hour, ensued amongst the crowded passengers, and the steward was nearly driven wild by the groans and calls for him, proceeding from all parts of the vessel at once, on deck and below; fore and aft. Bang to one side! rush to the other! now head up, now stern: bottles rolling, cups cracking, plates breaking! Oh the good steamer, will she ever live through it? The unbelieving common-councilman, to his horror and dismay, found sea-sickness was not a *brag*: he lay on the deck, groaning and moaning, and bewailing his ill fate in having come to sea. Prostrate forms, in all stages, were around him: some half dead; others wishing in their hearts, for they could not speak, that they were wholly so; and all vainly praying to be anywhere but on the waters.

"Steward! Oh Lord! steward! where is he? Steward! I'm so ill! Stew—and!"

"Eh mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Stew—arrt! Mon Dieu! Est-ce que je vais mourir? euh! euh! Stew—arrt! Sacré—euh! euh! Stew—arrt! Je me meurs! Stew—arrt!"

"Tain't nothing, mounseer. Let me hold yer head."

"Steward! Steward, I say! If you don't come this way—if you stop all day with them d—blessed foreigners, my name's not John Jorum if I don't report you to the company!—Oh heavens! Steward! o—o—o—ough! Lord save me!—and I know some of the directors."

"Coming, sir; this instant, sir."

"Steward! what the devil are you about?" roars an authoritative voice. "Here's a lady on deck quite senseless: why don't you come to her?"

"Steward!" bursts forth another at the same moment, in a startled scream—"steward! oh mercy! I—I—I'm sea-sick!"

"Sea-sick be—swallowed!" mutters the bewildered official below his breath. "I ain't got nothing left, sir, but a tin shaving-pot with a narrow neck, if you can make shift with that. Never have been so full, sir, as we are to-day."

"Steward!" breaks forth another, deplorably, "euh! euh! Steward! Lord be good to me! Euh! it's all a blowin' back into my face! Steward! come here and hold my head! how dare you—euh!—be so inattentive?"

"Steward!" jerks out a gruff voice, "come and carry this little girl down to her friends in the cabin, and give her a berth. Here's a heap of people lying on the stairs; impossible to get down for them. Do you hear, steward? leave them men to take care of themselves."

"Yes, sir; coming, sir. The berths be all filled double, sir, and cabins is chock full."

The cabins were full. Mr. David Dundyke making one of the unhappy sufferers, for he had staggered down, with help, some time before, and lay on the floor moaning. "If ever I set foot in a boat again, may I be drowned!" he exclaims piteously. "I'll go back by land, if it costs me a fifty-pund note. Eheu!"

"How will you do that?" asks a passenger in a pea-jacket, who sits comfortably in a corner, reading a newspaper and drinking bottled stout, as if he were quite at home in the scene, and enjoyed it. "There's no land to go by: it's all sea between France and England."

"Oh God forgive me for having come the tour! Steward! He stops up with them outsiders on deck. Heavens! Steward! Somebody call him, please! No mail, no coach, no nothing, sir? Steward! I shall have my heart up! Eheu!"

"Nothing of the sort," returns the equable porter-drinker; "coaches don't run on the water—which is what you must travel by, if you want to see England again. Unless you like to try a balloon."

"I thought there was a dear way through Dover or Calais," groans poor Mr. Dundyke. "Eheu!—I can't talk. Steward! is that him at last? Steward! what on earth do you mean by this neglect?—ehu!—do you know I'm a common-councilman?"

"Captin! captin!" squeaks a weak female voice, from the opposite cabin, as a young dandy, impervious to the horrors of the passage, descends the stairs and looks in, by way of gratifying his curiosity. "If you please, is that the captin there, in tan kids and shiny boots?"

"That the captun!" interposes the steward's boy, grinning at the lady's idea of a captain's rigging. "No, ma'am, he's up on deck."

"Just call him here, will you? I know we are a going down. I'm never sick a board these horrid boats, but I'm worse, I'm dreadful timid."

"There ain't no danger, ma'am," observes the boy.

"I know there is danger," retorts the lady, "and I know we are a going to be emerged to the bottom. If you'll call the capting down here, boy, I'll give you sixpence, and if you don't call him, I'll have you punished for insolence."

"Call him directly," cries the lad, rushing off with alacrity.

"I am the captain," exclaims a rough voice, proceeding from a rough head, poking itself down the ladder. "What's wanted of me?"

"Oh, capting! we are a going to the fishes fast—and all of us in such a state! If the vessel lives to touch land, some of us won't. See how she rolls and pitches! she'll be in pieces presently. There's the sea dashing over the decks and against them boards at the windows, such as I never heard it! and all that awful crashing and cording, what is it? Is there danger?"

"A great deal of fear, mum, it seems to me, but no danger," shortly answers the commander.

"Can't you put back again and land us somewhere, or take us into smooth water?" implores the petitioner. We'd subscribe for a reward for you, capting, sir."

"Oh yes, yes," eagerly joins in a sea of faint voices, "any reward!"

"There's no danger whatever, I tell ye, ladies," retorts the captain, not pleased at being called from his post for nothing. "We shall be in fast enough by-and-by."

"Not to-night, capting?"

"Most likely, mum; if we can save our tide. When we have got round this bit of headland, we shall have the wind at our stern, and go away as if the dickens druv us." And with this consolatory information the rough head turned round and vanished.

"I know we are a going down, I know we are! You ladies as be sick can't think of nothing but that, but to me as ain't, the danger's apparent to be seen. That capting ought to lose his place for saying there's no danger. If he had any humanity in him, he'd put back, and let us land somewhere, if it was only on the naked shore. Good mercy, what a lurch! now it's going to t'other side. No danger indeed! And all my valuable luggage a board! my silk gownds, and my shawls and my new lace cardinal! Good gracious, ma'am! don't pitch out of your berth: you'll fall right upon me! Hold on tight: what are hands made for?"

Some hours more yet, and then the steward, who has been whisking and whirling about like one possessed, now on deck, now on the cabins, and now in his own peculiar sanctum, amongst his tin jugs and his broken crockery, whirls in once more, and says they are at the mouth of Boulogne harbour. "Just one pitch more, ladies and gentlemen,—there it is!—and now we are in the port, safe and sound."

"Don't talk to me about being in," cries Mr. Dundyke, from his place on the floor, not quite sure yet whether he is dead or alive, but rather thinks he would prefer to be the former. "Don't fall over me anybody. I couldn't stir yet."

"Nine o'clock, and we started at six! Fifteen hours coming, steward, and you profess to make the passage in ten!"

"Wind and weather permitting, sir," corrects the steward. "We don't often have to battle with such a sea as this. It has been a very fine passage, considering."

"If they call this a fine passage," groans the exhausted common-councilman, "what do they call a rough one?"

II.

LEAVING Boulogne behind them, in which they remained but to sleep, Mr. and Mrs. Dundyke were fairly entered on their tour. The gentleman was a little in the habit of calling it "tower" at first, but this was corrected in time. It was in the old days of diligences, before railroads were very general, and the travellers reached Paris, all smooth and safe. Hitherto Mr. Dundyke had found no occasion to "rub on" with his "we" and "no," for he encountered very few people on the road, whether conductors, fellow-passengers, or innkeepers, who were not able to converse with him, more or less, in his native tongue. In Paris they put up at the Hotel de Lille, in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, and here they again found themselves in the midst of good vernacular English. But, Paris once left behind—and they remained in it but two days—their difficulties commenced; and many were the distresses, and furious the fits of anger, of the common-councilman. He wanted to know the names of the towns and villages they passed through, and he could not ask; or, rather, he did ask, repeatedly, but the answers conveyed to his ears nothing but an unmeaning sound.

"I don't think they understand you," gently suggested Mrs. Dundyke, one day, interrupting a fearful explosion of wrath. So of course her husband turned his rage upon her.

"How the devil should they understand, speaking nothing but this heathen gibberish? You are enough to make a saint swear, ma'am; you and they together. They should have an Englishman attached to their diligences, for the convenience of the British passengers. The government ought to enforce it."

Another source of infinite annoyance was the living. Those who have travelled by diligence in the more remote parts of France, and sat down to the table-d'hôte day after day with the other passengers, at the little roadside inn where the diligence halted, and remember the scrambling, necessary to be observed, if they would appease their appetite, may imagine the distresses of Mr. and Mrs. David Dundyke. In common with their countrymen in general, they partook strongly of the national horror of frog-eating, and also of the national conviction that that delicate animal furnished the component parts of at least every second dish served up in France: so that it was little short of martyrdom to be planted down to a dinner, where nearly every dish, for all the information they gave to the eye, might be formed of any known aliment, from a leg of beef to an apple puff, or of any unknown substance between the two. There would be the bouilli, it is true, but Mr. Dundyke, try as he would, could not swallow it, although he had once dined on red-herrings; and there would be a couple of skinny chickens, drying on a dish of watercress, but before he could hope, in his English deliberation, to get at them, they were snapped up and devoured. Few men liked good living better than David

Dundyke,—how else would he have been fit to become one of the renowned metropolitan body-corporate?—and when it was to be had at anybody else's cost, none enjoyed it more. At these *tables-d'hôte*, eat or not eat, he had to pay, and bitter and frequent were the heartburnings at throwing away his good money, yet rising up with an empty stomach. Not a tenth part of the cravings of hunger did he and his wife ever satisfy at these miserable *tables-d'hôte*. The very idea of but the minutest portion of a frog's leg going into their mouths, was more repulsive to their minds than that shuddering reminiscence of the steam-packet, and, what with this dread, and their inability to ask questions, Mr. and Mrs. Dundyke were nearly starved. The soup would be devoured, and the bouilli, during which time the two unfortunates would look ruefully on, or perhaps eat a stray radish or two,—which are in season, in those parts, a great portion of the year. Up would come the waiter, with a funny-looking dish, its contents wonderfully like what a roast-beef eater might suppose cooked frogs to be, and present it to Mr. Dundyke. We will give a description of what followed one day in particular, and that will serve for all.

"What's this?" inquired Mr. Dundyke, delicately adventuring the tip of a fork towards the suspicious-looking compound, by way of indicating the nature of his question.

"Plait-il, monsieur?"

"This, *this*!" rapping the edge of the dish with the fork, "what is it made out of? what do you call it?"

"Une fricassée de petits pigeons à l'oseille, monsieur," replied the discerning waiter.

Poor Mr. Dundyke, with an inward curse and an outward groan, pushed the dish away from him, for "Une fricassée de petits pigeons à l'oseille" in French, might be "Stewed frogs" in English.

"What was all that green mess in the dish?" asked his wife.

"The Lord knows," groaned the common-councilman. "Perhaps it's the fashion here to cook frogs in their own rushes."

Up rushed the waiter with another dish, that attentive functionary observing that the *Monsieur Anglais* eat nothing. A solid piece of meat, with little white ends sticking out of it, rising out of another bed of green. "Oseille" is much favoured in these parts of France.

"Whatever's this?" ejaculated the common-councilman, eyeing the dish with wondering suspicion. "It's as much like a porcupine as anything I ever saw. What d'ye call it?" rapping the edge of the dish as before.

"Foie-de-veau lardé, à l'oseille, monsieur."

The common-councilman was as wise as before, and sat staring at it.

"It can't be frogs, this can't," suggested Mrs. Dundyke, "it is too large and solid, and I don't think it's any foreign animal. It looks to me like veal. Veal, waiter?" she asked, appealingly.

"Oui, madame," was the answer, at a venture.

"And the green stuff around it is spinach, of course. Veal and spinach, my dear."

"That's good, that is, veal and spinach. I'll try it," said Mr. Dundyke.

He helped himself plentifully, and, pushing the dish to his wife, voraciously took the first mouthful, for he was fearfully hungry.

It was a rash proceeding. What in the world had he got hold of! Veal and spinach!—Heaven protect him from poison! It was some horrible compound, sharp and sour, that turned him sick and set his teeth on edge. He became very pale, and called faintly for the waiter.

But the garçon had long ago whisked off to other parts of the room, and there was Mr. Dundyke obliged to sit with that nauseous mystery underneath his very nose.

"Waiter!" he roared out at length, with all the outraged dignity of a common-councilman, "I say, waiter! For the love of goodness take this away: it's only fit for pigs. There's a dish there, with two little ducks upon it, and some carrots round 'em—French ducks I suppose they are: an Englishman might shut up shop if he placed such on his table. Bring it here."

"Plait-il, monsieur?"

"Them ducks—there—at the top, by the pickled cowcubers. I'll take one."

The waiter ranged his perplexed eyes round and round the table.

"Pardon, monsieur, plait-il?"

"I think you are a idiot, I do!" roared out Mr. Dundyke, unable to keep both his hunger and his temper. "That dish of ducks, I say. There! there!" he groaned, "it's being seized upon! they are tearing them to pieces! they are gone! Good Heavens! are we to famish like this?"

The waiter, in despair, laid hold of a slice of melon in one hand and the salt and pepper in the other, and presented them.

"The man is a idiot!" uttered the exasperated Englishman. "What does he mean by offering me melon for dinner, and salt and pepper to season it?—that's like their putting sugar to their peas! I want something that I can eat," he cried, piteously.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est que je peux vous offrir, monsieur?" asked the agonised garçon.

"Don't you see we want something to eat," retorted the gentleman, "this lady and myself? we can't touch any of the trash on the table. Get us some mutton chops cooked."

"Pardon, monsieur, plait-il?"

"Some—mut—ton—chops," repeated the common-councilman, very deliberately, thinking that the slower he spoke, the better he should be understood. And let 'em look sharp about it."

The waiter sighed, and shrugged, and, after pushing the bread and butter and young onions within reach, moved away, giving up the matter as a hopeless job.

"Let's peg away at this till the chops come," cried Mr. Dundyke. And in the fallacious hope that the chops were coming, did the unconscious couple "peg" away till the driver clacked his long whip, and summoned his passengers to resume their seats in the diligence.

"I have had nothing to eat," screamed Mr. Dundyke. "They are doing me some mutton chops. I can't go yet."

"Deux diners, quatre francs, une bouteille de vin, trente sots," said the waiter in Mr. Dundyke's ear.

"Fetch my mutton chops," he implored; "we can't go without them: we can eat them in the diligence."

"Allons! dépêchons nous, messieurs et dames," interrupted the conductor, looking in, impatiently. "Prenez vos places. Nous sommes en retard."

"Ca fait cinq francs cinquante," repeated the garçon to Mr. Dundyke.

"They are swindlers, every soul of them in this country," raved the common-councilman, passionately throwing down the money, when he could be made to comprehend its amount, and that there were no chops to come. "How dare you be so dishonest as charge for dinners we don't eat?"

"I am faint now for the want of something," bewailed poor Mrs. Dundyke.

"If ever I am caught out of old England again," he sobbed, climbing to his place in the diligence, "I'll give 'em leave to make a Frenchman of me, that's all."

His total ignorance of the language led him into innumerable misapprehensions and mishaps, not the least of which was his going from Lyons to Grenoble, thinking all the time that he was on the shortest and most direct road to Switzerland. This was in consequence of his rubbing on with "we" and "no." They had arrived at Lyons late in the evening, and after a night's rest, Mr. Dundyke inquired his way to the coach-office, to take places on to Switzerland. There happened to be standing before the office-door a huge diligence, with the word "Grenoble" painted on it.

"I want to engage a place in a diligence; two places; direct for Switzerland," began Mr. Dundyke; "in a diligence like that," pointing to the great machine.

"You spoke French, von littel, sare?" asked the clerk, who could himself speak a very little imperfect English.

"We," cried Mr. Dundyke, eagerly, not choosing to betray his ignorance.

Accordingly, the official proceeded to jabber on in French, and Mr. Dundyke answered at intervals of hazard "we" and "no."

"Vous desirez aller à Grenoble, n'est ce pas, monsieur?" remarked the clerk.

"We," cried out Mr. Dundyke at random.

"Combien de places, monsieur?"

"We," repeated the gentleman again.

"I do demande of the monsieur how few of place?" said the official, suspecting his French was not understood quite so well as it might be.

"Two places for Switzerland," answered Mr. Dundyke. "I'm a going on to Geneva, in a diligence like that."

"C'est ça. The monsieur desire to go to Gren-haub; et encore jusqu'à Genève—on to Geneva."

"We," rapturously responded the common-councilman.

"I do comprends. Two place in the Gren-haub diligence. Vill the monsieur go by dat von?" pointing to the one at the door. "She do go in de half hour."

"Not that one," retorted Mr. Dundyke, impatient at the clerk's ob-

scure English. "I said in one like that. I mean I would go by diligence, not by mail; it's cheaper."

"Yes, sare, I comprends now. You would partir by anoder von like her, the next von that parts. Vill you dat I retienne two places for Gren-haub?"

"We, we," responded Mr. Dundyke. "Two places. My wife's with me, Mrs. D.: I'm a common-councilman, sir, at home. Two places for Gren-haub. Corner ones, mind: in the interior."

"C'est bien, monsieur. She goes à six of de hours."

"She! Who?"

"The diligence, I do say."

"Oh," said the common-councilman to himself, "they call coaches 'she's' in this country. I wonder what they call women. Six hours you say we shall take going."

"Oui, monsieur," answered the clerk, without quite understanding the question, "il faut venir à six heures."

"And when does it start?"

"What you ask, sare?"

"~~She~~—the diligence—at what o'clock does it start for Gren-haub?"

"I do tell de sare at de six of de hours dis evening."

"We'll be here a quarter afore it then: never was late for anything in my life. Gren-haub's a little place, I suppose, sir, as it's not in my guide-book?"

"Comme ça," said the clerk, shrugging his shoulders. "She's not von Lyon."

"Who's she?" exclaimed the bewildered Mr. Dundyke; "who's not a lion?"

"Gren-haub, sare. I thought you did ask about her."

"The asses that these French make of themselves when they attempt to converse in English!" ejaculated the common-councilman. "Who's to understand him?"

He turned away, and went back to the hotel in glee, dreadfully unconscious that he had booked himself for Grenoble, and imagining that Gren-haub (as the word Grenoble in the Frenchman's mouth sounded to his English ears) must be the first town on the Swiss frontiers. "It's an awkward hour, though, to get in at," he deliberated: "six hours, that fellow said we should be, going: that will make it twelve at night when we get to the place. Things are absurdly managed in this country." This was another mistake of his: the anticipated six hours necessary, as he fancied, to convey him from Lyons to "Gren-haub," would prove at least sixteen.

At the appointed hour Mr. and Mrs. Dundyke took their seats in the diligence, which began its journey and went merrily on; at least as merrily as a French diligence, of the average weight and size, can be expected to go. Mr. Dundyke was merry too, for him; for he had fortified himself with a famous dinner before starting: none of your frugard rushes and "oseille," but rosbif saignant, and pommes de terre au naturel, specially ordered. Both the travellers, having been recently on short commons, had done it ample justice, and had seasoned it with some hot brandy-and-water, the lady one glass, the gentleman several. "It's the cheapest thing we can drink here," he observed, "and the best." Therefore, it was not surprising that both should sink, about nine o'clock,

into a sound sleep. They had that compartment of the coach, called the *intérieur*, to themselves, and could recline almost at full length; and, so comfortable were they, that all the various changing of horses and clackings of the whip failed to arouse them.

Not till six o'clock in the morning did Mr. Dundyke open his eyes, and then only partially. He was in the midst of the most delicious dream—riding in that coveted coach, all gilt and gingerbread, on a certain 9th of November to come, riding in stately dignity through Cheapside, amidst the plaudits of little boys, the crowding of windows, and the arduous exertions of policemen to preserve order in the admiring mob, riding with the mace and sword-bearers beside him, *his* mace and sword-bearers! Mr. Dundyke had been pleased that his sleep, with such a dream, had lasted for ever, and he unwillingly aroused himself to reality.

It was broad daylight; the sun was shining with all the glorious beauty of a summer morning, shining right into the diligence, and roasting the face of the common-councilman. He rubbed his eyes and wondered where he was. Recollection began to whisper that when he had gone to sleep the previous evening it was dusk, and that ere that dusk had well subsided into the darkness of midnight, he had expected to be at his destination, "*Gren-haub*," whereas—was he asleep still, and dreaming it?—or was it really morning, and he still in the diligence?—or had some unexampled phenomenon of nature caused the sun to shine out at midnight?—or—WHAT was it? In the greatest perturbation he tore his watch from his pocket, and found it was five minutes past six, but he was rather slower than French time.

A fine hubbub ensued. Mr. Dundyke startled his wife up in such a fright, that he nearly sent her into fits: he roared out to the coachman, he called for the conductor: he shook the doors, he knocked at the windows: he caused the utmost consternation amongst the quiet passengers in the *rotonde* and *banquette*, and woke up a deaf old gentleman in the *coupé*, who all thought he had gone suddenly mad. The diligence was stopped in haste, and out of the door rushed Mr. Dundyke.

"Where were they taking him to? why had they not left him at *Gren-haub*? did they know he was a common-councilman of the great city of London, a brother of the Lord Mayor and aldermen? How dared they run away with him and his wife in that style? *where* were they carrying him to? were they going to smuggle him off to Turkey or any of them heathen places and sell him for a slave? They must turn round forthwith, and drive him back to *Gren-haub*."

All this, and a great deal more of it, delivered in the English tongue and interspersed with not a few English oaths and expletives, was as Greek to the astonished lookers-on, and when they had sufficiently exercised their curiosity and stared at the enraged speaker, standing there without his hat, stamping his feet in the dust, and gesticulating more like a Frenchman than a stout specimen of John Bull, they all let loose their tongues together, in a jargon equally incomprehensible to the distressed Englishman. In vain did Mr. Dundyke urge their return to "*Gren-haub*," now with angry fury, now with tears, now with promises of reward: in vain the other side demanded to know what was the matter, and tried to coax him into the diligence. Not a word could one party understand of the other.

"Montez, monsieur, montez mon pauvre monsieur. Dieu ! qu'est-ce qu'il a ? Montez !"

Not a bit of it. Mr. Dundyke would not have mounted till now, save by main force. It took the conductor and three passengers to push and condescend him in : and indeed they never would have accomplished it, but for the sudden dread that flashed over his mind of what would become of him if he were left there in the road, hatless, hopeless, and friendless, while his wife and his luggage and the diligence went on to unknown regions. Some of those passengers, if you could come across them now, would give you a dolorous history of the pauvre monsieur Anglais who went raving mad one summer's morning in the diligence.

There was little haste or punctuality in those old days of French posting, driver, conductor, passengers, and horses all liking to take their own leisure, and it was not far off twelve o'clock at noon, six hours after the morning's incomprehensible scene, and eighteen from the time of departure from Lyons, that the lazy old diligence reached its destination, and Mr. Dundyke discovered that he was in Grenoble. How he would ever have found his way out of it, and on the road to Switzerland, must be a question, had not an Englishman, who was sojourning in the town, fortunately chanced to be in the diligence yard, and heard Mr. Dundyke's fruitless exclamations and appeals, as he alighted.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked the stranger, stepping forward. "I perceive we are countrymen."

Overjoyed at hearing once more his own language, the unhappy traveller seized the Englishman's hand with a rush of delight, and explained the prolonged torture he had gone through, and the doubt and dilemma he was still in—at least as well as he could explain what was to him still a mystery. "The savages cannot understand me," he concluded, politely, "and of course I cannot be expected to understand them."

Neither could the stranger understand just at first, but with the conductor's tale on one side and Mr. Dundyke's on the other, he made out the difficulty, and set things straight for him, and went with him to the diligence office. No coach started for Chambéry, by which route they must now proceed, till the next morning at nine, so the stranger took two places for them in that.

"I'm under eternal obligations to you, sir," exclaimed the relieved traveller, "and if ever I should have it in my power to repay you, be sure you count on me. It's a common-councilman, sir, that you have assisted; that's what I am at home, and a going on to be Lord Mayor. You shall have a card for my 'auguration dinner, sir, if you are within fifty miles of me."

So Mr. and Mrs. David Dundyke remained perforce at Grenoble that night, making themselves as comfortable as they might at the Hotel des Trois-Dauphins.

The next evening they gained Chambéry, slept there, for the diligence halted for the night, and in the morning started again. A fatiguing day's travel, during which they crossed the Alps, succeeded, and late in the evening their destination was gained, GENEVA.

The little guide-book possessed by Mr. Dundyke strongly recommended the Hotel des Bergues, especially that it spoke English; he therefore, on leaving the diligence, inquired his way to it. But as he

and his wife called it *Hotel des Burgess*, they had to show the book before they could be understood. A man offered himself as guide, and placing their luggage on a sort of truck, wheeled it off, they following in his wake.

"My! what a great place!" exclaimed Mrs. Dundyke, as they came in view of a large, handsome building. "I wonder what it is?"

"And that dolt of a porter is stopping afore it, and gaping round at us! Why doesn't he get on? We don't want to be a sight-seeing now."

"It can never be the hotel?" exclaimed Mrs. Dundyke, doubtingly.

"You are always a talking nonsense, Mrs. D.," sharply retorted her husband. "That the hotel indeed! By George, though! I don't know," he hesitated, as he arrived in a line with the porter and the truck. "What place is this, porter?"

The man shook his head, and beckoned to a respectable-looking waiter, standing on the steps.

"Do you stop here, sir?" inquired the latter, advancing to Mr. Dundyke, and speaking in English. "*Hotel des Burgess*."

"I don't know," hesitated the common-councilman. "I had no idea—It's a cut above us," he whispered to his wife.

The porter had taken the luggage off the truck, and was carrying it up the steps. Mr. Dundyke was about to order it down again, and direct him to go to some hotel of less pretensions, when he stopped short in his speech, and hesitated. What came over him? what caused him to arrest the words on his tongue? Not the shy feeling of "not liking" to object, for the common-councilman had none of that delicacy about him: was it his fate that was overtaking him?—a fate to which there was no resistance? None can know; but that hesitation—so far as can be judged—cost David Dundyke his life.

"Can we have a bed here?" he said to the waiter.

"There's one vacant on the third floor, sir," replied the attendant, scanning his customers and their luggage with indifference. "We are very full just now."

"That will do, the higher up the better, for I suppose you charge according. Let the luggage go up to it. And now what can you give us to eat?"

"The table-d'hôte is over, sir, but——"

"Oh, hang them table-d'hôtes," burst forth the common-councilman, provoked by the reminiscence out of his good manners. "Let's have something that we can eat: a underdone rumpsteak, and plenty of it."

And so we will leave them for the present, hoping they will enjoy it.

A ROYAL FAMILY IN DISTRESS.*

THE more remarkable events that signalised the revolution of July, by which the elder branch of the Bourbon dynasty lost the throne, and more especially the combats which took place in the streets of Paris, have been described over and over again with almost tedious minuteness. Dr. Véron takes us during the same eventful period into the interior of the palace, where incidents occurred of a less public, but not less interesting, description.

The 26th of July, the day when the ordinances appeared in the *Moniteur*, the king hunted in the wood of Rambouillet. He only returned to St. Cloud at nine in the evening, when he gave audience to the Prince de Polignac—the last, till the insurrection had gained the victory.

Tuesday, the 27th, was passed at St. Cloud miserably enough, receiving all kinds of contradictory news from Paris, but every one tending to depreciate the real danger for fear of being set down as an alarmist. As to the king himself, he had promised M. de Polignac that he would not act without the consent of the ministry, and he kept his word. He took nothing upon himself of his own free will.

Wednesday, the 28th, the firing in the streets was distinctly heard at St. Cloud—the tri-colored flag was seen at mid-day on the towers of Notre Dame, but it was almost as soon taken down again. Some preparations were made for the defence of the palace. The Duke of Ragusa was appointed commander-in-chief. The company of Luxembourg was ordered from the Quai d'Orsay to reinforce the company of Noailles, already at St. Cloud. The *Cent Suisses* were stationed at the palace, at the gates of Paris, and in the garden of the Trocadero.

The same day M. de Peyronnet, minister of the interior, appeared in the saloons of St. Cloud in his ministerial costume. "How did you manage," he was asked, "to get through the insurrection in that gold-laced costume?"—"Oh, it is nothing," replied M. de Peyronnet; "it will be all over this evening."

But a clever, honest functionary, one whose conduct during this eventful crisis is said to have been deserving of all praise, spoke in very different terms to the king. "You exaggerate the evil," said the king to him. "I so little exaggerate, sire, that if in three hours' time your majesty does not treat with the insurrection, the crown it bears will no longer be on its head." This functionary was M. le Baron Weyler de Navas, steward to the military home of the king.

As events proceeded, news became rarer at St. Cloud. The gates of the city were no longer easily passed, the suburbs were in insurrection, nothing was heard but firing of muskets in every direction, and this only diminished towards evening from want of ammunition. The Duke of Ragusa had declared the capital to be in a state of siege; the ministers remained permanently sitting in the Tuileries. Despatches were sent occasionally to the king, who communicated their contents to no one.

* Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris. Par Le Docteur L. Véron. Tome Troisième.

In the evening Charles X. sat down to his usual game of "wisth." The garrison of St. Cloud had been strengthened by the company of Grammont from St. Germain, and that of Havre from Versailles.

Thursday, 29th, the firing recommenced; the insurrection was gaining in strength; the Louvre was attacked. The king after mass reviewed the pupils of Saint Cyr, who came with their field-pieces to assist in the defence of Saint Cloud. The same day the Duke of Ragusa and the ministers, driven out of the Tuileries, took refuge at the same place. At this crisis the dauphin was appointed to the chief command. The prince mounted his horse to meet the battalions of the royal guard that were retreating by the wood of Boulogne. He spoke to them in words of encouragement, and even of affection, but he was received with marked coldness. "Give us bread—give us bread, your highness," was all the veterans could say. "For three days we have been fighting without a crust of bread." Such was the want of foresight and arrangement at a crisis of such serious import. The Duke of Ragusa, who is understood to have been all along unfavourably disposed towards the ministerial measures which brought about this crisis, had at his first interview with the king entreated that orders should be given for the distribution of 20,000 rations of bread and meat to the regiments of the guard.

"Hooquart," said the king to his chamberlain, "the guard is dying of hunger for now three days; twenty thousand rations of bread and meat must be served out."

"Twenty thousand rations, sire!" exclaimed Count Hooquart; "I have only two hundred rolls for your majesty's service."

Charles X. manifested, it is said, a certain amount of personal spirit on the occasion. "I do not intend to get into a cart like Louis XVI.," he remarked to M. de Mortemart, "but to mount my horse." Everybody attributed the mishaps which had occurred to M. de Polignac. The valets and attendants could scarcely be induced to attend to his wishes. So manifest was this feeling at dinner, that the princess wept, and M. de Polignac and his lady left the table before dinner was over. The same day the prince was dismissed the ministry, M. de Mortemart named in his stead, and the ordinances recalled. The court became so reassured by these measures, that the usual game of whist was made to relieve the routine of the evening.

The Duke of Mortemart is said to have accepted the post of prime minister with as much ill-will as the Duke of Ragusa undertook the defence of Paris. When M. de Sémonville first announced this fact to him, "Nonsense!" he exclaimed, taking two or three steps backwards; "never. I do not accept; I am just come. What can I do in this wasp's nest?"

Friday, the 30th of July, the combat had ceased in the capital, but it still continued in the direction of Chaillot, Neuilly, and the wood of Boulogne.

The same day, at ten in the morning, a chaise with two post-horses was seen traversing the suburb of Montrouge. Montrouge, like all the other suburbs, was in arms. Guards were stationed on all the approaches, and every new comer was questioned as to what was going on. Great anxiety existed on account of the reported advance of a Swiss regiment from Orleans. It was even said to be already at Etampes.

A chaise and post-horses naturally aroused great curiosity. No sooner

had the vehicle entered the suburb than it was surrounded. The travellers were asked whence they came, where they were going, and what they had heard and seen on the road. One of the party replied, that they were at the end of their journey, and that they came themselves to make inquiries, and to ascertain how things were going on. At their own request they were shown to an inn, in which they were allowed to take up their quarters.

These travellers were the Duke of Chartres, General Baudrand, M. de Boismilon, and M. Uginet, afterwards controller-general of the house of King Louis Philippe.

At this time a very general excitement prevailed. Opinions were much divided, and the presence of the Duke of Chartres might have given rise to serious disturbances. In order to prevent such, M. Leullier, mayor of Montrouge, determined to give information to the provisional government of the arrival of the Duke of Chartres, at the same time that he offered the prince every possible attention. He even told the prince what steps he was about to take, and the latter recommended him to direct his letter to General Gerard. The letter was accordingly entrusted to M. Uginet and an officer of the national guard of Montrouge, who started at once for the Hotel de Ville.

M. Leullier prevailed upon the prince to quit the hostelry in which he had sought refuge, and repair to his own house. When M. Leullier went into the room where the Duke of Chartres was, he was on a bed in a citizen's dress. He at once accepted M. Leullier's invitation, and rose up, accompanied by M. de Boismilon and General Baudrand. The latter took from under the bed the uniform and arms of the prince, which had been secreted there, and wrapped them up in his mantle.

The report soon spread throughout Paris that the Duke of Chartres was at the house of the Mayor of Montrouge. Some said that he came to take the part of Charles X., that his regiment was following him, and argued that his person must be seized and held as a hostage; others said he ought to be made to ride at the head of the combatants of July, so as to cut short all doubts as to the attitude which it behoved him to assume. M. Leullier had great difficulty in keeping the crowd tranquil, and signs of hostility were frequently very manifest.

This lasted for some hours, which appeared all the longer from the many contradictory rumours that were afloat, and which were well calculated to cause much anxiety to the prince. Between four and five o'clock the answer of the provisional government arrived.

It was General Lafayette who wrote: "In the absence of General Gerard, I answer M. the Mayor of Montrouge, and I feel certain that General Gerard would not have answered otherwise."

"The revolution which is taking place has for its object to establish the liberty of the people and of individuals, without exception, with regard to the family of Orleans. It remains with the Duke of Chartres to determine whose part he intends to take."

The Duke of Chartres returned to his regiment.

The same evening an important event occurred, the details of which are little known. The Duke of Ragusa, offended at being superseded as commander-in-chief by the dauphin, had reserved to himself the control of the royal guard, and having prevailed upon the king to grant two

months' pay to the troops as an indemnification for their loyalty, he bade the paymasters and sergeant-majors repair at once to the offices of M. de la Bouillerie, general steward of the civil list, to obtain the promised gratuity. M. de la Bouillerie, who had no effects, went to complain to the dauphin of the unpleasant position in which he had been placed. The dauphin, irritated that such a step should have been taken without even consulting him, summoned the marshal into his presence that very evening between eight and nine o'clock, when the duke made his appearance.

"Marshal!" said the dauphin, "what do you mean by the order which you gave this morning, for a gratuity to be paid to the guard, and that without communicating with me? Do you forget that I command?"

"No, your highness; but as major-general of the guard on the king's service, I took the orders of the king from his own person."

"You do not acknowledge, then, the order which named me generalissimo; you disavow the king's authority?"

"No, your highness; but the power which I exercise here, I also hold it from the king."

"Ah! you dare me! To show you that I command, I order you in arrest."

Surprised and irritated, the marshal shrugged his shoulders. The dauphin then added:

"Do you mean to do with us as you have done with others?"

The Duke of Ragusa answered with dignity that the calumny could not reach him. The dauphin, infuriated, threw himself upon the marshal's sword, seized it by the hilt, and endeavoured to draw it out of the scabbard. The marshal, in attempting to replace it forcibly, involved three of the dauphin's fingers, and hurt them so much that the blood flowed. The dauphin then called for assistance; the Count de Champagne, who was in attendance in an adjoining room, came in.

"Let the marshal be arrested; bring in the body-guard."

Eight soldiers and a sergeant took away the marshal through the *salle des Cent Suisses*, and led their prisoner to his apartments. In order to comprehend how annoying was this proceeding, it must be mentioned that a battalion of the royal guard was on service in the court traversed by its general, and that a squadron of lancers of the guard, forming the marshal's escort, were bivouacked in the same court, the horses being fastened to the windows of his private apartment. An officer of the guards perceiving what had taken place went into the saloons, which were lighted up as usual for the evening party of whist, and ordered all the lights to be put out. At that very moment the Duchess of Berry, accompanied by two ladies, came in, and inquired if the king was not going to play that evening.

"No, madame," answered the officer, "the Duke of Ragusa has been arrested."

"Is he a traitor?" asked the duchess.

It was the marshal's fate to be unjustly suspected by every one. When the king learnt what had taken place, the Duke of Luxembourg was at once deputed to raise the arrest under which the marshal had been placed.

"Marshal," he said to him, "the king restores to you that glorious sword which you will still use in the service of his majesty."

"No," the duke replied; "I will not take back that sword—I will be tried by a council of war."

Somewhat soothed by the duke, the marshal consented, however, after a time, to resume his sword, and to visit the king in person.

It was not without great persuasion on the part of the latter that the marshal consented to meet the dauphin. When he did so, the dauphin made the first movement towards him, and said, "Marshal, let us forget the past; you were in the wrong in issuing orders without my knowledge, and I was too hasty and passionate; I am punished, look!" and he showed him his wounded hand.

"Monseigneur," replied the marshal, "a deal of blood has been shed in Paris; I should never have thought I should have shed yours in St. Cloud."

The marshal then bowed and withdrew; but after the interview he would give no more orders. The dauphin, who could not act without the advice of an experienced staff-officer, had also to give up his command. Thus it was that, at a moment of so great a crisis, the royal guard found itself without a chief.

On Friday night the dauphin induced the king to leave Saint Cloud. He did not, however, take his departure till one o'clock on the morning of Saturday. The king was on horseback, as was also the Duchess of Berry disguised in man's attire, in order the more effectually to defend her children. On approaching Versailles at break of day, the Marquis of Verac came out to meet the king, and inform him that the town was in the hands of the insurgents and national guards, so that they were obliged to turn off to Trianon. Such was the dearth of provisions, that, in order to procure meat, they were obliged to slaughter the milk cows attached to the latter place. At eleven o'clock the same morning the flight was continued to Rambouillet, where the royal party arrived at ten o'clock at night. There was the same dearth of provisions here, and in order to supply the royal table, the king ordered a general *battue* of the forests. In the unskilful execution of these orders, a gendarme was shot in the leg, and a ball went through the hat of another. The same day a M. Poques, aide-de-camp to General Lafayette, who had come with a body of insurrectionists to watch the proceedings of the royal party, was wounded by one of the royal guards, and made a prisoner.

On Monday, the 2nd of August, M. de Berthois, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Orleans, arrived with the intelligence that the duke had been nominated lieutenant-general of the kingdom. The king gave his assent to this nomination, and as a further sequence, gave in his abdication, and that of the dauphin, in favour of the Duke of Bordeaux. This was done on the 2nd of August, in the hope that the chambers convoked for the 3rd of the month would recognise the legitimate claims of the elder branch in the person of Henry V. This act accomplished, the king assumed the garb of a civilian, and in the evening introduced the Duke of Bordeaux to the royal guard. When, however, on the 4th instant, a deputation arrived bearing intelligence of the nomination of the younger branch of the Bourbons to power, in the person of Louis Philippe,

Charles X. disavowed the proceedings of the chambers, and resumed all the insignia of royalty. There were still 14,000 men around the king, but in want of even the common necessities of life. A project was discussed for retiring upon Tours and beyond the Loire, and rousing up the Vendée; but the news that Tours had declared in favour of the insurrection caused this plan to fall to the ground.

The insurgents were in the mean time advancing upon Rambouillet, in a fashion peculiar to insurgents, "*en omnibus, en fiacres, en concours.*" They were said to have amounted to some 5000 in number, commanded by General Pajol. Marshal Maison is said by M. Véron to have exaggerated the army in omnibuses and cabs to 60,000 to the king, who upon this retreated to Maintenon, and that at a moment when his 14,000 men of the guard could have dispersed their doughty assailants in a few moments. The Duke of Noailles has published an account of the temporary residence of the royal family at Maintenon. It was there that the king finally dismissed the *Cent Suisses* and the royal guard, and only retained the body-guard in his service, and they accompanied him to Cherbourg. As Louis Philippe since expressed himself, under similar circumstances, Charles X. is reported to have said, "I do not wish for a civil war in France, or that French blood shall be shed on my account."

From Maintenon the retreat was continued to Dreux, where M. Odillon Barrot, one of the commissioners of the assembly sent to watch over the proceedings of the fallen dynasty, had to harangue the people to obtain even the respect due to misfortune. The 5th of August they slept at Verneuil; the 6th at Laigle; the 7th at Mellerault. The royal party seems to have travelled slowly and hesitatingly. The 8th and 9th were spent at Argentan. The king even attended mass at the cathedral. Two field-pieces, which had hitherto formed part of the escort, were left here, as was also a closed carriage, in which were hid Madame de Polignac and her children. They afterwards effected a safe embarkation from Valognes.

Each day the king left the town in which he had slept in a carriage, but no sooner a mile or two without the walls than he got on horseback, and rode till within a similar distance of the next station. The order in which the procession marched was as follows:

First, an advance guard, consisting of two companies of body-guards; next the carriages of the princes; in the first the Duke of Bordeaux, with his governor, two under governors, and M. de la Villate, his first valet-de-chambre; next mademoiselle with her governess, and the Baroness de Charette; then madame with her squire, her *chevalier d'honneur*, and the Countess de Bouille; in the fourth carriage the dauphiness with Madame de St. Maur; the dauphin on horseback, with two esquires; lastly, the king in his carriage, with the captain of guards on duty, and Marshal Duke of Ragusa on horseback. The procession was closed by another company of the body-guard.

Thus, in pompous yet sorrowful procession, did the fallen dynasty pursue its way by Condé sur Noireau, Vire, Saint Lo, Carentan, and Valognes, nearly the whole length of ancient Normandy. As they passed through the towns nothing was to be seen but tri-color flags and cockades. In some the aspect of the people was so hostile as to excite a certain anxiety,

but at length Cherbourg was attained: Here the unfortunate family had to traverse the streets amid a silent but sympathizing population. A M. Thomas had arrived from Paris, bringing a sum of 500,000 francs for the support of the royal family in a foreign country. The *Great Britain* and the *Charles Carroll* received the refugees and their followers. An affecting scene took place when the body-guard asked to take leave of the king and princesses. Marshal Maison, deputed by the assembly to protect the royal family on their departure, was also admitted to a farewell audience. He said, "That in accepting the mission which had been entrusted to him he wished to give the king a last testimony of devotion and gratitude."—"The less said about that the better," replied the ex-monarch. No sooner were the anchors up, than the admiral, Dumont d'Urville, inquired of the ex-king where he wished to be taken to? "What! am I not a free agent?" inquired the latter.—"I have orders," the admiral replied, "to take Charles X. wherever he shall express it his wish to be conducted, saving Belgium or the islands of Guernsey and Jersey."—"In that case," said the king, "take me to Spithead, and after that come to anchor off Cowes."

CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

Day bids farewell to Asia, and his eye
 Rests on broad Europe tired, yet lovingly :
 Behind Olympus' snow-browed height,
 That glows with richest ruby light,
 As earth had all its roses spread,
 To make a perfumed gorgeous bed,
 He slowly sinks upon his evening pillow ;
 But ere he folds his golden limbs in sleep,
 He looks from wood to wood, and steep to steep,
 Far o'er the Euxine, o'er the Ægean billow,
 Views Græcia's shores of never-dying fame,
 And tips Parnassus' cloven mount with flame,
 Views Troy's wide plain, and all the marble lakes,
 Purpling the earth, the wave, with well-pleased smiles ;
 Yet nothing sees he there,
 So gorgeous, glowing, fair ;
 So lovely from afar,
 Each mosque a golden star ;
 So calm, the cypress weeping
 O'er walls flushed waves are steeping ;
 So picturesque, yet grand,
 Adorning sea and land,
 As Stamboul, city of the "sweet green waters,"
 Shining like Venus 'mid Earth's dimmer daughters.
 We stand at Scutari, the place of tombs,
 Where many a *turbé** whitens, yew-tree glooms,
 And late on hills around the British host
 Pitched thick their tents, down sweeping to the coast :

* Turkish sepulchre.

A calm, not born of war, spreads wide its wing,
 As if an angel came,
 And breathed—peace! peace! and dared mankind to bring
 Red battle's thunder, and his bolts of flame.
 The crimson'd Bosphorus, whispering, flows between
 Two mighty continents; the woods of green
 Droop as in prayer, and softly gale-borne come
 The muezzin's call, the city's fitful hum.
 The small-pared boats from cove to cove are stealing,
 A hundred mosques their sainted domes revealing;
 The tall ships in the Golden Horn are riding,
 Their lengthening shadows eastward thrown;
 On shore some veiled form cautiously is gliding,
 For here young Beauty, in dark garments hiding,
 Must ne'er to prying eye be shown.
 The black Seraglio with its jealous wall,
 Where many a cypress hangs its heavy pall,
 Thin graceful minaret, and old grey tower,
 Catch the last beams, and soften in their shower;
 The skies their purpling roof have arched above,
 Smiling on Turk, Frank, Jew, alike in love;
 And all things, far and near, Eve's spell confess,
 And the charmed eye but rests on loveliness.

City! since Constantine upreared thy towers,
 And Venice stormed thee, and from Asian plain
 The Othman came, and seized thy beauteous bowers,
 Nature rich gifts hath showered, yet half in vain:
 Thou sittest in an Eden bright and blest,
 Holding the envied keys of East and West;
 Two inland Oceans kiss thy queenly feet,
 And wealth, power, glory, in thy halls might meet.
 Each Nation would thy lord be, would caress thee,
 But, jealous, dares the other to possess thee.
 E'en now the aggressor of the North,
 Sending his lawless Vandals forth,
 All robber-like, would seize thy charms,
 But never shalt thou grace his arms;
 No, while Gaul hath a sword, and we
 A white-wing'd thunderer of the sea!—
 Yet come what may, O city! pearl of earth!
 Lying in sunset splendour sleeping here,
 Fair as some creature of celestial birth,
 Her breast soft heaving, on her cheek a tear,
 If Moslems must depart at some far hour,
 Yielding to Western progress, art, and power,
 May Gorgon War her hand lay light on thee,
 And none thy ruin, desolation see;
 But ever mayst thou smile with tranquil brow,
 A thing of beauty, as thou smilest now.

TALES OF MY DRAGOMAN.

BY BASIL MAY.

NO. VIII.—THE WORSE AND THE BETTER HALF.

Even so, princess, Allah has made the Paria's nose like that of the Brahmin. He has served them alike. Why does not man follow the example of Allah?

SAADL. *Translation Mustfiz.*

It is, I know, the general belief amongst you North Land Giaours that the profane footsteps of the infidel have never sullied the sacred domain of the harem. Whisperings of the discomfiture of a party of the sons of your patrician families, represented as having surreptitiously endeavoured to escape the vigilance of the eunuchs, have reached me. I have heard how in the North Land it is currently reported that the Lords Tom Noddy, Breastpin, and Chatelaine were summarily disposed of in the attempt; the unfortunates, Breastpin and Chatelaine, spurning the alternative, being instantly consigned to the gloomy depths of the Bosphorus, whilst the more philosophical Tom Noddy, praying for life, was—hey!—Exactly, sir. And why should I endeavour to remove the false impression? Know not I that “where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise?” Verily but that the teachers of men have ever been obstinately bent upon upsetting this axiom, I should decline to establish a precedent, nor venture to enlighten your darkness by introducing you to this abode of celestial fires; a presentation, pray bear in mind, not the offspring of a fanciful imagination, but the detailed evidence impressed upon the retina of the eyes of life.

Journeying together, we shall visit the harem of the grand seraglio, on to the Sultana's apartment; but for the time being our business calls us to the garden thereunto belonging, and into the presence of a group of ladies seated on the grass, at a short distance from whom, leaning against a cypress-tree, is an elderly matron knitting, whose frequently furtive glances, alternately directed to the four cardinal points, sufficiently attest the important charge with which she is entrusted, being, as you may already have guessed it, an immediate attendant and guardian of the harem. This retreat is so securely walled in, excepting at the end, which, sloping downwards, overlooks the Bosphorus, that the presence of the eunuchs has been deemed unnecessary. Besides, it is the dinner-hour, and the latter may be seen from time to time lazily advancing up the walks leading to the different wings of the palace laden with dishes containing the light vegetable food of the Easterns—pilaff, stuffed cucumbers, and figs, roasted and served up on vine-leaves, and other spiced fruits. As they issue through low porticos into the gardens, one may just catch a glimpse of the watchful doorkeeper, whose duty it is to give them ingress and egress, as with a sharp clink he thrusts the door open at arm's length, closing it on the instant they have crossed its threshold.

It may not be out of place here to remind you, that you should be careful not to confound the terms *harem* and *serai*, or *seraglio*. The *seraglio* is the palace of the sovereign. Every Osmanli, from the highest to the lowest, has a harem, but even the Grand Vizier himself has no *seraglio*.

The European ambassadors at Pera have seraglios and no harems. (?) The Sultan has both.

Three ladies compose the group of which I have spoken. The eldest is one of some seven or eight-and-twenty years of age; is a dark beauty, whose classically-moulded features recal to mind the masterpieces of the Grecian school of art, or a Fornarina-Raphael, were it not that a sleepy, subdued expression of the eye, of the class termed *fendu en amande*, indicates that the softer feelings predominate. She is evidently a Circassian, or a daughter of the Caucasus. Her beautiful jet-black hair, showing in a slight degree the *crines ridentes* so prized by the ancients, and intertwined with a string of costly pearls and a rich India silk handkerchief, is worn in thick tresses over the brow and behind the ears—ears so white and exquisitely moulded, that the glittering ruby pendants which hang from them rather detract from than improve their natural loveliness. She wears a loose white silk pantalet, confined at the waist by a cord of the same material and colour, and reaching down to the ankle. The vest, which is also of white silk, made without lappels, covers the back only, and receding from off the hips shows the bosom swelling beneath the muslin. Her beautifully-shaped feet are slipped into a pair of yellow morocco slippers, with a gold braiding running round the edge. A crape scarf is tied about her waist, with the ends worn long at the side. Such is Florida, the Sultana.

That matronly-looking young lady on her right, her junior by a couple of years or so, is Mistress Angelica, the wife of Mustapha Pacha. She is a fair beauty, with a brilliant blue eye and rose-tinted complexion, dimpled chin and cheeks, and splendid teeth, shown constantly by a short merry laugh;—a little very rogue of little very rogues. Her physical appearance proclaims her a Georgian. She is dressed in blue: head-gear, pantalet, and vest, all blue, embroidered with gold.

The other young lady with the pink vest and pantalet and proud expression of features, the finely-chiselled and dilated nostrils, curling lip and flashing hazel eye, with its long silken fringe, is Miss Violante, the daughter of Ibrahim Pacha, the secretary of state, niece to the Sultana on her mother's side, and the betrothed of Bibi Medjid, captain-aga of the body-guard.

The ladies have spread out their *feredges* upon the grass, which at a distance, from the fine texture of the material, caught and swelled by the breeze, assume the appearance of a parti-coloured cloud pillowing the three beauties.

The *feredge* is a kind of cloak shaped like a domino, very ample, which the Turkish and Armenian women wear in the street. It wraps them up completely down to the ankle, showing of their costume merely the extremities of the pantalet. The *feredges* are all precisely alike in shape and cut; it is only in colour that they vary. The Turkish women generally prefer the lighter colours, such as blue, pink, or green. The Armenian women choose *feredges* of a darker hue, such as puce, chesnut, or dark grey.

"Indeed, Violante," observed Mistress Angelica, as she surveyed a stuffed fig she held by the stem between her forefinger and thumb previous to biting off the most tempting part, "I'm sure 'tis the safest course. Had I followed it from the first, I should not now be reduced to the necessity of assuming the sulks for some days before I ventured to insinuate that

the bestowal upon myself of any such trinket or piece of finery as may happen to take my fancy, can be the only condition of a treaty of peace with my Lord Mustapha. Not that this latter course does not answer very well; but you see, Violante, love, had I accustomed my husband previous to our marriage to consider assent to my slightest wish as a question beyond the shadow of a doubt, and accompanied that *ultimatum* by an assumed or genuine demonstration, as the case may be, I should have been saved a world of trouble, and that which now requires some days to accomplish, would assume the diminished proportions of a stamp of the foot, a broken tumbler, or an exterminating look."

Florida looked up from her pilaff and smiled.

"'Tis an experiment may be repeated once too often," she remarked; "besides, I think you need not take such pains to tutor Violante; no doubt she will do very well without instruction."

Violante, who was dipping a finger-biscuit in a glass of effervescing sherbet to make it froth, said:

"I don't like to be denied—anything." And with the last word she popped the finger-biscuit into her mouth.

"Quite right, my love," pursued Mistress Angelica, "for had you, when Captain Bibi Medjid threw cold water upon your desire to witness the masquerade, boxed his ears, or tapped him smartly on the cheek with your fan, it would have been such a lesson to him, that for the future he would have thought twice before he ventured to oppose your wishes. But what is delayed is not given up. Be sure you don't let slip the next opportunity; nothing like decision to begin with. Now look at me," she continued, throwing herself back, resting on her arm, and holding in her right hand a mother-of-pearl handle knife with a silver blade, on whose point appeared some comfited *hatchis*, which she nibbled at between her words—"am not I a striking example of the evil effects which attend half-measures? Lackaday, love, I've to scheme a good deal!"

There was irony in Florida's words, as with a half-sincere, half-mocking smile she replied, "Take care, Angelica, you don't teach your husband a lesson in the art of scheming."

Now those words were not a purely risked observation made on good or bad grounds, but the result of a foregone conclusion. Florida spoke advisedly. Having lady-friends at the sweet waters of Europe—at Fener-Baghtche, Moder-Bournou, Buyukdere, the valley of the grand signior, the sweet waters of the Asiatic coast, &c., &c., &c., at the latter of which named places resided her former intimate friend, Mistress Odorante, the faithless spouse of the Scheik-ul-Islam, it was but natural (and in that she only followed the example of the North Land savage ladies) she should employ a portion of her time—weather permitting—in morning calls; and here let me observe, it has often struck me that the sunshine is the great enemy of the housewife's duties. I have noticed, that during a continuance of fine weather, whilst our matrons are tramping or driving about on their pet business, our household familiars are neglected, and the dust is allowed to accumulate. It is only on your dull, heavy, wet days that the housemaid is called up and entertained with a specimen of her mistress's calligraphy, who, with severe scolding, traces with the tip of her finger Betsy's name on the lid of her work-box or top of the sideboard. Then, when we return home, we are sure to find everything in good order—the pokers and tongs

bright, the mantelshelf dusted, the lucifer-box in its proper place, and our slippers at the foot of the bed, or under our arm-chair. Oh! for a comfortable home give me a continuance of rain, when madam can't get about.

But this is a digression, and the less excusable that I have no power of bringing Mistress Florida to a sense of her duty, but have to relate how, on the occasion of one of her visits to the sweet waters of Asia, as she was stepping out of her caique, closely veiled according to custom, a gentleman, whom she had frequently observed followed her wherever she went, taking advantage of her *kavass's* back being turned, approached her and placed a paper in the folds of her *feredge*. Under ordinary circumstances, in the first impulse of her virtuous aspirations she would have consigned him to the unsparing discipline of her eunuchs, to be dealt with according to his deserts. But despite his somewhat altered appearance, he having assumed the costume of an Armenian and adopted a false beard, a peculiarity of gait had shown her that there was some affinity between himself and a certain person of her acquaintance. I hear you exclaim, with all the incredulity of your infidel race, "The old excuse over again." No such thing: I maintain there was no curiosity in the matter, for do you mean to insinuate that a feeling of curiosity predominates in the fair sex over a sense of propriety? My dear sir!

I maintain it was the right feeling, for on opening the note, who, according to her previsions, should it turn out to be but Mustapha Pacha, who most impertinently declared love to her, and asked her to appear in a certain costume which he described at the ball-mask of the Princess Muckenoff, the lady of Prince Muckenoff, ambassador extraordinary and super-plenipotentiary of the North Land barbarian monarch Tricolus the Great, Emperor of all the Snuffers. Now Mistress Florida being, as I trust you are led to believe, a right-minded woman, and sincere in her friendships, much as she disapproved of the conduct of her intimate, Mistress Angelica, was not disposed to profit by the estrangements between that lady and her lord, but on the contrary trusted, from the execution of a little plot then hatching in her head, to bring about a better understanding between them, and no longer with seeming pretence of sincerity still to continue to despise and play each other false. In a word, with the aid of one of her friends—a Mistress Khadidja, whom she knew would enter into the spirit of it—she purposed presenting Mustapha Pacha with an extinguisher which would effectually put out the flame of his nascent love. He evidently did not recognise her, and probably mistook her for one of the ladies in attendance at court. You will the more readily understand this, if you bear in mind that, when the Turkish ladies go out, their heads are so closely wrapped up in their *yachmaks* that their eyes are all that is seen of their faces.

"Take care, Angelica, you don't teach your husband a lesson in the art of scheming;" such was Florida's recommendation, of which Angelica took no further heed than may be gathered from a *pezzicatto* laugh, a *bah!* and an inclination to the horizontal, whilst allowing the knife she held to drop from her fingers, she joined hands under her head, subjected to the soothing influence of the *hatchis*. The repast being at an end, Florida made a sign to the female attendant of whom I have spoken,

which was quickly answered by the appearance of an eunuch bearing three pipes with jessamine tubes and amber mouthpieces, with which he advanced to the group, presenting one to each, beginning with the Sultana and ending with Miss Violante. The three ladies having now assumed positions of perfect ease and comfort, according to their several tastes and notions of *sans gêne*, the eunuch, having lighted the pipes, set down a flagon of sherbet and a dish of sweetmeats, left them to enjoy the delights of the *kef*.

The *kef* is something which differs both from the nap of the North Land barbarians and *far niente* of the barbarians of the South Land. It is an intranslatable expression, and can only be described as an influence which, whilst it cannot represent one as being asleep, denies also the assumption of one's being awake. Neither is it a trance, which I take it is accompanied with a feeling painful and oppressive, leaving the body exhausted and the mind depressed. It is a lulling, sense-absorbing, world-forgetting delicious negative state, which in the reaction leaves a longing, unsatisfied feeling behind. Whilst the ladies are enjoying the *kef*, that you may not be tempted to linger unwarrantably over so charming a picture,—for you should not forget, that although under cover of my authority I have undertaken to introduce you where but few, and those the singularly favoured—favoured by circumstances which, let the Mussulman contrive, and regulate, and command as he will, sometimes out-Mussulman the Mussulman—have rarely appeared and returned to relate what they had seen and accomplished,—I cannot consent to lose sight of you, for fear that you should by your imprudence run the risks, and suffer the punishment borne by your unfortunate countryman the Lord Tom Noddy. But bidding you turn down this narrow walk with me, I will, by the beard of the Prophet, entertain you with a little private chit-chat, on the most approved principle of your North Land barbarian scandal, concerning Miss Violante and her affianced, master Bibi Medjid, the captain-aga of the body-guard. Mind, I cannot answer for the truth of my relation, nor would it indeed be fair to expect that a chronicler should be held responsible for all he says when you have the much higher authority of tradition, of which he is but a conscientious and faithful servant. Besides, have we not the stereotyped conclusion of the wise, magnanimous, benevolent Prince Achmet Abukerbeetle, that “truth is stranger than fiction”—a proverb which the North Land barbarians, with their usual staggering, contemptuous indifference as to the law of *meum* and *teum*, proclaim as of their idiom?

Spinster Violante, the daughter of Ibrahim Pacha, secretary of state, and niece to the Sultana on her mother's side, was a jewel worth anybody's trying for, and fit, in a physical point of view, for any one to wear; so much the more then was she entitled to the respect and devotion of so humble an individual as Captain Bibi Medjid, whose only recommendations were a handsome face, a fine figure, and his being the son and heir of the wealthy old Medjid-Couter, the miser, rhubarb merchant, god of *rococo*, and bill-discounter. All nobility was on Violante's side, but then all the obligation was likewise on that of her respected parent, who, on more occasions than one, had given old Medjid-Couter the trouble of opening his money-bags, who received for the accommoda-

tion certain highly-promissory notes, whose professions were evidently like pie-crust, seeing that the giver, even to the knowledge of the receiver, was not worth an *aspre* in the sequin. But old Medjid-Couter, despite his filthy love of lucre, had an eye to distinctions, if not for himself, at least for his precious offspring, in whom he was pleased to consider himself as living anew a second and more respectable kind of life. *Vanitas vanitatum!* 'Tis so, even in a Medjid-Couter who has dragged through a slaving mammon-getting existence to set up a puppet of his blood, of himself yet not himself, purchasing every fragment of its honours with the ungrateful reward of years of toil, suffering, and care;—a puppet which disowns him, and blushes to hear him named. Who says so?

Bibi Medjid the hopeful got gazetted to the body-guard, and through the influence of his protector, Ibrahim Pacha, rose rapidly, for ere he had reached his twenty-third year he obtained his captaincy. As captain, he commanded in his turn the detachment on duty at the palace, and attended at the receptions, where he met and (by the beard of the Prophet, I think I had better out with it at once) instantly fell in love with the charming Violante. Two polkas, one waltz, twenty-three words, and nine pressures of the hand, had cemented, beyond the power of mortal to separate, the interchange of their strong celestial flame. Who doubts it?

Violante the charming was instructed by her papa not to turn a deaf ear to the suit of the gallant Bibi, whilst he on his part, deprecating to Medjid-Couter the great sacrifice of dignity such an alliance would occasion to his family, kept the game up, bled the god of *roccoco*, and filled his pockets. But it happened that, although Violante, like a dutiful child desirous of doing its parent's bidding, made a show of reciprocating Bibi Medjid's true love, she was in reality but performing a piece of humble generalship, inasmuch as her young affections having been pledged some years since, and soon after she had left Mistress Ladica Petticat's academy, to her father's *kavass*, Rikiki, it could not be expected she should be sincere in her professions of love. But Violante sweet knew her father's position, and knew also, having no dowry, that such a marriage only as she might contract with the heir of the moneyed Medjid could enable her to live in after-life in that degree of splendour to which she had been habituated beneath her father's roof. That's how maidens learn and thrive, and poor stuck-up yokels get taken in. But she determined, as a set-off to this grand sacrifice of herself, to exact from Bibi Medjid such indulgences and matrimonial concessions as would compensate for it—if compensation can at all be possible in such a case—and, to lose no time, she adopted towards her betrothed during courtship such a bearing as left him to understand that any opposition to her slightest wish would be attended with unpleasant consequences to himself. Great, therefore, was her surprise when, having expressed the desire of witnessing the public masquerade, Captain Bibi Medjid, with cool effrontery, positively objected, and refused to be her cavalier; and hence the benign suggestion of Mistress Angelica, that had she boxed his ears, or tapped him smartly on the cheek with her fan, it would have been a wholesome lesson to him. Indeed, probably Bibi Medjid himself was conscious of having acted with a want of foresight, for ever after, as long as lasted their courtship, he

endured the equivocal position of seeming to bend entirely to pettiest authority. But, sir, by the dust of Sultan Achmet's brodequins, you little know the gallant Captain Bibi Medjid, if you think this valiant warrior was to be caught with such acting. He was a cunning, sly deg was Bibi Medjid, and wide awake; and on one occasion, when an intimate friend had ventured to rail at him on the subject, he laughed a satanic laugh, and said, "Wait till we are married." By the beard of the Prophet, I would not for all the world that Violante had heard those five words. Thunder and ginger-pop, hail-storm, cataclysm, the rending into fragments the mighty fabric of the universe, perdition, chaos!—Here endeth the first chapter.

II.

THE *harem* is that part of the house, palace, or seraglio, inhabited exclusively by the women. The husband's apartment is termed the *selamlık*; it is likewise the place of reception where the Mussulmans exchange the salutation, *selam*. Anybody may visit the latter; the first is, as its name indicates, a reserved spot, a sanctuary access to which is permitted only to the husband, and on the threshold of which even the authority of the law expires. Such is the degree of sanctity attached by the Orientals to the word, that merely to whisper it is a sacrilege, and to this day, amongst the elders, to ask of any one news of his harem is considered a mortal offence. In the very exceptional cases where they are themselves compelled to allude either to their wives or daughters, they use all kinds of periphrases and metaphorical expressions tending to the utmost to cover the word itself. Thus a father, announcing the birth of a daughter, will say: "A veiled one, a hidden one, a stranger (*muçafir*) has been given me." Traces of some such susceptibility amongst the ancient Greeks are still extant respecting women. To allude to a woman, even in a flattering sense, was considered degrading to her. "The virtuous woman," says Thucydides, "is she of whom neither good or evil is spoken."

The authority of the lawful wife exercised in the harem meets with no control. If she be alone, which frequently happens, cases of polygamy being now exceedingly rare in Turkey, whether owing to the legal restrictions brought to bear on the exercise of that privilege, or whether owing to the changes which have occurred in the customs and manners of the Turks, all the house obeys her. If she have one or more companions, her authority is restricted to that part of the harem which she inhabits with her children and slaves, the law compelling him who marries several wives to give to each a separate apartment, and attendance proportionate to his means and to the birth of his wife.

The female slaves are composed of odalisks (*odalyq*) or concubines, and of inferior domestic slaves (*alayq*). The first rank apart in the harem, and are employed on matters less onerous than the other slaves, amongst whom they will one day take their place, unless the fancy of the master raises them to the position of lawful wife (*cadine*), or the birth of a child secures their freedom. They form, so to speak, the Sultan's escort, and accompany her out.

Having had the honour of your company to the very threshold of the harem, and admitting the precedent of the Lord Tom Noddy, despite the

bearded fierce old Mussulman who reigns there supreme, and may take the law into his own hands, in the face of which he stoically slams his doors, we will a'en adventure in.

The door is open, we step in, and the sight of such a *tableau vivant* as has seldom met the gaze and rejoiced the heart of mortal man is before you. Such a phalanx of female loveliness, rich silks and sparkling jewels! Such eyes, such hair, such hands, such feet, such lips, such brows, such limbs, such busts! Such poses, such cushions, such glances, such soft divans!

"Enfans voilà les beaux qui passent,
Cachez vos rouges tabliers."

Giaour Jenkins behave yourself, you are amongst the *houris*! These are looking at themselves in little circular mirrors, the backs of which are inlaid with filigree of silver and gold. Those are dyeing the extremities of their nails with henna. The others, with the amber mouth-pieces merely pressed to their half-closed lips, motionless, their heads slightly inclined, their eyes fixed and vacant, are savouring the delights of the *kef*. Let us not disturb them. On, on; we gently open another door, and enter the presence of Mistress Florida, and of her intimate, Mistress Khadidja, who is paying her a visit.

The Sultana's boudoir overlooks the Bosphorus, its most striking feature being the ceiling, which is painted in fresco with unequalled elegance and freshness. Here are canopies of turquoise-blue, shaded by light clouds disappearing at inconceivable depths; here are wide-spreading lace veils of marvellous design, gathered to a huge glittering conch, reflecting all the varied hues of the prismatic glass, and artificial flowers whose petals and leaves intertwine a trellis-work of gold. Here a jewel-box, whose contents overflow it in pleasing disorder, collars whose pearls unthread and roll off like rain-drops, sets of diamonds, sapphires, and rubies, form the subject of embellishment. Cassolettes of gold represented on the cornices send forth the bluish flame of perfumes, and create a ceiling of transparent dimness. Here, through a broken cloud, is seen the silvered ark so dear to Mussulmans. There the chaste Aurora tints with rose, such as colours a virgin's youth, a dawning sky; whilst arabesques of innumerable interlacings, carvings, gildings, bouquets of real and artificial flowers, blue lilies from Iran, or roses from Schiraz, vary the design.

Here are couches and divans with their soft cushions in silks from Persia, elaborately designed carpets from Bagdad, Indian scarfs and shawls, crapes from China, masterpieces in jewellery from the Paris and London marts, and elegant and fantastical *narguilehs*, with their flexible tubes coiled and uncoiled, like so many snakes reposing on the carpet. Surrounded by this Oriental and European wealth and splendour, negligently reclining on a couch, their legs crossed under them, Eastern fashion, sit Mistresses Florida and Khadidja, not the least precious of all the gems which the room contains. With her left hand supporting her head, which is thrown a little on one side, her arm pressing the cushion, and holding in her right hand the tube of her *narguileh*, which is escaping from her fingers, Mistress Florida is conversing with Mistress Khadidja, whilst a female Nubian slave offers to the latter on a silver waiter a small gold cup of honey-sweetened rose-water iced in snow.

"To recapitulate," said Florida, "you, dearest, will act the Giaour Lord, and undertake to forward the *billet-doux* to Angelica, which will inform her of the tender feeling she has awakened in your heart, intimate your intention of seeking her at the ball-mask of the Princess Muckenoff, and request that she will wear a certain costume, which costume shall coincide exactly with that described by the heartless Mustapha Pacha in his note to me. You know her love of adventure; she will accept."

"What fun," ejaculated Mistress Khadidja. I must inform you that hers was that light, elastic disposition which delights in a good joke, practical or otherwise. "Won't it be fun," she continued, "to see Mustapha intriguing his own wife—mistaking her for the lady to whom he had written?"

"I shall take care," said the Sultana, "that Mustapha receives a favourable reply to his letter. Here's the draft," she continued, drawing a paper from her bosom, and, unfolding it, read as follows:

"Fate is resistless. The houri whom the terrible Mustapha subjugates with the magnetic influence of his soul, remains powerless. She obeys his command. *Inch 'Allah!* she will do his bidding; but cannot answer for the jealousies of a Giaour Lord who pursues her."

"That's me!" said Mistress Khadidja, clapping her hands, and jumping up and down on her seat, in anticipation of the event. "What shall I do?" she cried. "Shall I accost her the moment I see her, and tell her I am the Giaour Lord, or shall I wait until, having recognised her husband in the person who follows her, she endeavours to escape from him?"

"You must be guided by circumstances, my dear," replied Florida; "don't leave them together too long, for fear Mustapha should discover she is his wife. Take her from him if you can; he'll be jealous and follow you. I shall be watching with those whom I intend shall share the secret, ready to appear at the *dénouement*, for the bringing about of which we must trust entirely to accident."

"Be sure that Mustapha gets the letter," insisted Mistress Khadidja.

"Leave that to me," replied the Sultana; and thereupon Mistress Khadidja took her leave.

I have been considering whether I should make a third chapter of the remainder of this tale, but remembering that my Dragoman didn't interrupt his narration even to refill his pipe, and feeling no particular respect for conventionality in the question of literary construction by rule, but being strongly of the opinion of the Giaour who wrote that "*ce qui amuse est toujours bien fait*," I will proceed at once to tell you, in the words of that respected story-teller, that the night fixed upon for the *fête* of the Princess Muckenoff, like all things, even your last hour, Miss with the rosy cheeks, which is but a question of time, at length arrived.

The gardens of the palace were brilliantly illuminated with pyrotechnic lamps, decorated with the rarest plants, flowers, exotics, and embellished with quaint devices. Here, a grotto so vividly lighted up that its glowing entrance looked like the opening of a fiery furnace. There, long, secluded alleys, faintly revealed by the subdued variegated light of innumerable lampions dotting the trees and shrubs, making apparent the fanciful outlines of the kioskos, which, mysterious-looking, silent, fantastical, seemed like the homes of gnomes and ghouls. *Tucks, in*

long beards and morocco shoes, trod the walks, glided down the alleys, stealthily crept round the kioskos to keep an appointment, to seek a particular companion, or in search of adventure. Others, grown worldly and staid, gathered in groups, talked about the weather and the scene around them, of the state of the funds and the state of the markets, not forgetting the slave-market, listened to the music, savoured the delights of the soft perfume which exhaled in space and embalmed the air. But ah! whom have we here, treading on our toes in his hurry to join a retreating figure, who has just turned down that sanded walk of plantains, cypresses, and sycamores yonder? As I live, 'tis our acquaintance, Mustapha Pacha, who has recognised the costume of his choice as recommended to be worn by her who captivates his heart, but who, to his inexplicable surprise, the more he pursues and endeavours to come up with her, seems but the more bent upon avoiding him and giving him the slip. By the venerated ashes of all true Moslem, 'tis provoking, and tantalising, and prudence-eschewing, and heedless-of-all-consequence entailing. Mustapha Pacha is determined to find out what it means. He quickens his step, reaches the quarry, taps her gently upon the shoulder—"Odhalyyq of my dreams!" he utters.

An exclamation from the lady—"Ah!" She turns away her head and darts off at a tangent. Mustapha Pacha remains rooted to the spot with astonishment. "What can it mean?—It must be she;" and he's off again like an arrow.

The lady has escaped. She stands alone in a secluded alley. She casts an anxious look around, and, certain of her solitude, un-yackmaks and wipes the perspiration from her brow. "Ouff!" Ah, ah! Mistress Angelica. She stamps her foot, and says "Odhalyyq of his dreams?"

Somebody is advancing towards her. The yackmak is quickly replaced, and she is about to beat a hasty retreat. Don't be in a hurry, madam. There's no mistaking him—'tis the Giaour Lord. Look at the whiskers, the grin, the palpable teeth, the dandified gait, and, above all, the incomparable neck-tie. He's prominent in a thousand; and Mistress Angelica discovers he has discovered her.

"Ah! madam, what undeserved bliss is this!" whispers the Giaour Lord.

"Imprudent young man," says Mistress Angelica. "Dread you not the gloomy depths of the Bosphorus, the stringent embrace of the bow-string?"

"Queen of my waking thoughts, of my nightly dreams, I love thee! An evanescent sip of the nectar of thy cherry lips were cheaply purchased at the price of the terriblest, the most ignominious death. Here, pressed to my heart, no mortal hand shall sever us."

"Oh!" exclaims Angelica, "the sharp angular corner of your tie has got into my eye. How rough you are!"

"Let me kiss away the starting tear. There!—Come, in yonder secluded kiosko, and at thy feet let me dwell."

"Beware of my Lord Mustapha."

"He'll not seek us there. Come!"

"Oh! don't ask me."

"Dearest, come."

"I must not."

"Now or never."

"No——o!" But it meant *yes*.

Concurrently with these events we left Mustapha Pacha in chase. Not an alley, not a grotto, not a *kiosk*, not a *mook*, not a corner but he visited. At that rate it will not be thought surprising that he ultimately hit upon the spot where the Giaour Lord had enticed Mistress Angelica. He crept so stealthily that they didn't hear his footsteps; his presence occurring at a moment so gratifying to the lovers and exasperating to himself, that, unable to bear the sight of what he witnessed, he unhesitatingly rushed in upon them. Mistress Angelica gave a shriek, and turned to run away. The Giaour Lord rose from his knees and endeavoured to shake off the grasp which Mustapha had of his arm, but at that instant eunuchs were seen approaching in every direction, carrying torches, and concentrating towards the spot, closely followed by the Sultan, the Sultana, and the court. Two of the three, Mustapha and Mistress Angelica, were completely taken aback.

"Whom have we here?" said the Sultan. "By the beard of the Prophet, as I live our master of the pantaloons and a stranger Giaour Lord. Who are you, sir? Know you him, my Lady Muckenoff?"

"I know him not, your highness."

The Sultana smiled.

"And you, lady fair," pursued the Sultan. "Will you do us the favour of unloosening the folds of your yackmak?"

Mistress Angelica complied.

"Ah!" shrieked Mustapha, "my wife! I demand, O! highness, that she pays with her life the penalty of her fault."

"Tis well," replied the Sultan. "Let justice take its course."

The Capou-Agassi drew his scimitar, made a terrible sweep describing a circle on high, and in another instant Mistress Angelica's head would have rolled at her feet! But, anticipating the stroke, "Mercy, mercy!" she shrieked, and threw herself at the Sultan's feet.

A couple of eunuchs stooped to raise her up by force.

"Stop, stop," said the Sultana. "Mustapha asks for justice. Your highness should first read this *billet-doux*;" and she handed over to him that which Mustapha had slipped in the folds of her *feredge*.

"Ah, ah!" exclaimed the Sultan, "to whom is this addressed?"

"To me," said the Giaour Lord, on a sign from Mistress Florida, pulling off his false hair and whiskers—"to me." And Khadidja was herself again.

"Oh, oh!" pursued the Sultan, "a *quid pro quo*, and virtually no case against Mistress Angelica. 'Tis Mustapha Pacha's head must come off."

"Spare him," implored Angelica.

"Why?" asked the Sultan.

"For the sake of the better half, O! highness," insinuated Mistress Khadidja.

"Even so," observed the Sultana; "for as your highness cannot punish the worse half without injuring the better, for the sake of the latter your highness should spare the first."

"Not badly argued," said the Sultan, "and I suppose I must give up the point; but, by the beard of the Prophet, friend Muftifiz," he continued, addressing that faithful servant and valuable councillor, "it isn't quite clear to me which is the worse and which is the better half."

ANECDOTES OF EARTHQUAKES.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

If my own mother earth, from whence I sprung,
 Rise up, with rage unnatural, to devour
 Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?

Some say the earth
 Was feverous, and did shake.

THERE are few sensations more startling and unpleasant than that which is occasioned by even the slightest of those movements of the earth's surface to which we equally give the name of *earthquake*, whatever may be the degree of their intensity, or the nature of their effects. Our imperfect knowledge of the causes which produce them, and of the laws of nature by which they are regulated, increases our alarm; and as we have no sure warning of their approach, and are their helpless victims when they come, we may be thankful that they are not of more frequent occurrence. They are fearful in every way: for where they have once been destructively felt, they leave an impression as to the possibility of their return, which, at times, comes disagreeably across the mind, even in our moments of enjoyment.

A writer, whose work was noticed last month,* speaking of Lisbon, says: "Some traces of the great earthquake still remain; here and there a huge windowless, roofless, and roomless mass, picturesque by moonlight, but saddening by day; fearful memento of wrath, stands to tell the tale of that terrible convulsion. Slight shocks are continually felt, and when I was in Lisbon, about five years ago, were so unusually powerful, that some fear was excited lest a recurrence of this calamity were imminent. The Portuguese have a theory, that nature takes a hundred years to produce an earthquake on a grand scale, and as that period had nearly elapsed, they were frightened in proportion. At Naples one cannot but be conscious that the city is built over 'hidden fires'; on one side is the ever active Vesuvius, and on the other the Solfatara, and an evident communication exists between them. Hot springs and steaming sulphur poison the air everywhere; but at Lisbon no such signs exist; *here* is nothing but a soil prolific beyond measure—no streams of lava—no hills of calcined stones, thrown up 1500 feet in one night (as the Monte Nuovo, near Naples)—no smoking craters—no boiling water struggling into day. Still the belief that Lisbon will again be destroyed by a similar throe of nature is prevalent, and perpetuated year after year by the recurrence of slight shocks."

In treating of earthquakes, we cannot seek our materials in the remoter periods of history.

It is remarkable that in the records of the Old Testament there are only, I believe, three passages in which they are mentioned. One of them is part of the well-known description of the appearances attending the revelation of the Almighty will to Elijah. The others refer to the

* *Hither and Thither.*

one event of an earthquake in the days of Uzziah, King of Judah—not quite 800 years B.C. and from the language in which it is alluded to, we may infer that such convulsions were then of unusual occurrence.

It is in comparatively modern times that

The old
And crazy earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent.

When they are mentioned by the classical writers of antiquity it is generally without any detailed notices of their phenomena, and in connexion with other incidents.

Thucydides speaks of their frequency in Greece during the Peloponnesian war, and—in one instance—describes their more remarkable effects;—chiefly the destruction of life and buildings occasioned by inundations on the coast; and he modestly suggests, that “in his own opinion” the shock drives the sea back, and this suddenly coming on again with a violent rush, causes the inundation; “which, without an earthquake,” he thinks, “would never have happened.” But he mentions the more noticeable fact, that “at Peparethus there was a retreat of the sea though no inundation followed.”

Inscriptions have been found in temples both at Herculaneum and Pompeii, commemorating the rebuilding of these edifices after they had been thrown down by an earthquake, which happened in the reign of Nero: sixteen years before the destruction of the cities themselves by the eruption of Vesuvius. Yet there is no other account of such an event extant; and the indifference of the ancients in recording them is shown in the fact that even the appalling fate of these cities was only incidentally alluded to till Dion Cassius wrote his fabulous and exaggerated description, about 150 years after their destruction had taken place.

We are constantly reminded, however, of the frequency of such phenomena. The route through Italy, for instance, from Sienna to Rome, is marked throughout by great volcanic changes; and it is not very difficult to believe the tradition that the whole of the Bay of Naples is formed by one extensive crater.

In many instances the ingenuity of man has converted even these fearful ruins into sources of wealth. Without speaking of the well-known commerce in sulphur and other articles, from Naples and Sicily, I may mention that, amongst the mountains of Tuscany, the Count de Larderel has applied a process to the preparation of boracic acid, which is described in the Jurors' Reports of the Great Exhibition of 1851 as amongst “the highest achievements of the useful arts.” The vapour issuing from a volcanic soil is condensed; and the minute proportion of boracic acid which it contains is recovered by evaporation in a district without fuel, by the application of volcanic vapour itself as a source of heat. The substance thus obtained greatly exceeds in quantity the old and limited supply of borax from British India, and has extended its use in improving the manufactures of porcelain and of crystal.

In every country where organic changes so violent and extensive have occurred, there must have been earthquakes equally violent; for though it is possible that some of these phenomena have been produced by *electricity* alone, yet we are so often able to connect them with volcanic action that we must consider this as the most frequent, if not the only

cause with which we are at present acquainted. We are reminded also by an eminent writer, to whose "Principles of Geology" I shall elsewhere refer, that in volcanic regions, though the points of *eruption* are but thinly scattered—constituting mere spots on the surface of those districts—yet the *subterraneous* movements extend simultaneously over immense areas. Those mere tremblings of the earth so common in South America are probably connected with eruptions in mountain-ranges that have never yet been explored. It does not advance us *very far* in our knowledge of the subject to assume that both volcanoes and earthquakes have a common origin; which often produces movements of the earth even unattended by volcanic eruption. As far as we can trace their connexion, this is most probably the fact; but there may be other causes which have still to be discovered.

An able writer in one of the early volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*—while denying the theory that volcanic explosions are caused by "the eruptions of a central fire, occupying the interior of the earth," and while showing that the lava thrown out by these convulsions could not be so produced—admits that substances in a state of fusion may exist, which by the action of water pouring from above, or by the irruption of the sea, "might produce earthquakes, with furious emissions of gases and steam." Lyell gives his reasons, based upon electro-chemical influences, for attributing them to a similar cause. In his "Geology of the Countries visited during the voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle* round the World," Darwin supposes that, in Chili, there is a subterranean lake of lava of nearly double the area of the Black Sea, and "that the frequent quakings of the earth along this line of coast are caused by the rending of the strata, which is necessarily consequent on the tension of the land when upraised, and their injection by fluidified rock." But it is useless to theorise. In the present state of human knowledge, earthquakes are a description of phenomena of which we can merely record the facts.

One of the most remarkable earthquakes of antiquity of which we have any account was contemporaneous with the battle of Thrasimene, and was alluded to, incidentally, by Livy as showing the ardour of the fight. The passage is translated by Lord Byron. "Such (he says) was their mutual animosity, so intent were they upon the battle, that the earthquake which overthrew in great part many of the cities of Italy, which turned the course of rapid streams, poured back the sea upon the rivers, and tore down the very mountains, was not felt by any of the combatants." We may repeat the description in Lord Byron's verse:

And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the phrensy whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An earthquake roll'd unheededly away!
None felt stern nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet;
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet!

The earth to them was as a rolling bark
Which bore them to eternity; they saw
The ocean round, but had no time to mark

The motions of their vessel ; nature's law,
 In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe
 Which reigns when mountains tremble ; and the birds
 Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
 From their down-toppling nests ; and bellowing herds
 Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words.

The event to which these passages refer, occurred, it will be remembered, 217 years B.C.

Upon the earthquakes which marked the consummation of our Saviour's mission, I feel that this is not an occasion to dwell.

The next of which we have any record was in the seventeenth year of Christianity, when twelve cities of Asia Minor were almost simultaneously destroyed.

Of those which, in the year 365, ravaged nearly the whole of the Roman Empire, we are told that "in the second year of the reign of Valentinian and Valens, on the morning of the 21st day of July, the greatest part of the Roman world was shaken by a violent and destructive earthquake. The impression was communicated to the waters ; the shores of the Mediterranean were left dry by the sudden retreat of the sea ; great quantities of fish were caught with the hand ; large vessels were stranded ; and a curious spectator (Ammianus) amused his eye, or rather his fancy, by contemplating the various appearance of valleys and mountains, which had never, since the formation of the globe, been exposed to the sun. But the tide soon returned with the weight of an immense and irresistible deluge, which was severely felt on the coasts of Sicily, of Dalmatia, of Greece, and of Egypt ; large boats were transported and lodged on the roofs of houses, or at the distance of two miles from the shore ; the people with their habitations were swept away by the waters ; and the city of Alexandria annually commemorated the fatal day on which 50,000 persons had lost their lives in the inundation. This calamity, the report of which was magnified from one province to another, astonished and terrified the subjects of Rome ; and their affrighted imagination enlarged the real extent of a momentary evil. They recollected the preceding earthquakes which had subverted the cities of Palestine and Bythinia ; they considered these alarming strokes as the prelude only of still more dreadful calamities, and their fearful vanity was disposed to confound the symptoms of a declining empire and of a sinking world." In speaking of the similar convulsions which occurred about the year 526, the same historian observes, "that the *nature of the soil* may indicate the countries most exposed to these formidable concussions, since they are occasioned by subterraneous fires, and such fires are kindled by the union and fermentation of iron and sulphur." (We do not stop to question the correctness of his theory.) "But their times and effects (he continues) appear to lie beyond the reach of human curiosity, and the philosopher will discreetly abstain from the prediction of earthquakes till he has counted the drops of water that silently filtrate on the inflammable mineral, and measured the caverns which increase by resistance the explosion of the imprisoned air. Without assigning the cause, history will distinguish the *periods* in which these calamitous events have been more or less frequent, and will observe that this fever of the earth raged with uncommon violence during the

reign of Justinian." (It was of the close of this reign that he was writing.) "Each year is marked by the repetition of earthquakes of such duration that Constantinople has been shaken above forty days, of such extent that the shock has been communicated to the whole surface of the globe—or, at least, of the Roman empire. An impulsive or vibratory motion was felt: enormous chasms were opened; huge and heavy bodies were discharged into the air; the sea alternately advanced and retreated beyond its ordinary bounds; and a mountain was torn from Libanus and cast into the waves, where it protected, as a mole, the new harbour of Botrys in Phœnicia. At Antioch its multitudes were swelled by the conflux of strangers to the festival of the Ascension, and 250,000 persons are said to have perished."

To the many who—unsatisfied with any briefer manual—study at once both facts and language in the pages of Gibbon, I ought to apologise perhaps, for having made extracts so long from a work so easily accessible. As we approach nearer to our own times these convulsions continue frequent; and the discovery of America opens a new source of materials to swell the mournful history. It would be a painful and useless task to trace them in all their details. The disappearance of entire cities was not an unusual occurrence, and as many as 40,000 persons have perished at once. Sea ports have been swallowed up by the advancing waters, and the whole of their population drowned. In China, too, the records of these calamities carry us back to 1333; when there was a succession of shocks which continued for ten years; destroying its capital and multitudes of its crowded population.

If I had to refer to sources of more ample information, I should say—as may easily be anticipated—that the best history of these phenomena, and the most philosophical views as to their effects, with which I am acquainted, are to be found in the works of Sir Charles Lyell. Few, however, of the events he mentions throw any new light upon their causes, and I shall merely notice—from these and several other authorities—such of them as were attended with the most remarkable circumstances.

In 1759 there were destructive earthquakes in Syria; and at Balbec alone 20,000 persons are said to have perished. In 1783 Guatimala, with all its riches, and 8000 families, was swallowed up; and every vestige of its former existence obliterated. The shocks felt in Calabria in the same year continued to the end of 1786, and extended over an area of 500 square miles. Deep fissures were produced; houses engulfed; new lakes formed; buildings moved entire to considerable distances; 40,000 persons perished at the time; and 20,000 more died from various consequences. A fourth of the inhabitants of some of the towns were buried alive. For some instants their voices were heard and recognised, but there was no means of saving them.

The earthquakes of Chili, in 1835, are chiefly noticeable from their having occurred during the voyage of the *Beagle*, and from their phenomena having thus been observed more scientifically than usual. But their more obvious effects in the destruction of entire towns;—in the appearance of valuable merchandise, fragments of buildings, and articles of furniture (which had been carried away by the advancing and retiring waters) still floating along the coast;—and in the sad sight of structures, the labour of generations, crumbled in a moment into dust,—are also ably

and strikingly described. "Shortly after the shock, a great wave was seen from the distance of three or four miles, approaching in the middle of the bay with a smooth outline; but along the shore it tore up cottages and trees, as it swept onwards with irresistible force."

There were some incidents worthy of remark attendant upon an earthquake which took place in Antigua in 1843. Owing to its having occurred early in the forenoon, when few people were in the houses, there was very little loss of life; but the destruction of property has rarely been more extensive. There was scarcely a building on the island that was not thrown down or seriously injured. Of 172 sugar-mills only 23 remained capable of being worked; and of these not half had escaped damage. The walls of the cathedral (which was large enough to contain 1800 persons) fell, in crumbling masses; and the roof, which still held together, rested upon them like a huge cover. In the open country, trees were seen to rise and descend vertically, several times, during the continuance of the vibrations.

Many of these convulsions, and in various parts of the world, have produced extensive and permanent changes of surface. This was particularly the case, more than once, during the first half of the present century, in different parts of Chili. At Valparaiso two entire streets were constructed on what was before the bottom of the sea; and the permanent alteration of level is conjectured to have extended over 100,000 square miles. The writer, from whom I have before quoted, thinks that the effects of these changes is eminently beneficial; and that they constitute an essential part of that mechanism by which the integrity of the habitable surface of the world is preserved, and the very existence and perpetuation of dry land secured.

But, after all that has since occurred, the most popularly-remembered of such events are still the earthquakes at Jamaica in 1692, when its loftiest mountains were torn asunder, and its finest harbour sunk, in a moment, into the sea;—those in Sicily, the following year, when Catania and 140 other towns and villages, with upwards of 100,000 persons were destroyed;—the fearful calamity at Lisbon in 1755, when 60,000 persons perished in about six minutes; and when many of the survivors would have perished also, but for the timely aid of British charity;—and, lastly, the earthquakes which preceded the eruption of the Soufrière at St. Vincent in 1812.

It is because I myself witnessed some of the phenomena connected with these events, and because there were atmospheric circumstances not very dissimilar from those attendant upon the slight shocks which were not long since felt in England, that I have been induced to gather my recollections upon the subject, and to mix them up with the contents of my note-books.

I was then residing on the southern coast of North America. The close of the previous year was accompanied, in those climates, by some remarkable phenomena. We may pass over the appearance of a comet and an eclipse of the sun as merely coincident, and witnessed in common with other countries. In addition to these, the small island where I was staying was completely deluged by one of those inundations of the sea that occasionally occur in tropical climates about the time of the autumnal equinox; and, excepting a space considerably less than a quarter of a

mile, the wide waters of the Atlantic, and the mainland at some distance, were the only objects upon which the eye could rest. This inundation had scarcely subsided when the city of Charleston (my next place of sojourn) was visited by a tornado more dreadful in its extent and effects than any in the memory of its inhabitants. The wind which had been for some days light and variable, had shifted on the 8th to the north-east; and, blowing very fresh through the night, it continued in the same quarter all the day and night of the 9th. During the whole of this time there was an almost uninterrupted fall of rain; and on the morning of the 10th the wind blew with increased violence. About ten o'clock it shifted to the south-east, and soon after twelve it suddenly became calm. A heavy rumbling noise, resembling the sound of a carriage rapidly driven over a pavement, was then heard, and a tornado, extending only about one hundred yards in width, passed like lightning through a considerable section of the city, involving alike the habitations and inhabitants that were within its course in instant destruction. Proceeding up the harbour, the first object it struck was the flag-staff of one of the forts, which could have offered little surface of resistance, though of more than ordinary strength and thickness. This was snapped in a moment; and, with equal ease, houses of considerable size were not merely unroofed or injured, but completely overthrown like the playthings of an infant. Large beams of wood, and masses of lead and iron, were carried for several hundred yards and nearly buried in the walls of other buildings; yet so confined was its operation to a particular current, that corners and parts of houses were taken off, as cleanly as if divided by some mechanical instrument, and the remainder of the buildings were left uninjured. About twenty lives were lost, some of them under remarkable circumstances. A lady was, with her sister, on a bed in an upper apartment when the tornado was approaching. The noise so alarmed a negro girl, her attendant, that she sought refuge under the bed upon which her mistress was lying. A stack of chimneys that had been struck, falling upon the roof, forced its way through the house to the ground, precipitating the floors along with it. The bed fell with them; the ladies (who were *nearest* the falling roof) escaped without injury; but the negro girl beneath was crushed to death. In another instance, a young female, who was attending her dying mother, was carried by the hurricane from the room in which she sat and dashed against a building at a very considerable distance; the bed of the invalid remaining in its place. In the interval between this calamity and the concussions of the earth (the first of which occurred on the 16th of December), various meteors and balls of fire of different sizes and appearances were observed. One of them, of a magnitude calculated to excite alarm, was seen by spectators who were a hundred miles asunder on the evening of the 21st of November, moving with great rapidity in a south-west direction. It illuminated the ground and the surface of the waters as if a torch of burning matter had been passing over them, and was conjectured (though it must have been vaguely) to have been about ten or fifteen feet in diameter. The season was unusually warm. Large apples, the produce of second crops, were seen in November; and on several plantations there were second crops of rice, which had not occurred for forty years. It may also be remarked, that there was considerably less thunder during the year 1811 than usual; the number of days which commonly,

in those climates, averages sixty, having only amounted to thirty-eight. Sir Charles Lyell considers many of these phenomena

(Fires from beneath, and meteors from above)

as, generally, the accompaniments of the convulsions which followed.

On the morning of the 16th of December, about three o'clock, the first shock of earthquake was felt. It awoke me, and was said to have been preceded by the usual rattling noise. Being unapprehensive of such an event, my first impression was that the house was falling, and the cracking of its timbers strengthened me in this impression. When I had reached the ground-floor, however (and the noise having subsided), I began to be doubtful how far I might be under the influence of some mental delusion; and, returning to my bed, I found it rocking from the effect of a second shock; and a third and fourth, a few minutes before and after eight o'clock, left me perfectly certain as to the cause of what had occurred. From this time to the 11th of February fourteen distinct shocks were felt, their duration from twenty seconds to two minutes; with one exception, when the tremor did not entirely subside for seven minutes.

The motion was generally from east to west; but it was not uniform. In December it appeared to be undulating; in January violent and irregular; and in February it seemed similar to a sudden jerking to and fro of the earth's surface. As far as our observations extend, vertical movements on such occasions appear to be less destructive than horizontal; and if this (says Lyell) should generally be the case, the greatest alteration of level may be produced with the least injury to cities, or existing formations. Even between the concussions which I have been describing, a tremor was frequently perceptible, and light pendulous bodies were then in a state of continued vibration. The motion during the severer shocks was sufficiently violent to break the glasses in picture-frames hanging against the wall, and the pavements in several of the streets were cracked. Many persons, also, found it difficult to preserve themselves from being thrown down; and the guard stationed in one of the church steeples to look out for fires, gave notice to the men below that it was falling. The sky was generally, though not uniformly, dark and hazy, sometimes tinged with red, and the atmospheric changes were frequent and unusual. The shock of the 7th of February was attended by a noise like distant thunder, and that of the same evening was accompanied by a sound like the rushing of a violent wind, and with some sharp flashes of lightning.

The thermometer at eight o'clock on the evening of the 15th of December was 52 deg., and the barometer 30 deg. 45 min. The following morning, when the first shock took place, the barometer continued the same, but the thermometer had sunk to 46 deg. The last of these awful visitations was a slight tremor on the day following the more distant and fatal calamities to which I am now about to refer.

In our case they passed away without a single instance of serious personal injury, or of destruction of property; but, unaccustomed as the inhabitants had been to anything of a similar nature—for there was no well-authenticated account of an earthquake having been felt in this part of America since its first discovery—the consternation and alarm were very considerable. A proclamation was issued by the governor of the state, appointing the 11th of March as a day of humiliation, religious reflection,

and prayer; and a tone of seriousness and pious feeling was for a long time perceptible where it had previously seldom existed.

The phenomena which I have been attempting to describe were experienced, in a greater or less degree, from the shores of the Carolinas to the valley of the Mississippi, during the three months which preceded the destructive earthquakes in Venezuela, and which were followed by the eruption of the Soufrière in St. Vincent.

On the 26th of March the earthquakes in Venezuela commenced with a severe shock, which destroyed, in little more than a minute, the city of Caraccas, together with the town of Lagaira and the neighbouring villages, and 20,000 persons either perished with them or were left to a lingering death amongst their ruins.

I have not adverted to the horrors attending the earthquake at Lisbon. They were repeated at the destruction of Caraccas; and we need not dwell more than once on details so painful.

For those which follow, I am indebted to a distinguished Traveller who had visited Caraccas before its ruin, and had afterwards carefully collected and compared the descriptions given by persons who had witnessed the fearful event.

"The air," he says, "was calm, and the sky unclouded. It was Holy Thursday, and a great part of the population was assembled in the churches. Nothing seemed to presage the calamities of the day. At seven minutes after four in the afternoon the first shock was felt; it was sufficiently powerful to make the bells of the churches toll; it lasted five or six seconds, during which time the ground was in a continued undulating movement, and seemed to heave up like a boiling liquid. The danger was thought to be past, when a tremendous subterraneous noise was heard, resembling the rolling of thunder, but louder and of longer continuance than that heard within the tropics in time of storms. This noise preceded a perpendicular motion of three or four seconds, followed by an undulatory movement somewhat longer. The shocks were in opposite directions, from north to south, and from east to west. Nothing could resist the movement from beneath upward, and the undulations crossing each other. The town of Caraccas was entirely overthrown. Between 9000 and 10,000 of the inhabitants were buried under the ruins of the houses and churches. The procession (usual on Holy Thursday) had not yet set out; but the crowds were so great in the churches that 3000 or 4000 persons were crushed by the fall of their vaulted roofs. Some of these edifices, more than 150 feet high, sunk with their pillars and columns into a mass of ruins scarcely exceeding five or six feet in elevation, and ultimately left scarcely any vestige of their remains. A regiment under arms to join the procession was buried under the fall of its barracks. Nine-tenths of the town were entirely destroyed. All the calamities experienced in the great catastrophes of Lisbon, Messina, Lima, and Riobamba, were renewed on this fatal day. The wounded, buried under the ruins, implored by their cries the help of the passers-by, and nearly 2000 were dug out.

"Implements for digging and clearing away the wreck were entirely wanting; and the people were obliged to use their bare hands to disinter the living. The wounded, as well as the sick patients who had escaped

from the hospitals, were laid on the banks of the small river Guayra. They had no shelter but the trees.

"Beds, linen to dress wounds, instruments of surgery, medicines, and objects of the most urgent necessity, were buried under the ruins. Everything, even food, was, for the first days, wanting. Water was alike scarce. The commotion had rent the pipes of the fountains; the falling of the earth had choked up the springs that supplied them; and it became necessary, in order to have water, to go down to the river Guayra, which was considerably swollen; and even then the vessels to convey it were wanting."

An eye-witness, from whom I obtained an account at the time, said, "Those who were living were employed in digging out the dead, putting them in lighters, and burying them in the sea. When it became so rough as to prevent them being taken off, they made a large fire, and began burning forty at a time. It was shocking," he said, "at the close of day, to see heads, arms, and legs, that had remained unburnt, as the fire died away; and the effluvia was intolerable."

The moral and religious effect of these calamities (as described by Humboldt) was rather curious. Some, assembling in procession, sung funeral hymns; others, in a state of distraction, confessed themselves aloud in the streets; marriages were contracted between parties by whom the priestly benediction had been previously disregarded; and children found themselves suddenly acknowledged by parents to whom they had never before been aware of their relationship; restitutions were promised by persons who were hitherto unsuspected of fraud; and those who had long been at enmity were drawn together by the ties of a common calamity.

I am afraid that the virtue which had no purer origin would not be of long duration.

The effect upon men's minds during one of the most destructive of the earthquakes in Sicily was of a very opposite description. Amongst the poor wretches who had there escaped, the distinctions of rank and the restraints of law were disregarded; and murder, rapine, and licentiousness reigned amongst the smoking ruins;—and yet the kind of religion was in both countries the same, and the habits of the people were not widely different. At the town of Concepcion, in Chili, in 1835, Mr. Darwin tells us of a more *mixed* feeling. "Thieves prowled about, and at each little trembling of the ground (after the fatal shock), with one hand they beat their breasts and cried '*Misericordia!*' and then with the other filched what they could from the ruins."

Fifteen or eighteen hours after the great catastrophe at Caracas the ground remained tranquil. The night was fine and calm, and the peaceful serenity of the sky contrasted strangely with the misery and destruction which lay beneath. Commotions attended with a loud and long-continued subterranean noise were afterwards frequent, and one of them was almost as violent as that which had overthrown the capital. The inhabitants wandered into the country; but the villages and farms having suffered as much as the town itself, they found no shelter till they had passed the mountains and were in the valleys beyond them. Towards the close of the following month the eruption of the Soufrière in the island of St. Vincent took place; and the explosions were heard

on the neighbouring continent, at a distance, in a direct line, of 210 leagues, and over a space of 4000.

At the time of the earthquake at Lisbon, shocks were felt in other parts of Portugal, in Spain, and Northern Africa; and its effects were perceptible over a considerable part of Europe, and even in the West Indies. Two of our Scottish lakes (as we have all often read) rose and fell repeatedly on that fatal day; and ships at sea were affected as if they had struck on rocks, the crews in some instances being thrown down by the concussion. I am not aware of any volcanic eruption in the same year; but the great Mexican volcano of Jorullo was then accumulating its subterranean fires; and its first eruption was in 1759.

Judging from the past, we might have presumed that the movements which had been recently felt in England were not the effects, but the indications which *precedes* some similar explosion. So far (early in 1854) no such event appears to have occurred; but there have been earthquakes of considerable extent, and of a very serious character. Soon after the shocks which were felt in England, there were violent ones in some of the islands of the Indian Archipelago. An earthquake at Shiraz is said to have involved the entire destruction of the place and of its inhabitants. At Acapulco, in Mexico, the principal buildings were thrown down, and the ground opened in the public square and threw out volumes of smoke. Cumana, on the Spanish Main, was destroyed, and 4000 persons perished amidst all the horrors attendant upon similar events. And, in Greece, the town of Thebes and its neighbouring villages became heaps of ruins; the springs which supplied them with water were stopped; and the inhabitants, struggling both with privation and disease, were in a miserable state of suffering.

In our own favoured land, exempt by the blessing of Heaven from so many calamities which are felt elsewhere, earthquakes have never caused destruction of property or life. Mr. Darwin speaks, with almost ludicrous exaggeration, of the disastrous consequences that would follow "if, beneath England, the now inert subterranean forces should exert those powers which most assuredly in former geological ages they have exerted." National bankruptcy—the destruction of all public buildings and records—taxes unpaid—the subversion of the government—rapine, pestilence, and famine—are to follow the first shock; but judging from the fact that, during the last 800 years, fifty shocks, at least, have been harmlessly felt, we may hope, without presumption, that we have as little to apprehend hereafter as we have previously suffered. Even with reference to their most disastrous consequences in other portions of the globe, if we compare them with the various sources of human misery, we shall agree with the historian whom I have already quoted, that "the mischievous effects of an earthquake, or deluge, a hurricane, or the eruption of a volcano, bear a very inconsiderable proportion to the ordinary calamities of war" [or to the horrors of religious persecution]; and that man "has much less to fear from the convulsions of the elements than from the passions of his fellow-creatures."

LITERARY LEAFLETS.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

NO. XXII.—TALFOURD'S LAST POETRY* AND PROSE.†

"THE Castilian," Sir Thomas Talfourd's last tragedy, is not perhaps so inferior to "Ion," his first, as it is superior to "The Athenian Captive," and "Glencoe," his second and third. Its fitness for the stage is, at the best, doubtful. But it makes highly "agreeable" closet-reading. Shakspeare (now for a truism of the biggest!) would have made it something above and beyond the "agreeable." But there have been, and are, other dramatists, of repute withal, in whose hands it would probably be something awkwardly below that mark. The amiable author has produced a tragedy of no very signal pretensions to the sublime in conception, the profound in sentiment, the artistic‡ in construction, the forcible in action, or the original and life-like in impersonation. So far as his characters are real to us, they are so by faith and not by sight; we believe in them as we do in any other set of fictitious agents, in whose doings and destiny we consent to be interested, while perusing the novel or play in which their lot is cast: but our philosophy in so doing is of the Nominalist, not the Realist school; the faith we exercise in their Castilian actuality is conventional only; of the book bookish; and more easily to be dropped with the curtain, at the close of the fifth act, than to be roused into active service with the progress of the first. Nevertheless, interest is excited and maintained—interest of a tranquil, literary nature—in behalf of these *dramatis personæ*, who rather stroll and ruminate than strut and fret their hour upon the stage, and to whom we owe much graceful verse, ennobling thought, and tuneful philosophy.

The story of "The Castilian" is founded on a narrative in Robertson's "Charles V.," of the insurrection at Toledo headed by Don Juan de Padilla, against the Emperor's viceroy, the Cardinal Adrian. Padilla is here regarded as a high-minded, pure-hearted, and profoundly religious soldier—a man of essentially conservative and loyal sentiments, whom the force of circumstances impels to almost unconscious rebellion. His wife is a woman of "unbounded ambition," refined, however, by an "equally unbounded admiration of her husband." In the third act is introduced the unhappy Joanna, the Emperor's mother, whose sanction to the revolt of the Commons is made available to the fatal purpose of the tragedy—that sanction being obtained during what Padilla believes to be a lucid interval on her part, and becoming in effect the seal of his own ruin. It is a highly impressive scene, that in which the queen awakes from her long lethargy to a transient exercise of mental activity—the gradual restoration—the dallying with painful memories—the

* The Castilian. An Historical Tragedy. In Five Acts. By T. N. Talfourd. London: Moxon.

† Supplement to "Vacation Rambles," consisting of Recollections of a Tour through France to Italy, &c., &c. By T. N. Talfourd. London: Moxon. 1854.

‡ There is, however, careful and effective art in the management of the Queen Joanna episode, Act III.

brooding over a too-agitating past, while "that way madness lies:" thus she recalls her first days of wedded life in Flanders—the three months at Windsor, *fêted* there "by a monarch styled the Seventh Henry"—and the distracting time when, a forsaken and abused wife, she "traversed land and sea to find—to find—a Flemish wanton snaring Philip's soul with golden tresses,"—and the dark hour when she plucked his corpse from the grave itself, refusing to believe in death where *he*, her soul's darling, was concerned; and how, by a rare device, she arrayed the dead man, not dead to her, in pompous robes, meet for life in the fulness of life's pride and might, and hid him from all eyes but her own, and carried him by night to Granada—

How, through each day encamp'd,
I curtain'd him, and bore him on by night,
Loathing all roofs, that I might laugh at those
Who watch'd his waking. 'Tis a dismal journey—
The torches flicker through its mists—the sleet
Descends to quench them—I'll not track it on—

so brokenly discourses the distraught queen, on whose wakened spirit Padilla has staked all—

His life, his honour, his dear country's peace—

gracing with her title the wild tumults of the crowd, and with it aiming to "make rebellion consecrate"—resolved, too, "while a thread of consciousness within her soul can shape a mandate," to honour it "as law, announced by voice of angel." That spell is soon broken, that charm soon spent. Giron, a rival of Padilla, secures the person of the queen, usurps the command of the insurgents, and involves them, and their cause, in utter confusion. The Regent triumphs, seizes many a noble prisoner, one of them Padilla's only son, and issues an offer

Of pardon at the will of him who gives
Padilla to the axe—

and of this offer the father takes advantage to disguise himself, promise the betrayal of the "arch-rebel," procure the enfranchisement of his boy and the forgiveness of Toledo, and then doff the monkish wrappings and stand forth to die, strong in integrity of purpose and assurance of faith. The same mellow even-tide light suffuses the catastrophe as does that of "Ion"—of a calm beauty too refined and "dainty sweet" not to tell in every line of poetical license—but with a softening influence and divine melancholy peculiar to itself.

There is nearly the same liberal presence of florid diction, and picturesque description, and glittering imagery, in this as in Talfourd's earlier tragedies. Take an example or two. Of Padilla's trusty old steward, seen in the garden at sunset, an approaching visitor says—

What! vegetating still with ruddy cheek
As twenty summers since—like yonder dial
O'ergrown by the huge sycamore, that, touch'd
No longer by the sunbeam, shows no trace
Of coursing time?

The conceit is pretty of its kind, but it is hardly the sort of fancy that would occur to the visitor; it is rather the simile of a poet in his study,

with the garden, dial, setting sun, trusty steward, and well-spoken visitor all duly arranged in his mind's eye. The same speaker finely says, with a view to enlist Padilla in the leadership of the impatient Commons, as the only man in whom the conditions of such leadership are to be found,

— He who would direct

A people in its rising, must be calm
As death is, yet respond to every pulse
Of passion'd millions,—as yon slender moon
That scarce commends the modest light it sheds
Through sunset's glory to the gazer's sense,
In all its changes, in eclipse, in storm,
Enthroned in azure, or enriching clouds
That, in their wildest hurry, catch its softness,
Will sway the impulsive ocean, he must rule
By strength allied to weakness, yet supreme,
Man's heaving soul, and bid it ebb and flow
In sorrow, passion, glory, as he moorns,
Struggles, or triumphs.

Padilla fondly pictures his noble boy scaling the mountain heights "with step airy and true," amid crumbling fragments that broke to dust beneath each footstep, till he trod

The glassy summit, never touch'd till then
Save by the bolt that splinter'd it, serene
As if a wing, too fine for mortal sight,
Uphore him, while slant sunbeams graced his brow
With diadem of light.

Fled by appeals to take up the cause of the people, and startled by strange revelations of popular suffering and courtly tyranny, Padilla thus expresses the emotions within which constrain him to compliance with the summons without :

— A new world

Of strange oppressions startles me, as shapes
Of dim humanity, that clustering hung
Along the dusky ridges of the West,
Struck Spain's great Admiral* with awe of natures
From Time's beginning passion'd with desires
He had no line to fathom.

* This is not the only allusion to Columbus in "The Castilian." Queen Joanna dreamily recalls the glorious time when he and his achievements were the theme of every circle:

"Last in vivid speech

Told of angust Columbus and the birds
Of dazling colours that he brought from realms
Far westward, till her fancy seem'd to ache
With its own splendour, and, worn out, she slept
The gentle sleep of childhood; whence, alas!
She woke still more estranged."—*Act IV. Sc. 1.*

The veteran Mondejar, again, speaks of the "age-freighted hours" in which he shared

"Columbus' watch upon the dismal sea,
While the low murmurs of despair were hush'd
To dull submission by the solemn light
Of the great Captain's eye, as from the helm
It beamed composure, till the world they sought
Dawn'd in its flashes are the headland broke
The gloom to common vision."—*Act II. Sc. 1.*

When Padilla's popular favour is at its zenith, his rival consoles himself and friends with the assurance that its waning hour must, in the nature of things, be nigh :

Believe me, comrade, when the incense floats
Most thickly round the idol's shrine, its fire
Begins to smoulder.

And Padilla, accordingly, soon finds himself deserted by his men, troop after troop, till "left as bare as a thick grove in winter, sadly deck'd by some few desperate friends that, like dank leaves, which, in their fluttering yellow, cleave through rain and frost to moss-clad boughs," will not forsake him. At length, indeed, he "stands apart," in the words of his wife, "in his own majesty, a tower of refuge which beams from Heaven illumine,"—or, in the figure *he* prefers, "upon the arid sands a desolate mark for the next lightning." The tragedy of his fall makes both figures true : the lightning strikes the tower, but illumines and glorifies while it scathes, and is rather hailed than dreaded, as coming from Heaven, and charged with fleet errand of no merely penal fire.

THE SUPPLEMENT TO "VACATION RAMBLES" consists of Recollections of a Tour through France, *vid Paris, Dijon, Lyons, Avignon, and Marseilles*, to Italy,—where the Rambler visited and gossiped about Genoa and Naples, Capua and Antium, Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Milan,—returning homeward by Switzerland; the "home" at which we leave him being at Lausanne, with Charles Dickens, in the long vacation of 1846. Of Dickens and other beloved or admired contemporaries, there is, as was

Nor has the dramatist neglected the opportunity of enlivening his subject with other historical allusions, appropriate to its spirit, and in harmony with the unities of time and place and action. Isabella the Catholic is glowingly portrayed :

"Whom each Castilian holds
Sacred above all living womanhood;—
Her from whose veins Joanna's life was drawn:
Who, o'er the rage of battles and the toils
Of empire, bent an aspect more imbued
With serious beauty earth partakes with heaven,
Than cloister nurtured in the loveliest saint
It shined from human cares."—*Act III. Sc. 2.*

Add the following spirited passage in honour of the great Cardinal, Ximenes :

"Who from a cell,
Savagely framed for cruel penance, stepp'd
To the majestic use of courtly arts,
Which luxury makes facile, while he wore
The purple o'er the sackcloth that inflamed
His flesh to torture, with a grace as free
As when it floats o'er worshipp'd womanhood
Or princely youth; he who had learn'd in vigils
Of lonely night, such wisdom for command
Of the world's issues, as if spirits breath'd
The long experiences of wisest statesmen
Into a single breast; who from a soul
Which men imagined withering like his frame
In painful age, pour'd, as from living arms,
Exhaustless courage into soldiers' hearts
And made them heroes."—*Act III. Sc. 2.*

to be expected from the kind and hearty writer, more than once a loving mention made. In Justice Talfourd literature lost a critic of a generous sort none too rife; indeed, he might almost adopt the words of old Menenius Agrippa :

For I have ever verified my friends
 with all the size that verity
 Would without lapsing suffer, nay, sometimes,
 Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
 I have tumbled past the throw :

the exemplary error (if error) of the critic being, to magnify merit, or even assume its existence, rather than to be niggard of applause, or scrupulous as to welcome. In these Supplementary Notes, among the complimentary allusions to contemporaries—lawyers, statesmen, priests, actors—we observe one to Lord Campbell, of whose legal arguments it is maintained that, “in comprehensive outline, exact logic, felicitous illustration, and harmonious structure,” they excel all it ever fell to the critic’s lot to hear;—another to Mr. Gladstone, whose faculty of truth-seeking, “applied to realities and inspired only by the desire to discover the truth, and to clothe it in language, assumes, in the minds of superficial observers, the air of casuistry from the nicety of its distinctions and the earnest desire of the speaker to present truth in its finest shades;”—another to Father Faber, whose society, enjoyed in 1844 in Wordsworth’s company, impressed the author of “Ion” with “a delightful recollection of the Christian graces of his deportment and conversation;”—and, to quote an example of variety, another to Mr. Charles Kean, on his *Sardanapalus*, that “triumphant result of pictorial skill, and learning, and taste.” Not that the Vacation Rambler is quite innocent of irony and sarcasm, however, when the occasion calls for it. He can say sharp things, for instance, of the external “make up” of Parisian artists, who “invite attention to the irregularities of nature by fantastic devices of art—cutting grizzled beards, red whiskers, and sandy moustaches into startling varieties of shape; bidding the scanty hair to fall over the shoulders in the greasiest of flakes, and affecting every strange combination of dirty and gaudy fashion. It would seem,” adds the never ill-natured Rambler, “that personal vanity is so strong in each of these young men, that he thinks his particular deformity consecrated by being his own.” With true-blue spirit, again, he records his estimate of a certain portrait at Versailles : “The recent naval achievements of France were irradiated by a portrait of the Prince Joinville, standing on the prow of a glittering ship, in our common sailor’s neatest attire—tight blue jacket, open collar, loose black neckcloth, and snow-white trousers—the exact costume in which a very young lady dances the hornpipe in the *Spoil’d Child*—the type of dandified melodramatic seamanship.” Lamartine is alluded to as the gentleman “who for a few days looked so glorious, and has since found that a nation cannot be governed by fine words.” Mr. Holman, “the blind traveller,” whom the Rambler met at Lyons, is none the more admired as a traveller for being blind, notwithstanding his own *view* of the subject. Of the Milanese Exhibition of the paintings of young Italy, he says : “It was intolerably radiant in colour, abounding in skies of deeper blue than Italy rejoices in, woods of the liveliest green, and ships and cities of amber; altogether a collection of gaudy impossi-

bilities, few of which would be admitted at Birmingham." Of Naples he says: "How it is possible for English men and women to pass months in such a place, and 'bless their stars and call it luxury,' even if the satiated mosquitoes give them leave to sleep, is a mystery which has doubtless a solution—which I sought in vain." As he lingers, at evening, in St. Peter's at Rome, he sees three priests kiss the foot of the statue of Jupiter-Cephas, and kneel down before it, as if to pray; but next, "to our surprise, notwithstanding our experience of continental habits, each began zealously spitting on the beautiful pavement, as if it was a portion of his duty—I fear illustrating the habits which a priesthood, possessed of unlimited power, encourages by its example." This is not the Judge's only paper pellet at Romanism in the present itinerary.

To these illustrations of his mild indulgence in sarcasm and rebuke, let us add one more, referring to the hotel-book at the Montanvert, in which travellers inscribe their names, and some "perpetuate their folly for a few autumns. Among these fugitive memorials, was one ambitious scrawl of a popular and eloquent divine, whereby, in letters almost an inch long, and in words which I cannot precisely remember, he recorded his sense of the triumphant refutation given to Atheism by the *Mer de Glace*, intimating his conviction, that, wherever else doubts of the being of Deity might be cherished, they must yield to the grandeur of the spot; and attesting the logic by his name in equally magnificent characters." The Rambler appends his opinion that this poetical theist had wholly misapprehended the Great First Cause, and supposes him to imagine, that in proportion as the marks of order and design are withdrawn, the vestiges of Deity become manifest;—"as if the smallest insect that the microscope ever expanded for human wonder did not exhibit more conclusive indications of the active wisdom and goodness of a God than a magnificent chaos of elemental confusion." It is not for us to assume what the popular and eloquent divine may actually have meant; but at least we can suppose the Rambler to have misapprehended *him*, especially as he is oblivious of the wording of the entry: may not the pulpit poet have drawn his impression of a present God from the feelings, not the thoughts, inspired by the sublimities around him—from the sentiments of awe, the mysterious emotions of adoring wonder, the yearnings of religious worship, excited by such a scene, and by no means from a cold adjustment of logical mechanics, worked out by harmonious junction of Paley, Whately, and pocket microscope? Coleridge was not thinking of logic when he wrote (or translated, or adapted,—what you will) his Hymn before Sunrise, in the vale of Chamouni; and we can suppose the small poet (saving his Reverence) who wrote such a big hand, and whose theism seemed to his censor so out-of-place (of all places in the world) at the Montanvert, to have really meant very much the same as S. T. C., when *he* exclaimed,

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!

The same honest avowal of indifference or distaste, wherever indifference or distaste was felt, which characterised Sir Thomas Talfourd's former "Rambles," is patent here also. It is refreshing to note his candid acknowledgments in every such case. No man was more ready, more eager even, to express in the most cordial way his satisfaction wherever it was felt; but he was above the trick of affecting an enthusiasm he did not feel. He found Versailles "tiresome," and he says so; the "huge morning" he spent there seemed "dragged out into eternity;" and its only consolation was the zest its tediousness imparted to a subsequent resort to claret and champagne. In the Bay of Naples he owns that he has "been more deeply charmed by smaller and less famous bays." At Herculaneum he was "grievously disappointed," and was almost as glad to emerge from its "cold and dark passages that led to nothing," as from a railway tunnel. The dome of St. Peter's, when he first caught sight of it, on the road from Antium, "looked like a haystack," he says, "but soon afterwards assumed the improved aspect of a cow on the top of a malt-house." Entering Rome, he found the "famed Italian sky as filthy as a London fog;" he bewails the only too decisive contrast between the Capitol unvisited and the Capitol explored; and is indignant, for Coriolanus' sake, with that impostor and receptacle for vegetable refuse, the Tarpeian Hill. In Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" he could see "no presiding majesty; no balance of parts; nothing that stamps even the reality of a moment on the conception; nothing in this great handwriting on the wall 'to make mad the guilty and appal the free.'" The "Laocoon" he looked on with anything but a Winkelmann's gaze. And in short, to leave Rome "was to escape," he confesses, "from a region of enchantment into the fresh air of humanity and nature; and, humiliating as the truth may be, I quitted it for ever without a sigh."

For ever! A new and touching emphasis is imparted to the phrase by the stroke which so suddenly laid the kind writer low. With the so recent memory of that stroke, it may seem frivolous, or worse, if we mention as another noticeable point in the "Rambles" his ever freely recorded appreciation of good cheer. But how take account of the "Rambles" at all, and not refer to this feature in the Rambler's individuality?—not, be it observed, that he was a "gastronome," but that he was healthily void of reserve in jotting down his interest in gastronomy. It had been unpardonable in Boswell to omit Dr. Johnson's creed and practice in this line of things. "Some people," quoth the sage, "have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly, will hardly mind anything else." So averred a *Rambler* of last century; a Plain Speaker on this as on most other topics. Now the Rambler with whom we have to do was guiltless of this "foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind." If, at Dieppe, he had to put up with a "coarse breakfast of blackish bread, cold boiled mutton, and straw-coloured coffee," he thought it a thing to be put down—in his book. He confesses how a due sense of "the eternal fitness of things" enforced on him the duty of drinking the best Burgundy he could procure in Dijon, "in gay defiance to the fever which so strangely but surely lurks beneath the 'sunset glow' of that insidious liquor;" how he "enjoyed some coffee and

cutlets" at Lyons; how "dinner came to his inexpressible relief" at Avignon; how wistfully he looked about in the dreary kitchen of a quasi-inn, but all in vain, "for a fitch of bacon, or a rope of onions, or a mouldy cheese, to hint of something that some one might eat, or for a battered pewter-pot, or even a rim of liquor-stain on a bench or table to indicate that once upon a time something had been drank there." Gratefully he recalls the fare on board the steamer to Genoa; the sumptuous breakfast at ten; "then, four dishes of exquisite French cookery, with a bottle of clear amber-coloured dry Italian wine for each person, followed by a dessert of fresh grapes and melons or peaches, and rich dried fruits, with coffee and liqueurs," &c.; while "at five in the afternoon, dinner was served with similar taste, but with greater variety and profusion." At Genoa, he says, "To secure a dinner—the first object of sensible man's selfish purpose—by obtaining the reversion of seats at a table-d'hôte, we toiled as good men do after the rewards of virtue." At the same place, the "terrible brilliancy of the sunlight" scared him from the fatigues of sight-seeing, and "unnerved" him "for anything but dinner. *That* was welcome, though coarsely conceived and executed," &c. At the ancient capital of the Volsci, the fatal asylum of Coriolanus,—“although black stale bread and shapeless masses of rough-bewn mutton and beef boiled to the consistency of leather, flanked by bottles of the smallest infra-acid wine, constituted our fare, we breakfasted with the enjoyment of the Homeric rage, and were deaf to wise suggestions that we should be obliged to dine in Rome.” In a rude inn at Montefiascone, “we satisfied the rage of hunger with coarse and plentiful repast of fish, beef boiled to leather, and greasy beans, accompanied by a pale white wine of an acidity more pungent than ever elsewhere gave man an unmerited heartburn.” In an old palatial inn at Radicofani, “we enjoyed a breakfast of hard black bread, a large platter of eggs, some boiled beef of the usual consistency, and a great skinny fowl swimming in yellowish butter, with the true relish of hunger.” Further illustrations are not wanting; and, not wanted.

Something like a qualm of conscience we feel, at leaving this book, without affording means of neutralising the impression producible by such shreds of literal table-talk, by a set-off of examples of the writer's grave and reflective mood, such as, the reader is cautioned, are fairly interspersed in the course of the *Rambles*. Half a dozen at the least we had marked for citation, but now is space exhausted, and we can only therefore refer to the Rambler's meditations on the career of Sir William Follett, on Philo-Romanism, and other occasional musings suggested by sights and sounds in foreign travel. And another huge omission must crave the pardon it deserves not; that of the descriptive sketches of scenery and men and manners, often pencilled with a grace and animation that make the omission more unpardonable still.

THE CHARACTER OF OUR FOR.

It has always been a subject of discussion among ethnographers, whether a Russian nation existed anterior to Rurik and the foundation of the Russian state. It is certain, at any rate, that the tribe with which the Varangians founded a state was one of the numerous Slavonic races, which in their variety present a similar type, and, spite of the different character of their history, have retained it for centuries. The prominent trait of the Slavonic character is the want of a consciousness of right and—in close connexion with it—of an inner yearning for development. The Slavonic tribes appear continually to be chaotic masses, blindly credulous, sensual, living in the moment and only caring for the moment, without consciousness of individual freedom, hence obedient and servile, without desire or strength to resist despotism. Two undeniable historical facts describe the Slavonic character more fully than any words could do: no Slavonic state was ever founded without the most effectual impulse from without, and in none of these states, after their foundation, has a bürger class been developed. That yearning for individual action, that thirst for independence, by which the Western citizen-classes liberated themselves from harsh oppression, are thoroughly wanting in the Slavons. Hence they have been termed an Asiatic nation; and if by that we wish to indicate the want of that organised connexion existing among the Western nations, the expression is indubitably correct. They may be counted precisely in the same category with the numerous Asiatic races who live a savage natural life, without higher impulses,—only obeying the moment and the necessities of the hour,—but who, when aroused by a migration of the nations, blindly join the movement, and following some conqueror, traverse the world to plunder and destroy all they meet with. Even when formed into states, they have been able to offer no resistance, or at least a very insufficient one, to such national inroads.

The Slavons are gentle, effeminate, melancholy, but at the same time cruel and bloodthirsty. In the annals of no nation do the heroes weep so much as among the Slavons, and yet none commit, at the same time, such inhuman and refined acts of cruelty. A late author,* who praises the Russians because, although they destroy and annihilate, they do not torture, can have read but little Russian history. The Slavons are patriotic, and willing to make the greatest sacrifices of self: their religion bids them see in their fatherland and in the ruler, who is the visible representation of it, the Deity himself, and self-devotion is most frequent. They are firm in their adherence to savageness and want of cultivation; to old customs and old dirt, and the less active their natural resistance is; on the other hand, they are truly a chosen nation of passive resistance when anything contrary to their nature is forced upon them. They evince a fanatic hatred for everything foreign, and display a national vanity as ridiculous as it is improper; and as is often found in individuals, that the most extreme arrogance is united with the utmost degree of ignorance—so appears to be the case with them as a nation; and the less an

* Bruno Bauer, *Russland und das Germanenthum*.

individual among the Slavons may be as regards the whole body—the more the individual has surrendered his individuality to the corporation—the more unbounded pretensions does he claim in the name of that corporation from all who are without this pale, whom he looks upon with the most extreme exclusivism.

The idea of property, really free, and obtained by the activity of the individual, is perfectly strange to the Slavon, and as a former Russian emperor said, that in his state only that man possessed any importance with whom he might be speaking, and only for so long as he spoke with him—so we may say of the Slavon, that only that man can call anything his own to whom the state has entrusted property, and only so long as the state does not recall it. This renders the resemblance with the great mass of Oriental nations perfect. In the original communal regulations of the Slavonic districts, in which the individual received a piece of land for life, this want of individualism and property is shown as clearly as in the eventual autocracy of the tsar, who confiscates at his pleasure, and binds every proprietor by service to the state—that is, to himself—and so keeps them in strict dependence on himself. On the other hand, it is only natural that this universal nothingness of the individual produces a feeling of equality, which from a certain point of view may be regarded as democratic. When every one is what he is through the state, no one can rise above the other; each feels himself on the same level as his neighbour; for the man who is somebody, can be converted into a nobody in a moment, and the person who was nobody can be appointed in his stead. This is the democracy of the East, or of slaves—the democracy of universal lawlessness. It is, however, the democracy of destiny, and not of free men.

It is an error, as dangerous as it is widely propagated, to believe that civilisation or enlightenment can remodel this slavish character. The Slavon, when he yields to cultivation, undoubtedly does so with talent and grace; he easily assumes foreign forms—much more easily than the members of any other nation, who bear the stamp of individuality, and who first modify and reproduce the stranger alterations proposed to them: he appears polished and shapely, but is consequently far from being free, for he has only concealed his servile condition under a fair exterior. There is some truth in Bruno Bauer's remark, "The atheist prostrates himself before the statue of the saint with the same passionate devotion as the common Russ." The consciousness of freedom cannot be gained by cultivation; it must be innate, for it is an attribute of a nation. The most cultivated Slavon remains a Slavon; and cultivation only excites in the individual the desire to domineer over the masses, just as the more powerful among the Slavons do not so much attend to a development of right feelings among their nation as to subdue and keep them down. If, therefore, we consider civilisation to be the development and realisation of the universal feeling of right, and barbarism the suppression of all human laws, we then arrive at the discouraging conviction, that cultivation only serves among the Slavons to render barbarism more refined and oppressive.

The history of states, in its prominent features, is generally depicted in the manner of their foundation. It is a most ominous fact for the

whole futurity of the Russian state, that its founders came from the West, from the same universal source which laid the foundation of all the Western States. Thus in the outset Russia is connected with the West, and thereby gains a claim to be counted as a member of the European state family—a claim which, in the course of centuries, was annulled by the severance of the connexion and a return to Asiatic sloth, though the torn bond was again reconnected at a later date in a peculiar fashion, and has remained so till now with the most extraordinary success.

The Norman Varagians founded the Russian state. A masculine, war-like, free race connected itself with the patient and peaceful Slavonic tribes settled round Lake Ilmen, and began from this point to become united into a solid body. This idea of unity of the state—the idea which is the most powerful of all among the Russians—was aroused by the Varagians. This impulse from without was required—the presence of this race so far superior in mental cultivation was necessary, in order to enkindle in these unpolished nations a desire for union and dominion, and to form a Russian nation out of the Slavonic elements. Here, then, a fusion of races took place similar to those superinduced by the invasion of the Germanic and Norman tribes into the Roman provinces, and just as the modern Gaul recognises his ancestors both in the Germans of the Merovingians and of Charlemagne, and the Roman and pre-Roman Celts, so the Russian sees his forefathers in the comrades of Rurik the Varagian just as fully as in the primitive Slavons of Novgorod.

As to the strength of the Norman addition to the Slavonic mass, history certainly leaves us in obscurity, and it appears as if it must have been proportionately weak. But even if the Slavonic blood only suffered an imperceptible alteration through the Norman transfusion, still the traces which this Norman conquest has left behind it in the state and social arrangements, were visible through centuries: in fact, the whole of Russian history, up to the time of Peter the Great, shows the victorious Slav-Asiatic reaction against the accidental elements of liberty introduced by the Normans. We have here a process of development precisely similar to that in the history of France, with the exception that in Russia it takes place somewhat more rapidly, and can excite no sympathy through its horrible and barbarous sameness; for Western minds do not feel the same interest which was excited in France by the gradual weakening and final victory over the feudal nobility. But the universal factors are the same; a nobility which is busied with the development and preservation of its own independence, and a people which, in conjunction with royalty, reacts against this independence as something anti-national, and strives to introduce unlimited equality. Just as in France till beyond the time of Charlemagne, the two nationalities remain externally separate, and only gradually became fused, the same may be remarked in Russia. Until the end of the tenth century Varagians governed in Russia, at times deriving fresh strength from the West. With Vladimir, a Slavonic prince first ascends the throne, just as in France the newly-formed French nationality rose to power in the person of Hugh Capet. But Rurik and his successors were just as ambitious to realise the idea of a Russian empire, both internally and externally, as were Clodwig and the Carolingians, and the united Varagian and Slavonic national strength

rendered it as possible for them, as the united German and Roman strength rendered it possible for Charlemagne, to found his empire of the Franks, although, it is true, the latter had the advantage over the Varangians in finding the vestiges of former cultivation.

Thus, then, the immediate successors of Rurik pressed southwards, removed their metropolis from Novgorod to Kiev, and the same providential impulse which led the Germans and Normans to repeated excursions into the Roman provinces, until the tottering empire yielded to their blows, seemed to have indicated to the Varangians the route to the East Roman or Byzantine empire, and to have implanted in the Russian nation that *idée fixe*, that they are destined to be the inheritors of the Byzantine empire and of Byzantine cultivation. As, during a series of years, through some remarkable concatenation of favourable circumstances, every European event, even if at first sight appearing most perilous for Russia, has only helped to improve her position in Europe, and raise her to an almost giddy height; so, through an almost inexplicable blindness, supported by the indefatigable and well-planned exertions of Russian *litterateurs*, Russia has succeeded in presenting to public opinion the very thing which most evinces the public weakness, as the most evident proof of her incomparable strength and future security. Men of brilliant and well-deserved reputation have worked on public opinion with the best faith in the deception, and their words have more readily found access, the more visible was the repugnance with which they expressed their opinion. Thus, for instance, the traditional idea of the ultimate conquest of Constantinople by the Russians has been quoted as a most striking proof of the strength of the Russian will and energy, and as an event which is drawing near fruition with the necessity of destiny. But if we emancipate ourselves from this very un-Western notion of destiny, if we will not yield the victory to nonsense, from the mere fact of it being nonsense, and believe in the probable conquest of Constantinople in the year 1854, because the monk Agathangelos prophesied it; or, if we will regard the matter impartially and historically, it will appear to us ridiculous not to see in the unsuccessful attempts of the Russians, from the tenth to the nineteenth centuries, incurable weakness and necessary limitation to their nationality, instead of strength.

In the tenth century the Russians appeared for the first time before Constantinople—evidently through the impulse of the Varagian princes, and this march to the south, in which the northern tribes wished to acquire civilization and the more costly luxuries of life, was frequently repeated in the progress of the same century, though always unsuccessfully. Undoubtedly the Russians were greatly feared by the Byzantines, and it is seen from the descriptions left by the latter that the warlike qualities and the caution of the Varangians, in conjunction with the blind devotion of the Slavons, rendered this enemy a very dangerous one for the empire, which could only oppose them by crafty policy, not by any sufficient material strength. Still these very accounts seem to prove that the fear of the Byzantines was not so much of the Slavons as of the Normans, for the prophecy, "The pale-haired race of the northerns will conquer the city" (this is the original reading of the oracle), evidently refers to Sviatoslar and his Varagian comrades. The more this Norman

race, in the course of time, became absorbed in the Slavonic, the more did the danger menacing Byzantium through it disappear. Instead of the latter being conquered by the Russians, it morally conquered Russia, and partially reduced her to political dependence. The death-throes of the Latin empire could not be taken advantage of by the Russian state, which was itself under the power of the Tartars, and it at length yielded to an entirely different enemy, who maintained his ground for centuries in the Latin empire; and now, when this conqueror, through the natural course of things, and the law of ephemeral existence that impends over all Oriental states, appears compelled to quit the stage after a long illness, Russia is said to be the predestined heir, and to have clearly proved her claims by her firm adherence to old traditions!

It would be more reasonable to say, "As Russia was not able to conquer Constantinople in the tenth or fifteenth centuries, she will not succeed in the nineteenth, for her many unsuccessful attempts prove that she lacks strength." Instead of this, the conclusion is drawn: because Russia has made so many fruitless attempts to conquer Constantinople without giving up the notion, she has furnished a proof that she will carry it into execution in the nineteenth century. Such is the peculiar logic of our enlightened age!

The Germans in the West forcibly acquired cultivation and Christianity; they did not merely yield passively to strange institutions, but evinced their self-action in it, and all that emanated from this conflict between two worlds is chiefly their work. The middle ages bear their stamp—are the product of their creative, if barbarous, energy. It is, however, useless to search after the fruits of Russo-Slavon spontaneity. After the attempts of the Varagians to conquer Byzantium—and with that city, civilisation and a new faith—had failed, Russia was isolated, and the choice was left her, either to fall back into Asiatic stagnation and barbarism, or to passively assume the civilisation offered her *ab extrâ*. Undoubtedly the former would have taken place had it not been for the effectual power of the Varagian impulse. The Norman element gained the victory for the latter.

Nothing is more distinctive of the Slavonic character than the events that took place on the introduction of Christianity into Russia. Vladimir felt that he dare not remain in his Pagan estrangement near the Christian states, if he wished to ensure a future for his state. He had then the choice between the Byzantine and the German-Catholic Christianity: but at the same time Islamism, strongly recommended by the example of the Bulgarians, attracted his notice, and was only declined on account of the prohibition of wine. Even the Jews fancied that they should again attain to high honour in Russia, but their religion was rejected by Vladimir as already condemned by history. Ten chosen men were sent to examine into the different religions, and they decided for Byzantine Christianity, as enthralling the senses; while the worship in Germany was deficient in the charm of beauty. Undoubtedly, too, the old inveterate hatred between the Germans and Slavons had led to this decision, and this hatred between the nations was afterwards found in the *odium theologicum*, which the Byzantine Church does, and ever will, entertain against Catholic Christianity.

Vladimir had scarcely been baptised, and married to a Grecian princess,

ere he destroyed the images, ordered the inhabitants of Kiev to the banks of the Dniepr, where they were baptised in detachments, and sent messengers all through the kingdom to baptise and introduce Christianity. Thus a new religion was introduced in the place of the old one, suddenly, and without the slightest external opposition. If we compare the long and violent external and internal contests which in the West were allied to the introduction of Christianity—the savage and repeated wars in which the Celts defended their old national religion against the Romans, we shall fancy the facile Christianising of Russia as almost mythical. Only the passiveness of the Slavonic character, and its relation to the religion, can serve as an explanation. In truth, what change in the belief was effected by Russia being Christianised? There were other names, and nothing more. Whether the Russ formerly fell down before the image of Perun, and now before that of the Redeemer, it was, now as before, the satisfaction of a superstitious impulse, and in the new Christian Deity the old Russian national God was adored, in whom the utter exclusiveness and vassaldom of Slavonism is personified. ¶

Still, for all this, the reception of Byzantine Christianity was a most important act. Just as this form of religion bears in its dogmatic formal petrification the true type of the East, so it was in Russia the adequate expression of the predominant Asiatic character in Slavonism, and fostered—by means of a clergy directed from Constantinople—that fanatic opposition to the free and Roman West, which could only be kept up, however, through the interest of Russia, as an independent and self-sufficing state. As such, Russia must not only advance towards the South, but also in the North and West, and try to gain possession of the coasts and seas; but here she came into collision with Catholic-Germanic cultivation, which sought to hurl her back upon her own barbarism. This is the most tragical aspect of the Russian state. Every state, as such, demands a certain amount of civilisation; without it none can exist. Even the most savage Mongolian chiefs are found, after their conquest of countries and nations, to have introduced a certain amount of cultivation for the security of their own authority. But the Russian state is entirely deficient in all internal conditions for the development of civilisation, and even the external geographical conditions could only be acquired by conquest, to which the more impediments were opposed, the more reason there was to apprehend a savage and barbarous destruction, on the part of Russia, of already existing healthy and vigorous civilisation. This is the internal contradiction from which the Russian state suffers. It must either advance so far to the South, North, and West and expand, until it has destroyed the independence of all the cultivated nationalities in Europe, or it must retire to its steppes, and cease to be a state. The last cannot naturally be the choice of the state itself, but only an act of self-defence on the part of the menaced nations, when they arrive at a perception of this internal contradiction. ¶

Russian history does not permit the least doubt that the internal conditions of self-cultivation are entirely wanting. In the nation there is not the slightest impulse for the appropriation of civilisation, but only hatred and contempt of it. Christianity, far from arousing these impulses, has rather increased this hatred, and has furnished a remarkable proof how little it is capable of promoting civilisation without other factors. Nowhere

can any organisation be found in Russia for the promotion of the interests of civilisation, with the exception of Novgorod, and its colonies; and this commercial city, in whose liberal constitution Western influence is perceptible, only promotes the exchange of the native raw productions for foreign manufactures. At an age, when in the midst of the barbarity of the feudal system, and spite of all the dismemberment existing in the West, industrial towns flourished, and a powerful middle class was in process of formation, Russian history offers us nothing but savage contests for power, which were carried on by a thoroughly degenerate nation, satisfied with its slavish humiliation, and in which the traces of the Norman love of liberty may be recognised in a most distorted shape, but much more plainly the relapse into all the horrors of Orientalism. And how can it be denied, in the presence of the scene, which the history of *Christian Russia*, from the tenth to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries presents to us, that there are nations which, through their incapability to acquire civilisation voluntarily, must receive it in the terrible school of political subservience, and then only with doubtful success.

In the want of a longing for civilisation and industry—in the restriction of cultivation to what is absolutely necessary—in the universal lawlessness, which furnishes no guarantee that persons can ensure to themselves the fruit of their exertions—in the passiveness of the nation—we may find the explanation of the frightful history of Russia. The nobility brought in by the Varagian conquest alone appear to be active, and the elements of the movement; but they had almost entirely lost their Western character. That feeling of liberty, honour, dignity—that chivalry which in the West surrounded barbarism with a certain poesy, and contained the germ of the highest development, is utterly absent in Russia. While in Poland, through the influence of Catholicism and Germany, the Slavon nobleman was in some measure Germanised, the Norman nobleman became in Russia a Slavon: that is, he sank down and gradually lost the national qualities, which in the West, and under the blessings of civilisation, would have borne the fairest fruit. Through the passiveness and entire want of resistance from below, he was a much more refined and terrible tyrant than ever the feudal nobility were: upwards, however, those relations of mutual rights and duties, upon which the Western kingdoms were built, could not grow: the relation subsisting with the grand-duke rather assumed the character of chance and mechanism, which could only entail cruelty on both sides. In Western feudalism there lay, if in a rough form, a principle of rectitude and morality; but in the relation of the boyar to those above and those below him this entirely disappeared. The peasant is a slave in any case, and a slave in a much more hopeless condition than the villain of the Western middle ages; but the boyar is also one, if he is not in a position to make himself feared. The history of Russia up to the sixteenth century is nothing but the history of slave revolts and their gradual suppression, and we hardly know what reply to make when Russians—and those highly educated men, even revolutionary Russians—congratulate their nation because it was freed from the horrors of feudalism, while history shows, with the clearness of day, that this nation is incapable of any social organisation based on principles of justice—such as the feudal system was.

Christianity was the sole, weak bond which united Russia to civiliza-

tion—the idea which had been firmly inoculated in the nation from the time of Rurik, of Russia's unity, of "holy" Russia—the only one which prevented a dissolution of the state. This idea has remained in full vigour till the present day, and forms, we may say, the sole internal strength of the state; it was the principal support of the grand-dukes in their contests with the opposing elements within, and rendered it possible for them to hurl down everything that was prominent and appeared independent, and to rule with autocratic power over a body of slaves. Christianity in Russia, however, originally only brought the state into a necessary dependence on Byzantium. Russia was a moral conquest of Constantinople; the Greek patriarch was the lord of the Russian clergy; and spite of all the attempts of the Russian grand-dukes, they never succeeded, as long as the Greek empire endured, in asserting their ecclesiastical independence. This dependence was a necessity. The Russian grand-dukes had no other copy for their government, savage and barbarous as it was, than Byzantium, and the measures, which even the most imperfect state on the lowest stage of civilisation cannot entirely do without, they could only derive from that capital. This dependence was at the same time the strength of the grand-dukes. This was clearly seen, when, in the thirteenth century, the Byzantine empire was overthrown by the Latins, and a Latin empire established in Constantinople. A few years later, Russia was also subdued—not by the West, against whom her Slavonic national character and her religious exclusiveness most strenuously protested, but by the Tartars. Russia remained for nearly three centuries under the yoke of the Mongolian Khans. The nation bore this yoke with servile calmness—the Asiatic element in their nature felt to possess some affinity with the Tartars—the princes crawled before the Mongol chiefs, and sought with their assistance to obtain some advantage for their own self-will. But in this school of oppression the Muscovite dynasty gradually grew up, and when the Tartar empire fell—not through the exertions of the Russian nation, but through its internal dissolution, which is the fate of all empires mechanically founded by conquest—this dynasty, supported by the newly-aroused feeling of unity, and schooled in the art of ruling employed by the Khans and adapted to slaves, was enabled to wage the battle against the still-existing so-termed aristocracy. This contest, which may be compared with that of the French kings against their vassals, in so far as the state unity was to be restored in either instance, is perhaps the most horrible which the history of the world can display; and if a great Englishman once said that a nation, which refused to pay taxes imposed by itself, would be easily led to destroy the liberty of England, so we may say, with a great deal more justice, that a nation which not only suffered such atrocities, but even applauded them, and even now enthusiastically lauds the performers of such horrors as the benefactors of Europe, would also be capable under favouring circumstances of destroying every trace of liberty and civilisation through the whole breadth of the continent. In the conduct of the tzar, from the moment when he undertakes to realise *his* idea of state union, a truly insane frenzy is expressed against everything possessing the slightest character of independence, and the barbarities he performs are generally as useless as they are refined. We perceive in these tzars a species of

mad hatred of their own nation, in consequence of its insufficiency and incapability for civilisation; and it is a remarkable fact, that this insufficiency becomes the more marked at the moment when the state union has been restored, and the necessity for the elements of cultivation is more felt.

These elements were necessarily derived, long before Peter the Great's era, from foreign countries, and principally from Germany. All the arts, trades, manufactures—all required for the organisation of the state and the army—are obtained from the West. From the moment since a Russian state has been in existence, after the Tartar yoke had been shaken off and the boyar aristocracy annihilated, this state has been solely supported by Germans, and it would long ago have collapsed and the nation relapsed into the Asiatic stagnation, to which its nature has a decided tendency, had not the Western elements sustained. Ivan Vassiljevitch (1462-1505) summoned architects, engineers, bell-founders, jewellers, and physicians from Germany and Italy; under his successor the Germans proved themselves the strength of the state; and in the revolutions and dismemberment which at a later date distract Russia, it is only the Germans and foreigners to whom the state owes its integrity.

It is clear that we here have a fact unparalleled in the previous history of the world. We are acquainted with nations of lower talents, who have been conquered by a stranger race, fused with them, and gradually driven to assume civilisation. But here we have the national ruler of an immeasurable empire, which was only roughly patched together, in his despair about his own nation—in the effecting of whose degradation, however, he has himself done the most—erecting a state with foreign elements, against the will, and, indeed, the nature, of his nation, which honours in him their natural representative and absolute ruler; a state system, moreover, which is principally designed to keep that nation down, of which it forms the substructure. This inner contradiction of the czar is remarkable. When the Romans conquered and cultivated Gaul, they introduced their own liberal laws, their municipal constitution, their own great and creative national talents, which raised and ennobled the conquered nation, though not until its prejudices had been removed. The czar, himself a Russ, could not act in this fashion. Had Russia fallen into the power of the Germans, or some other civilised nation, the process would have been similar to that of the Romans in Gaul. Personal liberty, laws of property, liberal institutions would have been taken to Russia, and Russian nationality would have been benefited by them, or would have had to give ground, like the Indian before the cultivation of the Anglo-Saxon colonists. The czar could not think of implanting in Russia the more liberal foreign laws together with the foreign civilisation; he remained a Russian, that is, a barbarian, and the civilisation he introduced could only serve to render this barbarism more refined. It is not merely the artificial nature of the so-called Russian cultivation, its hot-house character—not merely the fact that it only exists by sufferance, and under the protection of the czar, though in utter opposition to the whole spirit of Russian nationality; but it is the end which it must exclusively pursue—which should fill civilised Europe with terror and horror. It is not merely simple absolutism, in the Western sense of the term, which is represented in the lord of Russia:

nationality, for absolutism can allow the existence of certain laws—for instance, that of property—and, indeed, nearly always does so. In Russia, however, there *never* was any law of property, and it is not an empty phrase when we call the tsar the absolute master of life and property.

From the first moment the Russian nation recognised in this Western cultivation a dangerous foe to its own nationality, and angrily rejected it. After the hatred to the boyars, there is no more prominent feature in the character of the Russians than this self-same detestation of civilisation. Even the command of their adored tsar could not overcome this hatred, and it is in so far perfectly justified, as the condition of a nation not destined for cultivation is only rendered worse by its arbitrary introduction. To civilise the Russian nation is indebted for serfdom, and its immense extension. This hatred is assuredly irradicable, but it would have surely been more frequently expressed in deeds, had not some obscure feeling told the people at the same time that this odious cultivation had assisted in the restoration of the empire, and consequently in promoting the independence of the nation. When the boyars had been destroyed and the state unity restored, the tsaric despotism and its support, foreign cultivation, were the sole things which could save the unity and independence of the state. To no purpose was the ridiculous comedy of a Russian national assembly acted, in order to reconstruct the state from the nationality itself. What use was a parliament where there were no interests—i.e., no laws, no liberty, no labour, and no property? The state was in a state of dissolution, and seemed to be destroyed by revolutions and external foes. For the Russians make revolutions, however little our statesmen appear to take this eventuality into their calculations, and that not *although*, but *because*, they are slaves. The same people who prostrate themselves to-day before the tsar, appear moved and pretend to shed tears, are to-morrow ready for revolt and revolution; for the very feeling of slavery, the want of will, the internal lack of liberty, generally produce those gigantic demonstrations from which revolutions emanate. Neither these revolutions nor the national assemblies could support the state; they were compelled to return to the despotism of the tsar; he alone proved himself to be the substance of the nation; but, in order to form and maintain an empire, he was compelled to summon foreign elements to his aid.

For a long while civilisation and barbarism were thus externally connected, until Peter the Great effected a junction between them, by ordering the barbarians to become cultivated, and watched the fulfilment of this command with all the absolutism and selfishness of his tsaric power. And yet the affair was only half successful. Only those who were in immediate subservience to the tsar, or could be at a future day placed in such a position, assumed the foreign habits, at least externally; the nucleus of the nation remained in passive resistance, and even rejected the external signs of foreign civilisation—the European dress—with the most obstinate determination. This opposition, however, did not daunt the tsar. With Peter the Great the passion for forced civilisation ascended the Russian throne. He was inflamed with the ambition of raising his nation to the same height with the Western people, or even above them, and the tsar, accustomed as he was to unlimited authority, had no idea that the *sic volo, sic jubeo* of the most powerful sovereign would be opposed

by the nature of the facts. The unhealthy condition of the majority of the Western states, the evil passions of the powerful, which were recognised by his sharp glance, were not adapted to ruin his hopes that Russia was destined to be the inheritor of our civilisation. He started with the axiom, that from Greece and Italy science and art spread over Germany, and it was now Russia's turn. "For us, too," he says, "the season will arrive when you will support me in my earnest designs, not only with blind obedience, but from free choice, choosing the good and desiring to lay aside the evil. I compare the journey of science with the circulation of the blood in the human body; and I foresee that hereafter it will quit its home in England, France, and Germany, and after abiding several centuries with us return to its true home in Greece." However much may be said against the comparison between the progress of civilisation and the cultivation of the blood, still we must allow the truth of the remark, that passive resistance is not sufficient for the promotion of civilisation. And still in Russia there was nothing but this unlimited popular obedience, which sees God's rule in that of the czar; in the strength of this national obedience lies, as Karamsin says, the whole power of the Russian empire, and Peter could only turn to this, and was therefore forced to make up for its defects by a stronger mixture of foreign elements.

Peter the Great indubitably marks a very important epoch in the history of Russian nationality. His predecessors had seen and recognised the fact, that the state could only be maintained by foreign elements; but they had restricted themselves to taking these elements into their service, but themselves remained in their pristine condition. The foreign institutions were merely an external support, in order to carry the old Russian state further on, and they were deficient in both the right will and strength to really establish them in Russia, and alter their own to correspond with them. These are the changes Peter made: he compelled the nation to meet the foreign institutions half-way, and to receive them; he sought to revolutionise the nation, and, just as he himself was no old Russian czar, shut in by Byzantine etiquette and superstitious formalism, but a man who had said adieu to everything old, who, although still a barbarian, clutched eagerly at the Western novelties; so he wished that his nation should entirely forget its past, and assume Western civilisation, with which to commence an entirely new era. He considered it his mission to effect this, and the obstinate resistance which he met with, and with which he had to struggle during his whole lifetime, did not cause him to despair of success.

Peter's command to the nation, that it should become civilised, was obeyed, though with the greatest repugnance, by those who were forced by their social position to follow every order of the all-powerful czar, that is, by the nobles, who were in a state of direct dependence and attachment to the state. They intrigued, even conspired against these changes; but when their intrigues were detected, their conspiracies frustrated, nothing was left them but to do all the czar demanded. They threw off the Russian costume and assumed the European; adapted customs, in which Peter himself preceded them, read European books and papers, and undoubtedly displayed great talent in doing so. European society was formed in Russia, and if this was Peter's sole object it was entirely effected. He had dragged his nation after him into European

civilisation. It might be imagined that it would henceforth be self-sufficing.

But this was so little the case that Russia actually became more dependent than ever on the West, as long as she had not utterly broken with her past. Not merely her mental subservience increased, through the fact that every progress, every amelioration which the West produced, was engrafted in Russia in an external and mechanical manner—for she possessed only a power of imitation, not of production—but at the same time the material assumption of foreign Western elements now extended to an extraordinary degree in Russia. This was the time when a multitude of adventurous geniuses poured into Russia from England, France, and specially from Germany, and rose with fabulous rapidity to the highest posts, though certainly on a dangerous path. Peter required strangers not only to educate his Russians in the hitherto unknown arts and sciences—not only as instructors for his army so recently re-established on an European model—the new Russian state required, more than all, foreign protection against its own *employés*.

This *soi-disant* civilisation of Russia, then, Peter was compelled to purchase at the price of a division in his nation, and that is the most important matter for our consideration. Those Russians not immediately dependent on the state, the immense mass of peasants and traders, were unassailable by the imperial ukase, and adhered to their Byzantine manners and customs—the more so as the Church, which Peter rendered ridiculous, looked with suspicion and hatred on the changes, and was only prevented by its Byzantine impotence from resisting them more energetically. Through his regardless revolutionary breach with the past of his nation, Peter placed himself in the most peculiar position to the great mass of this people. He was opposed to them as an enemy—as a conqueror. He who, on the other hand, was the hereditary, unbounded master of this nation, and as such honoured by this slavish mass. This position rendered energetic demonstrations on either side impossible. Peter, himself a Russian, himself only striving to render Russia great and powerful, was unable to utterly subdue his nation. He was in a state of contradiction to himself,—that very contradiction which the whole Russian state contains. Any actual civilisation of Russia in a Western sense must strike at the very root of the nationality. Peter, if he really pursued this object, could not confine himself to rendering the Church powerless and ridiculous—he must attack it in the body of the nation, who must become either Catholic or Protestant. In this case, however, he would cease to be a Russian, he would become an agent of the West, to which Russia would fall a prey, and grow sooner or later a dependency. On the other hand, even if the Russian people possessed sufficient strength to render active and effectual resistance to the hateful changes introduced, it could not employ this strength against its tsar, in whom it ever revered the will of the Deity—it dare not become revolutionary—it must confine itself to passive resistance, and trust to the stubbornness of its Slavon nature. The latter it could justly do. Russian civilisation has existed for a century and a half, but has taken no root in the nation. The two classes created by Peter are still opposed, and this is the more explicable, as the class so hated by Peter could only suffer serious detriment by the changes. Since Peter, serfdom has become legal and universal, and its abolition, or

even alleviation, appears at present impossible even for the autocrat and under the influence of the philanthropical ideas of Europe. Although the Russians are white men, they appear to be of a very similar character to the negroes. They will cease work—that is, except for the absolute necessities of life—so soon as the compulsion is removed.

Still it is clear that, just as such a division weakens the state, or at least will not suffer it to grow strong, so the parts separated will not cease striving for a reunion, even if centuries elapse ere it be effected. The instinctive feeling of political incompetence on the part of the old Russian party, is the chief reason why an immense reaction did not follow on Peter's death: at a later date it was prevented by a German family attaining the throne of Russia. For nearly a century the government was carried on without any regard for the masses, who daily fell victims to a more terrible slavery. In Petersburg the people fed on the crumbs of European civilisation, and all the Western ideas, at the head of which mentally-revolutionised France took her place, were suffered to pour over Russia without hindrance. Through the want of any cultivation springing from the home soil, the higher Russian classes revelled in the philosophy of the *Encyclopédie*, of Voltaire and Rousseau, without the slightest notion of the real circumstances of the social and civil development of which those ideas were the fruit. Nor did any one think in the least of applying these ideas to the actual circumstances of Russia, and the self-same Catharine, who exchanged letters full of sentimental philanthropy with Diderot and Voltaire, with a stroke of her pen converted thousands of free Russian peasants into serfs, without the least consciousness of the contradiction her conduct revealed. Western ideas were, in fact, articles of luxury in Russia, by which enjoyment could be heightened, just like champagne, or any other occidental article. So clearly was the hot-house character of the Russian civilisation—which had taken no root—revealed.

The French Revolution, and more especially the year 1812, caused a change in the relations of the government and the people in Russia. Even Peter had been compelled to acquire the experience, that one of his most stubborn old Russians called his attention to the dangerous consequences, which might emanate from Western ideas against the monarchical—still more against the autocratic—principle. Peter laughed at him. At that day, kings, least of all men, believed in or thought of revolutions. Now it had arrived as the ripe fruit of the ideas which they had so much liked to foster in Petersburg. They grew distrustful, though far from believing in a repetition of the French Revolution in Petersburg, or even of attempts of that nature. Even when the lava stream of the revolution was checked by the icy steppes of Russia, when all classes of the nation were re-united after more than a century by one national thought, and the old chasm was momentarily bridged—the government did not think seriously of giving up its attachment to the West, and returning to the ground of Russian nationality. The results of the year 1812 gradually brought about this determination: and by the most opposite routes that period of transition was reached, in which the Russian nation is now indubitably engaged. Whether she will be strong or weak, after this period has passed, is a very different question.

The French campaign and the immediate and active collision into which it brought the Russian army with the ~~French~~ ^{English} naturally left a deep

effect on their minds—far from favourable to Russian institutions. This contact first aroused that love of imitation so powerful in the Slavon; but the liberal associations which were formed after the return of the army, and which soon assumed a revolutionary character—as was natural in a country, when the whole of the natural energy is concentrated on one point—were soon forced, in order to apply their new ideas, to take their footing on Russian ground, on that of Russian nationality. Thus, then, that separation into two classes was first theoretically removed by the revolution. The educated classes, who had enviously kept aloof from the people and their wants, now busied themselves with them, with the intention of improving their position either on the road of reform or else by force. The masses, however, had not the least idea that they were the objects of sympathy, and on the eventual outbreak of the revolutionary conspiracy—to which the Russians in their national vanity, which is far greater than that of the French, attach a socialist character, because it was, at least in the programme, referred to the emancipation of the peasants—remained perfectly indifferent. The impulse to this healing of the breach which had existed from the time of Peter, originated with the European ideas, and these formed the leading principle. But on the opposite side attempts were made to attain the same object, by opposing the Russo-Slavonic character with its peculiarities to the West. The former is the Europeo-revolutionary—the latter, the philo-Slavon—party: for the former Peter the Great is the type, whose work they continue, and so strive to raise the masses who have been so long excluded from all enjoyment of happiness and education: the latter are in principle against every European change, bring out the Byzantine character prominently, praise the want of individuality peculiar to this nationality and the Greek Church, and, in short, perfectly represent the old Russian party. These two parties, it will be seen, are not the mere product of a certain age, but they have their root in Russian history, and will ever re-appear anew, though in a modified form. Although so utterly opposed, they are continually coming into contact. They are both national: both wish to remove the old dissensions in the people: both desire Russian domination in Europe, and agree perfectly in their hatred of the Germans. Whenever it comes to a revolution in Russia, which though not probable at the moment, is still inevitable at a future day, the constitutional, or European party would lead the van, but the Slavonic party would gain the eventual mastery, extirpate the foreign elements, and then return to despotism, which would either fall back into the old Asiatic petrification, or again introduce foreign elements into Russia, and she would thus have to commence her career afresh.

The true condition of a nation which can derive no vitality from itself, but must obtain it from the West, through a terrible despotism, which, we may say, increases in proportion to the vitality introduced, is not hidden from all the Russians, although the majority, true to their brutal and Slavonic nature, console themselves for their want of internal freedom by the feeling of external domination, and forget that a nation which is inwardly lifeless and powerless, can only exercise a most precarious and accidental dominion over the exterior world. There are Russians who look on the future of their nation with horror, for they see with perfect clearness that the intense, fearful sufferings which compulsory civilisation is preparing for this nation, can expect no payment from the future, w

that this future is a return to that barbarism from which the great mass of the nation has never yet thoroughly emerged; that the history of Russia is like Penelope's web, for one period only destroys what another created with sorrow and tears. From this stand-point, some twenty years ago a most distinguished Russian, Tchaadaeff, invoked his curse upon the country and the people, its past and future—in words which pierced the heart, from their appearing so impartial and unimpassioned. As his book could not in any way be twisted into an attack on the tsar, it was impossible to punish the author; so the autocrat contented himself with officially pronouncing the writer a fool. This is the mildest fate that threatens the speaker of truth in Russia. Still, such instances of Russian self-recognition are very isolated. The Russian is in the highest degree vain and boastful, and, in addition to a love of truth, he wants that insight into his own true character, the boundaries and limits of his nationality and the accidental causes of his artificial greatness. But ought we to feel surprised at this, when we find German philosophers prophesying the dominion of Europe to be eventually in the hands of such a nation?

Through our analysis, which is based on the history of Russia, and the perception of the development of all nationalities, there can be no doubt that Russian nationality, which owes all its elements of vitality to foreign elements, which she assumed only superficially and imperfectly, cannot be regarded as one that holds out any hopes of endurance and prosperity.

Any person that does not regard the matter in the same light as ourselves, must allow that a nation, in order to enjoy internal strength and vitality, must have first displayed these qualities in a struggle with other nations, which will have served to strengthen them. Thus, for instance, the French developed the power of their nationality in their struggle with England. But has Russia anything similar to point to, which would justify the assertion that her nationality is a strong and powerful one?

In the presence of history, we must negative this question. The Tartar yoke fell off through the internal dissolution of the empire, and not through the bravery and strength of the Russian nation.* Russia never before dared a really great war against an organised power, except when attacked, and Charles XII. and Napoleon were conquered—not by the Russian bravery, but by the elements and the savageness of the country. The latter is the strength of Russia. She represents a stubborn unity. From this stand-point she has ever promoted the internal dissolution of barbarous or semi-barbarous nations, and swallowed them in turn. From this stand-point she ever strives to promote anarchy, in order to acquire a right of interference and the dictatorship. In greater European conflicts Russia has always gladly taken a part, in order afterwards to lay claim to the greater portion of the renown, but she has never before been actually opposed to any organised Western power.

When the Russians have fought the smallest portion of the battles in which the greater Western nations strengthened themselves, then we shall be justified, and not till then, in calling their nationality a powerful one.

* In the well-known battle which freed Russia from paying tribute to the Tartars, both armies displayed their bravery by running away from each other.

A BRUSSELS BULL-FIGHT.

A VIGNETTE FROM A POET'S PORTFOLIO.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

THE Brussels bull-fights, though, of necessity, failures in the main, were not wholly so. It was something, for instance, to see those little mountain bulls, tawny, lurid, small thunder-clouds incarnate, that rushed bounding into the arena, with apparently but one object in view, that of attacking something or somebody, no matter whom or what. At the representation, however, at which I was present, the first two bulls, after displaying much vivacity and petulance, and chasing the *Bandarillos* from side to side of the enclosure, lapsed into comparative quietness; but not so the third, a compact, sturdy creature, who made a dead set at one of the mounted *Picadors*, and breaking through his guard, knocked man and horse pell-mell over, and leaping across their bodies, scoured away, with one brown button on his horn, and the other *red*. The man was extricated from under the horse, unhurt (it seems they pad, with a view to these contingencies), but the horse was gored, in spite of the button, and limped out of the arena in sorry case. This was the grand catastrophe of the day, as regards the excitement; but the crowning feature both of the amusement and the *fiasco*, was the Belgian bull,* who, when the doors of his den were thrown open, refused not only to show fight, but even to show himself. Persuasion was lost on him—poking was ineffectual—every form of argument was employed in vain. There he stood, dimly visible through the doorway, but as motionless as a statue waiting for its pedestal. All sorts of scarlet and crimson cloaks were flaunted in his eyes, but he would none of them; at last, some more piquant incentive being applied (I imagine) in the rear, he reluctantly yielded, and stalked into the arena, hanging down his head, and looking astonished and confounded at the shouts that greeted him. But fighting was clearly no vocation of his. "The 'tossing' accident was not his trade." He was a bull for peace-congresses to patronise and adorn with medals—a pattern bull—a bull to be sent on a mission to the savage flocks on windy sierras. "What business had he there, at such a time?" I have some notion myself, however, that the secret was in his horns. A Spanish bull's horns are large and strong, with a bold upward curve; but this Belgian bull's were fashioned otherwise, were not more than six inches in length, and curved earthward. What could a bull do with such pacific horns, such weapons of no offence? Why nothing, of course, but be as mild as new milk—a very cow for meekness; and so he was. They heaped every variety of ignominy upon him—Belgian abuse buffeted him, Spanish Billingsgate pursued him, whips lashed his hide, sticks belaboured his head, but nothing stirred his temper. He was a bull of principle, and stuck to his text; and after pacing sedately round the circus, on the look-out, I fancy, for *grass*, he suffered two *Banderillos* (very fat men) to ride on his back, a third to hang round his neck, and a fourth to pull hard at his tail, and so escorted, amid the universal jeer-

* In each representation a bull of Belgian race was to do battle.

ing of the multitude, this miracle of bulls retired again into private life, setting the seal on his forbearance, and building himself, as Tennyson says of Lady Godiva, "an everlasting name."

After him came a little demon, all blood and fire, that flew at everybody, and gored the planking when he could get nothing else to gore; and who was perseveringly tormented, till bull and Banderillos were alike tired out, and then the show ended.

The only really painful part of the spectacle was the physical anguish (probably not worse, however, than the spur in a horse's side) inflicted by the barbed *bandarillas* that are darted into the skin of the bull's neck, by way of stimulus. But it brings out the savage nature admirably. It is not the pain which the bull seems to resent, it is the indignity; and he chafes, and foams, and leaps, and plunges, and attacks none of his opponents, because he would fain attack *all*, and avenge the insult with one general toss.

The Spanish bulls were all of the same colour—tawny, like an African lion, and very lithe and supple, with thin flanks, and a wrinkled darkness gathering about the neck, and deepening into black over the broad, massive brow, under which the eyes smoulder and glow with a hot and lurid light.

They have the horse's habit of scraping and pawing up the sand with their forefeet; but I observed that with them it was a sign of fury, the third bull, *Elpargatero* hight, preparing himself with that nervous action for the home-thrust with which he knocked over both Picador and steed. In short, though these mountaineers have no marked beauty to boast of, they have a free, native savageness, and an unshorn strength refreshing to behold; and with all my admiration for placability and a quiet mind, I must confess that my sympathies went rather with the fighting savages than with that peaceable paragon the Belgian bull.

If I may judge from the satisfaction evinced when the bull struck down his opponent, the genuine Spanish bull-fight, without let or hindrance, would have given complete satisfaction. And so it is. Does the world, in its moral progress, move on and on; or does it merely turn round and round? One thing is certain, whenever we fancy we have reached the acme of Civilisation, the red, shaggy face of Barbarism is sure to rise up, grinning, above some near horizon. Not so very long ago, while the prophets were prophesying smooth things, and declaring that war and bloodshed must henceforth be impossible, the paving-stones of Paris were being turned into barricades, and blood flowed, like water, down its kennels. I fear myself that the world turns round merely, and I think it turns too fast. What if a circle of invisible imps were crouching round it, finger to finger, and thumb to thumb, and *making* it turn, in the new magnetic fashion? Might one propose such an hypothesis to the *Zoist*, or would it be permitted to throw poor Mr. Faraday into fits with it?

PROMOTION IN THE ARMY.*

THE *morale* and system of our army is essentially Conservative. We have AN EPOCH—that when our soldiers were clothed with glory and honour, and the British name became to be feared and immortalised—from whence we date every act, deed, or order connected with this department of our body politic. That epoch is the glorious one of the Peninsula.

“Gad, sir, do away with stocks? Pish! I wore mine, sir, at Albuera, and fought in it too, and conquered, sir,” says Major Martinet, laying hold of your button-hole at the club. “Do away with stocks? Pish! Do away with muskets next and fight with potato popguns! Do away with stocks? Gad, sir, I always wear mine in preference to a cravat.”

“What shall we come to next, pray? Porter and India-rubber tubs for troops on service!” exclaims Colonel Pomponious, stopping you in your canter down Rotten-row. “What next, pray? And am—am—ambulung carts for the sick, and cursed ‘own correspondents’ to tittle-tattle home everything you do. We managed matters better in the Peninsula—eh?”

“Bedads! little O’Shaughnessy of the ointy-oith will be a full colonel in three years. *Faiz*, it’s tu hard,” says Captain O’Brien, meeting you in Dublin, “and meself only a scrub of a captain. Blood and ’ounds! I that fought at Talavera.”

“Dom it, mon! they are giving Jock Crapaud cookery shines and what nots,” says Colonel Campbell to you in Edinburgh, “and ha’ no more thought of Vittoria than an old hen-wife for the wee beast of the foxy when the chickens are hoosed; and private Sandy Macpherson, too, of Macpherson in Inverness-shire, to get uncou’ fou with a Zouave. Tootery eggs, mon! the world is coming to an end.”

What a bugbear and bogie this self-same “Peninsula” has been to our progression in the reforms of our army. Because we did so and so in the Peninsula, we are, *à fortiori*, to do so now; because we took some thirty hours to travel from York to London, we ought not to have railways; because we wore pigtails and powder, consequently we ought not to wear our hair *au naturel* or *à l’Impératrice*; because our grandfathers got drunk every night, and rarely washed their bodies every morning, that is the reason why we should not keep sober after dinner, nor use our matutinal bath on rising.

This state of conservation of “as you was” remained in vogue during the latter days of the immortal Wellington, his Grace himself even being an advocate for the *status quo*, ever urging the well-known reply of “My dear sir, so many men have fancies, but how few have tastes!” at every new suggestion on dress or discipline. The army, therefore, remained “as it was;” men fainted under the heavy knapsack, had apoplexy from the stock, headaches from the heavy helmets or Scotch bonnets, and colds and catarrhs from badly-cut coats. “THE PENIN-

* Report of Commissioners on Promotion in the Army. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of her Majesty, 1854.

SULA" was the ever ready cut-and-dried answer to every innovation. Colonels still remained master-tailors, rode the high "goose," and cab-baged from the soldiers' cloth. "It was so in my time, and, 'gad, it should continue so," said old Joe Bagshot. "It was done in the Duke of York's time, why should it not be done in the Duke of Wellington's?" A few reforms in dress were now and then smuggled in, but instead of proving improvements, they were condemned by all as being either outrages on good taste, or in direct violation of common sense. The first person who attempted any innovation—who dared to touch so sacred a thing as the soldiers' dress whilst Wellington was chief—was His Royal Highness Prince Albert. He invented the ever-memorable chako which still bears his name, but fortunately never exhibited its ludicrous gear beyond his Royal Highness's *atelier*, the workshop of an enterprising accoutrement-maker, the pages of *Punch*, or the boards of the Surrey and Adelphi Theatres. Since then, a few old seigniors at Whitehall have invented equally as ludicrous affairs which have been taken into use by the army, bearing always, however, the title of "Albert's taste," for which his Royal Highness most unjustly has to bear the credit.

The Camp at Chobham effected wonderful revolutions. People became aware that we had "an army," that our soldiers could march and manœuvre, our infantry shoot, our cavalry charge, and our artillery vie with any continental army's in the world. Wealthy cotton-spinners declined betting with general officers on the odds of "war or no war;" maiden ladies of uncertain ages blanched and became nervous, and took more inland cottages than those of either Brighton, Hastings, or the Isle of Wight; peaceable Quakers declined arguing on the moral influence of brotherly affection one toward another; and Madame B——, who had already written to her ambitious and mendacious autocrat that "England had no army, only a few dandies and burghesses dressed up in soldiers' clothes," added an *erratum*, by observing, "we had a handful of brave fellows yet," and advised her imperial master to "beware of impetuosity." The imperial tsar did not believe her *erratum*: it would have been well for him if he had.

With these few prefatory remarks it now behoves us to turn to the subject more immediately under our consideration; and in doing so, let our readers bear in mind that, being an unprofessional Magazine, we shall not dive beneath the surface, nor enter into the depths, mysteries, or abstruse technicalities of the new reform, but in a light and general manner endeavour to give in our lecture a summary of the proposed changes on this momentous question which shall be transparent to the most ordinary capacity, and must arouse the interest of any one who has brothers, cousins, or relations in the British army.

The report is drawn up by the Honourable Sidney Herbert, Secretary of War both under the present administration (Lord Aberdeen's) and the late Sir Robert Peel's; Lord Hardinge, at present commanding-in-chief; Lord Cathcart, for some time commander-in-chief in Canada, and at present lieutenant-general commanding the northern and midland districts of England; Lord Grey; Lord Panmure, better known as Fox Maule, for some years secretary at war, and the indefatigable promoter of education in the army; Lord Seaton, one of our ablest and most distinguished generals; Sir John Pakington, an apostle of the Derbyite

school ; Sir John Burgoyne, a distinguished officer, to whom the late Duke of Wellington addressed his memorable caution on the defenceless state of England ; and three other gentlemen.

The witnesses called for before the commission were men of the highest experience in military affairs, who possessed the most intimate knowledge of the service, and they left upon record their opinions as to the nature and extent of the evils which, after the close of a war of unparalleled magnitude, and during the long interval of peace which happily followed, have necessarily tended to impair the efficiency of the British army in the upper ranks. It arose thus : In the lower regimental ranks employment is certain for any officer desiring it, but the moment an officer attains field-officer's rank his chances of employment are very much diminished. This arises from the constitution of a regiment. The causes, however, we shall not attempt to adduce; suffice it to say that the average ages of major-generals in 1841 was fifty-nine, and that of the major-generals in 1850 was sixty. Our army, therefore, cannot be said to be efficient in all its ranks, when in the grade from which the commander must be chosen upon whose vigour and energy the success of a campaign may mainly depend, there are no officers below that age after which but few men possess the physical strength necessary to endure the privations and fatigues incidental to service in the field. Lord F. Somerset (now Lord Raglan) stated in his evidence in 1840, "that during the Peninsular war, except Lord Lyndoch and Sir Thomas Picton, no general officer was in command above forty years of age. The Duke of Wellington was a major-general at thirty-three years ; the Marquis of Anglesea, at thirty-four ; the Earl of Dalhousie, at thirty-eight ; the Earl of Strafford, at thirty-six ; Lord Hill, at thirty-three ; Lord Beresford, at thirty-nine ; Sir George Murray, at forty ; Lord Combermere, at thirty-one ; Lord Londonderry, at thirty-two."

Think, then, of a general picked from men whose average ages are threescore, who must necessarily spend days together in the saddle, traverse unknown lands, find means of transport for the sick and wounded, and finally bestow unrelaxing supervision on the commissariat ! But we must bear in mind the average age of sixty was struck in 1851. Three years have elapsed, and we may safely put the average down now at sixty-four !! The fault was easily traceable to the long duration it took an officer to obtain the rank of major-general from his first being gazetted as lieutenant-colonel—a part of which time he invariably passed on half-pay—which, in the words of the report, "we apprehend that it can require no argument to prove that even if they retained the requisite vigour of body, officers who have been so long out of the active exercise of their profession cannot be expected in general to command troops with the same efficiency as men of more recent military experience."

The honourable board then proceeds to suggest to her Majesty the remedy.

Their first proposition is certainly startling to our preconceived notions on the promotion in our army, namely, selecting the fittest officer that can be found for the particular duty of commanding troops as a general officer *without reference to seniority*. The elderly gentlemen of the United Incapable Club will throw away our poor magazine with disgust

on to some remote sofa, and unanimously vote the whole affair only one of those "confounded enlightened humbugs got up to please Cobden and those educational apostles, just to send the whole service to the devil in double-quick step. Bosh! sir—*bosh!*"

We, on the other hand, would suggest that the rule should even be carried as far down as field-officers commanding regiments, and we should then have little fear of seeing "leaders" in the *Times* on the incapacity of commanding officers being unable to prevent soldiers breaking out of barracks, juveniles putting captains under the pump, officers serenading their colonels with itinerant German bands, colonels turning horse-dealers and "sticking" cornets with chargers, majors bringing frivolous complaints against their superior officers, and finally, young gentlemen engaging in a "row" that would disgrace a pot-house or a brothel, by breaking one another's heads with brass-candlesticks.

The next reform the committee have to suggest to enable the military and colonial authorities to select men of professional ability and knowledge for important commands is, that the rank of full colonel should be given to all officers on their completing three years of service with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in command of regiments; or to field-officers and senior captains and lieutenant-colonels of battalions of the Guards, termed mounted officers; or to lieutenant-colonels on the staff in situations necessarily held by officers of that rank; or, lastly, as field-officers of the artillery or engineers. Besides these, promotion can be given for gallant conduct on the field, or by appointment as aide-de-camp to her Majesty, when, as heretofore, they become full colonels by virtue of their appointment. The proposition is, then, to promote every lieutenant-colonel now in command of a regiment to the rank of full colonel in three years, which, under the ancient *régime*, he was from fifteen to twenty obtaining.

The board then proceeds to remark, that, compared with the emoluments of men in other professions, the rates of pay assigned to the officers of the British army are preposterously low; nay, in many cases, officers receive less than the annuities they might have purchased for the money they have paid for commissions.* They consider these officers ought to look forward to ultimately obtain honorary distinction, and those pecuniary advantages to which they are now entitled when they rise to general officers; and they further suggest such a number of general officers should be made, that every officer who reaches the rank of full colonel may hope in his turn to become a major-general; as, without such a plan, many would remain in command of regiments longer than desirable, thus stopping the current of promotion in the ranks below them.

The 44th clause of the recommendations of the committee will, of course, appear perfectly unintelligible to non-professional readers. We will relate a circumstance that occurred under our own immediate notice. A lieutenant and captain of one of the household regiments had the good

* In a crack cavalry corps, we believe, a lieutenant gives 2000*l.* for his promotion; a captain, 6000*l.*; a major, 9500*l.*; and a lieutenant-colonel, 14,000*l.* For this they receive pay,—as lieutenant-colonel, per diem, 23*s.*; major, 19*s.* 3*d.*; captain, 14*s.* 7*d.*; lieutenant, 9*s.*

luck to be captain of the guard on the birth of the Prince of Wales, for which he received his brevet majority; some short time afterwards he exchanged into the line, and in due course of time became brevet lieutenant-colonel. He happened to be stationed in country quarters with his *dépôt*, under command of a major. An election occurred, to which the magistrates considered themselves justified, for the preservation of the public peace, in requesting a troop of cavalry might be sent to augment the soldiers. At once the town became a garrison. The brevet lieutenant-colonel, for simply commanding the guard on the day on which the Prince of Wales was born, took command of his own major, although, regimentally, he was only junior captain; as, had no cavalry been sent, he would simply have commanded his own company. Surely such a syllepsis required further revision than the simple remark, we opine, of—"This we regard as an abuse, and we beg to submit to your Majesty, that in future it should be laid down as a rule of the service (subject to some exceptions in favour of existing interests, which we shall hereafter consider) that no officer should rise to the rank of colonel otherwise than by serving three years as a lieutenant-colonel, in the manner we have described." Brevets are recommended to be discontinued—a most excellent proposition—and officers in the senior ranks to be promoted as vacancies occur, or urgencies require. The number of general officers proposed is 100 officers receiving unattached pay, which, with the addition of those commanding regiments, is to make a prominent total of 234. As regards the rank of field-marshal, it is proposed that the principle of seniority should be altogether discarded, and that the Queen should be enabled to reward brilliant exploits in the field by promotion to the rank above that in which the service has been rendered. His Royal Highness Prince Albert is among the few field-m Marshals we now have in our army.

Brevet rank may still on certain occasions be deemed necessary for brilliant exploits, as in the case of Lieutenant Nasmyth, of the Bombay Artillery and "own correspondent" to the *Times* (for no subaltern can, according to existing rules, ever obtain brevet rank), but in this case the commissioners suggest that all such shall be converted into regimental rank at the earliest subsequent period.

A most excellent suggestion is that, that in future all brigadiers in India shall be major-generals, leaving thereby all regimental officers to perform their own proper duties; in which case, one lieutenant-colonel will prove sufficient for all regiments on the Indian establishment where before the senior lieutenant-colonel—no security that the command was placed in the *ablest* hands—used to be on the staff, and perchance never saw his corps for a period of years.

Staff situations, both at home and abroad, are not to be held longer than five years, except under peculiar cases, when the re-appointment is to be specially noted. By this plan, it is believed the duties will be better performed, as a fresh mind would be brought to the consideration of the subjects proper to be treated on. In short, in our vernacular, "A new broom always sweeps clean."

Field-officers emulous for the title, by application, can retain their names in the "Army List" in italics, wear the uniform at levees and balls, and place major or colonel on their visiting cards. Since, however, the enrolment of the yeomanry or militia, we opine this boon is not so

much valued as it would have been five years ago. We admire more that splendid creature, Colonel Timkins, of the Cowbridge Embodied Horse, in his scarlet pants, à la my Lord Cardigan, French grey jacket and pelisse, badger-skin busky, with orange jelly-bag; or Major Maltinson, of the Brook-green Volunteers, in moustachios from Trufit's, scarlet tunic, with pea-green lappels turned back, skirts lined with the same colour, and hooked up to a gold waist-belt, a Highland bonnet, and purple trousers, than we feel sure we shall for those old fogies who vegetate on the club steps, and who will attend the levees in the simple attire of a field-officer of the line. The nobility of gallantry and honour requires no frippery to garnish its noble escutcheon beyond the medal or the ribbon; and we fearlessly contend that Talavera or Waterloo, the Sutlej or Russia, are as good datas to adduce in our genealogy, as the doubtful deeds of Cressy or Poitiers, or the Utopian victories of some Norman robber who came over with William the Bastard to besiege our island.

The proportion of the Royal Artillery and Engineers, which is the next branch of service we shall consider, is about one to five, or one-sixth of the whole army. In these corps, as doubtless every one is aware, the non-purchase system is in full force, so earnestly advocated by many to be made general throughout the army. We cannot, therefore, pass over a very remarkable observation made on this point by the committee in reply perchance to such theories. "They do not enjoy, therefore, the advantages (alluding to the promotion by purchase) which this system, however anomalous in itself, has, no doubt, conferred on the army, by quickening promotion, and facilitating the retirement from the service of officers whose age, or inefficiency from ill-health or other causes, has rendered them unfit for duty."

It is, therefore, on these grounds the committee remark, that in the Ordnance oftentimes field-officers, on whom devolve active service and trust of no ordinary character, are found wanting in those essentials which ought to justify the expectation of such general efficiency. And to qualify these conclusions at which the committee arrived, they called before them Sir Alexander Dickson and Lieut.-Colonels Russell and Mitchell. The average ages of the first twenty full colonels ranged from 58 to 66 years, and the ten first lieut.-colonels from 35 to 41 years.

The remedy the committee suggest is as follows. At present the retired full-pay list of the Ordnance is limited to eight lieut.-colonels, twelve captains, and eight subalterns; but they propose that the Master-General should be authorised annually to offer retirement, on full pay, to four lieut.-colonels and four captains from the Royal Artillery, and two lieut.-colonels and two captains from the Royal Engineers; and who shall, moreover, receive further brevet promotion. This is independent of the limited full-pay list quoted just above.

The benefit of merit over seniority in the Ordnance corps, equally applicable to all other branches of the army, is strikingly illustrated by the fact of the late Sir A. Dickson, during the Peninsular war, although only a captain in the king's service, being placed by the Duke of Wellington as the commander of the whole artillery. This his Grace effected by giving this distinguished officer the rank of lieut.-colonel in the Portuguese artillery, and brigading that with our own, amounting in the whole to about 8000 men and 6000 horses and mules, and equal at that

time to the ordinary command of a lieutenant-general of the line. Now, had anything occurred to separate this brigade, Captain Dickson must have reverted to his proper rank—namely, a captain in his Majesty's Royal Artillery, and his country have been deprived of his able services. The committee, therefore, proposes that her Majesty may in future exercise her undoubted power of selecting officers of all ranks in the Ordnance corps for service, and should give them for that purpose such rank and promotion as their merits and the duties entrusted to them may appear to entitle them to, without regard to their seniority in the corps. It is an undoubted fact, that "in every other profession and walk in life, experience proves that men, and especially young men, cannot be induced to submit to that persevering labour which is the only road to excellence, unless by some powerful motive. In almost every other employment the great stimulus to exertion is the hope held out to men of obtaining by it advancement in the career which they have chosen; and it seems irrational to suppose that, under a strict rule of promotion by seniority, young men entering into the Artillery and Engineers at the time of life when the desire of amusement is the strongest, will invariably take the same pains to qualify themselves for the duties to which they are to be called, or should, for the sake of doing so, be as ready to forego the usual pleasures of their age, as if they knew that earlier promotion should be the reward of their distinguishing themselves by their professional knowledge and merit."

Thus have we quoted at considerable length a piece of as sound, wholesome, moralising, and good common sense as we might seek for in vain in the many works of high pretensions that are now strewn around our library table, and such as must strike deep into the hearts of every youth, be his profession what it may. We print it in our pages in the hope that it may live longer, and be the means of doing the good, and carrying the conviction with it that it must, and which it could scarcely be expected to do if buried amongst the stores of the musty records of the Blue Books. Well would it be were those words printed in letters of gold and hung glazed and framed in the military institutions of the United Kingdom.

Let us now conclude this short review in the words of the committee themselves, who, laying the report before their Queen and Sovereign, express a hope "that the army and the country may derive a lasting benefit from the changes which they recommend, believing that the ultimate tendency of these changes will be to reduce the numbers of the ineffective portion of the army, and consequently in future years reduce the cost of its maintenance, whilst the accelerated promotion of officers, whose services and capacity entitle them to such advancement, will, they trust, ensure the presence in all ranks of men to whose unimpaired energy and vigour may be entrusted the safety of the country and the honour of her Majesty's arms."

**MORE EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF A LATE
DECEASED AUTHOR.**

ELEVEN LIVES.

It is a startling fact that eleven lives of only eighty years apiece bring us back to the Norman Conquest. Thus: 1050, William I.; 1130, Henry I.; 1210, John; 1290, Edward I.; 1370, Edward III.; 1450, Henry VI.; 1530, Henry VIII.; 1610, James I.; 1690, William III.; 1770, George III.; 1850, Victoria. The child of Edward III.'s reign dying in that of Henry VI. would have seen France half conquered by England and lost again, and two kings murdered. The child of Elizabeth's would have seen royalty destroyed and restored, to be again changed and modified; and the very Restoration a mere step to carrying out the principles of the Rebellion. Horace Walpole mentions, in his letters to Sir Horace Mann, having once met Mrs. Godfrey (sister of the Duke of Marlborough and mistress of James II.). An old lady died the other day who knew Dr. Johnson, and had flirted with this same Walpole; so here two generations carry us back to the Dutch landing at Torbay. Dr. Johnson himself mentions when a child being touched for the evil by Queen Anne, whom he only remembered as a stately lady in black. But extending our privilege, and taking the longest livers of our nation, how soon we mount back to the day when England was a third-rate power, steam unknown, balloons and railroads things of fable, existing only in the self-moving vessel of Odin and the Arab's winged horse, India unconquered, and our colonies scarce bigger than the mother country. The Countess of Desmond, born in the reign of Edward IV., died in that of James I., her life extending to 143; killed at last, of all ways in the world, by a fall from a cherry-tree, following the predilection of the first woman, and taking no warning by her example. Old Parr, a Shropshire peasant, born in the same reign as this Irish countess, lived out ten kings, died not long before Charles I. took his last false step from a certain window in his own palace of Whitehall, and was buried in Westminster Abbey amongst the princes whose virtues and vices he had witnessed; the only peasant in that great assembly of dead monarchs, Henry Jenkins, born about 1503, died during the Long Parliament. When a boy, he was sent with a cart-load of arrows—perhaps among them was that which pierced the brave, foolish, luckless James—to the camp at Flodden, the thoughtless boy carelessly whistling, reckless of the widow-makers that he brought. Here's a life, my masters, Scotland checked for ever till its union, the Reformation and the Rebellion, 169 years. In Jenkins's parish lived four centenarians. What a fireside circle to talk like the nones or the fates of times long, long past! outliving generations, outliving their fathers' tombstones, outliving hopes and fears, and seeing their nation grow as a child does to manhood, from gristle to bone; what "sad stories of the death of kings," what looking down on their infant auditors of some sixty summers, or "by'r lady, some fourscore;" what changes of costume they must have known, from pointed toe to broad

toe, from slashed sleeve to tight doublet, from puffed hose to tight stocking; what fresh coins from silver penny to copper penny, from angel to sovereign; what change of masonry from gable end and Tudor oriel to thatched roof and Grecian pillar; what living chronicles, what incarnations of history, what abridgments of old almanacks and references for storms, winds, and pestilences; ill as children of the sweating sickness or the black death, and living to see the desolations of the Great Plague. It realises the antediluvian sages, who had liver complaints of 200 years' standing, and were carried off in galloping consumptions of only 150 years. Men who gave bills at eighty years instead of three months, and sent poachers of dodos' eggs to gaol for the brief term of 160 years; who often kept three whales hanging up in their larder, had cold mammoth on the sideboard, and leviathan soup on the table. A midwife of Jamaica, who lived 118 years, is calculated to have introduced 140,000 human beings into the world, and left 255 descendants.

THE PERFECT MAN; OR, MAN AND HIS CAPABILITIES.—WEIGHT HE CAN BEAR.

A London porter habitually carries more than 600 lbs., and a French *savan* discovered that by careful and equal adjustment a man may be made to bear nearly 2000.

PERFECT IN FASTING.

The great Franklin lived for a fortnight on ten pounds of bread a week, and remained stout and in robust health, and in his Autobiography he mentions a lady whom he knew who lived on gruel alone. A native of Connecticut, being mad and believing meat poison, lived on vegetables alone for sixty-two days.

PERFECT IN LEAPING.

A Spartan is said to have leapt fifty-two, and a native of Crotona, fifty-five feet. The Welsh have a similar legend; and Strutt mentions a Yorkshireman who leapt, without spring-board or help, over nine horses placed side by side with a man seated on the centre one, who jumped over a garter held fourteen feet high, and ended by kicking a bladder sixteen feet from the ground.

PERFECT IN ENDURANCE OF PAIN.

Can scarcely be classified. Remember the Indian Suttee, who sees her funeral pile lit without a fear; the Scandinavian warriors, who died laughing; the Indian prisoner, who sneers at those who slay him, who tear out his nails and puncture him with knives; the French grenadier in the hospital, who, Byron relates, tore off his mutilated arm, and shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" flung it in the air; English sailors, who have smoked and joked while the shattered limbs of their comrades were being cut off, and while they were waiting for their turn. The Syrian fanatic spent thirty-seven years in a hut upon the summit of a column, fed only with bread and water, and exposed to vertical suns and nights of frost.

DENS' THEOLOGY.

Is theology fit for the dens of beasts? Pride, priestly avarice, intolerance, cruelty, and folly dispute a claim in discussions fit only for Aristotle turned friar in his dotage, or Tristram Shandy sworn abbot of misrule. First for the best of the set and the most amusing; would not Rabelais split his sides to see a whole chapter in the fourth volume on the subject "of taking chocolate?" To eat chocolate is undoubtedly, it appears, to break a fast, but to drink it is not; or rather here the doctors disagree. Pope Benedict XIV. took it, but still decided, having finished his own cup and taken up his pen, that it was safer not to take it; in which opinion our worthy friend Dens agrees with one Billuart, when the question was proposed by Cozza and La Croiz. The objection by a supposed man of straw, who Dens sets up only, like Homer's sounding heroes, to knock on the head, is that liquids do not break a fast, except honey, milk, &c. But although an ounce of chocolate is a small nutriment, there are no small deadly sins, and chocolate can scarcely be called a liquid; and, though strong beer does not break a fast, yet beer, being merely an essence, cannot be considered as proving the objection; and that strong beer does not nourish is proved by the fact that those who drink beer without food become inebriated. It may have been abused, as the indulgence for eating flesh in Lent has, and Cozza sums up that although the drinking chocolate during a fast may have been allowed and tolerated, it was never thoroughly approved. A favourite amusement of the monastic fancy of St. Thomas Aquinas is to describe, in overstrained allegorical language, the mutual relations of the deadly sins, apparently taking the idea from the three daughters of the horse-leech in Scripture, who cry continually "Give, give!" Thus luxury has eight daughters: blindness of heart, rashness, impatience, self-love, hatred of God, love of the present life, horror of the future; and the five daughters of gluttony are: vain pleasure, scurrility, ribaldry, babbling, and stupidity. It is these worthy but rather indefinite personages who fill the old moralities, gave rise to the revival of the drama in England, and filled our Elizabethan stage with such an inexhaustible series of ideal personifications. The learned chapters on the baptism of abortions would delight even the College of Surgeons, and to this is appended a discussion as to the things by which baptism may be performed; and with this extraordinary catalogue of their names: sea-water, rain-water, spring-water, rivery water, mineral-water hot or cold, wood-ashes, snow-water, puddle-water-drippings from a roof. Some believe it to be valid in tea, broth, beer, or weak decoctions mixed with water, but not with bread, wine, milk, oil, gravy, tears, urine, unmelted snow, or rose-water. The logic of what constitutes deadly sin would puzzle the Common Pleas.

We have another learned but, as Pierce Egan said of Bulwer's "Paul Clifford," a very superficial chapter on the oaths of all nations, which we the more wonder at as Billingsgate and Rome have always lain near together.

It appears that small thefts are not mortal sins, but that a groat over a certain sum falls into this enormity.

RECENT NOVELS.

CHARLES STANLY.*

WEAK, vain, unstable, Charles Stanly ! your fortune and your fate are well depicted. Your only virtue, according to simple, honest, manly Frank Tyrrell, was that you could appreciate the excellence of Isabella Romaine ; your unmerited good fortune was to be beloved, and the natural result, to be unworthy of her. But Charles has his apologetic points of view : it would be the ruin of any youth of gentle blood to be brought up by so fair a coquette and so volatile a wife as the Lady Ramsay ; and if at the last he was himself changeable enough to prefer Chloe Rodostomus to Isabella, we really cannot help thinking he was in the right. Chloe, with her wonderful spirits, her energy of life, her beauty and vivacity, wins all our affections, and carries with her all our sympathies. Isabella is a great deal too grand, too fastidious, and too shadowy. If she leans against the mantelpiece, a pale sunbeam, studded with prismatic drops, plays as a halo round her brow, enhancing the spiritual character of her statue-like beauty. When Isabella loves, she does not speak, but a rich crimson glow, like a sunbeam imprisoned in alabaster, suffuses her face and throat ; and when the same wonderful being is thwarted, a sad smile, like a pale sunbeam in a watery sky, gleams through her tearful eyes, and sighs deep and low, as the last long vibration of broken chords, break from her !

Charles Stanly is, however, the hero of at once an earnest, simple, and well-told story. Our wayward youth is perpetually badgered by a rich old uncle, Lord Overdale, who is ultimately won over, by becoming himself a victim to Chloe's charming wiles. He is protected by a beautiful, clever young woman, wife to a titled invalid, and with whom the connexion assumes so tender a character as to lead to scenes in which the author has, with a skill rare among modern novelists, gone to the verge, without overstepping the bounds of the chastest delicacy.

Our hero rather fancies than really loves the beauteous Isabella, who for his sake abandons the staid and prudent Frank Tyrrell ; but to whom she as quietly returns, when, after four years *duress*, the worldly Charles exchanges from Isabella to her sister Chloe. Poor Chloe, she by a mere mistake is poisoned by her mother's eye-lotion, and the spoilt child of fashion has, with exceeding poetic justice, after dallying at the feet of clever, pretty Lady Ramsay, of beauteous, haughty Isabella, and of fair, bright, and loveable Chloe, to put up with a creole for a wife ! And what mothers have not these fair ladies ? Mrs. Tyrrell is an admirable sketch, and Madame Rodostomus quite unrivalled. The great point of this novel is that all its characters are natural, and, therefore, excellent ; all its incidents are such as occur in every-day life, and, therefore, genuine. There is no diffuseness, no pseudo-philosophic disquisitions, no rodomon-

* Charles Stanly. A Novel. By the Author of "Ninfa." 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

tade; all is clear, compact, and concise. There is plenty of wisdom, but it does not impede the progress of the narrative; there are rich and abundant descriptions of persons and things, yet do they never interfere with the evolving of events and the legitimate *dénouement* of the story.

COUNTERPARTS; OR, THE CROSS OF LOVE.*

THE reader would hardly expect from so innocent a title an erudite work on the nice point whether in love and marriage the doctrine of the homœopaths, like to like; or that of the allopaths, *contraria contrariis*, holds good. The explanation of *counterpart*, adopted from Coleridge, is "two forms that differ in order to correspond." And the theory adopted and illustrated by the author is, that people of different temperaments and of distinct magnetic or biological conditions are more adapted to "love" than those of similar conditions; which, as in the similar poles of the magnet, mutually repel one another. This is all allopath and orthodox, but how it is further connected with the hereditary superiority of the Hebrew race, it would take us some time to show: suffice it that the author has cleverly and amusingly illustrated his learned thesis; sometimes, however, with more regard to the principle to be worked out from the biological hypothesis upon which he starts than to the principle of a correct morality, as in the instance of the amiable Bernard being put out of the way merely that his charming counterpart, his wife, may fall to the lot of Doctor Sarona. Such are the sequences which inevitably flow from a preference to vain theories and hypotheses to the great moral truths which ought to guide us here below.

TILBURY NOGO; OR, PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL MAN.†

THE very title of this book speaks of its rollicking, laughable, sportsman-like character. The disasters which attend upon youthful vanity, when backed by sufficient supplies—it directs its pitiful energies to the field and the turf, and its sympathies to jockeys and black-legs—have long been a legitimate subject for caricature; but we doubt if even in the pages of Hood or Hook they have been more amusingly portrayed, or worked out with so much detail and completeness as by the author of the last "Unsuccessful Man."

* Counterparts; or, the Cross of Love. By the Author of "Charles Auchester." Smith, Elder, and Co.

† Tilbury Nogo; or, Passages in the Life of an Unsuccessful Man. By the Author of "Digby Grand." 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

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